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Spring Preview ISSUE

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Howard Stern

20 QUESTIONS WITH
Vanessa Williams

OPEN WIDE! DENTAL GIRLS IN A PICTORIAL DRILL

Joey
Heatherton
THE SCORCHER STAGES HER HOTTEST ACT

Vincent Bugliosi
INTERVIEW
THE LEGAL BULLDOG ON O.J., MANSON AND JFK

James Bond
BLASTS INTO HONG KONG

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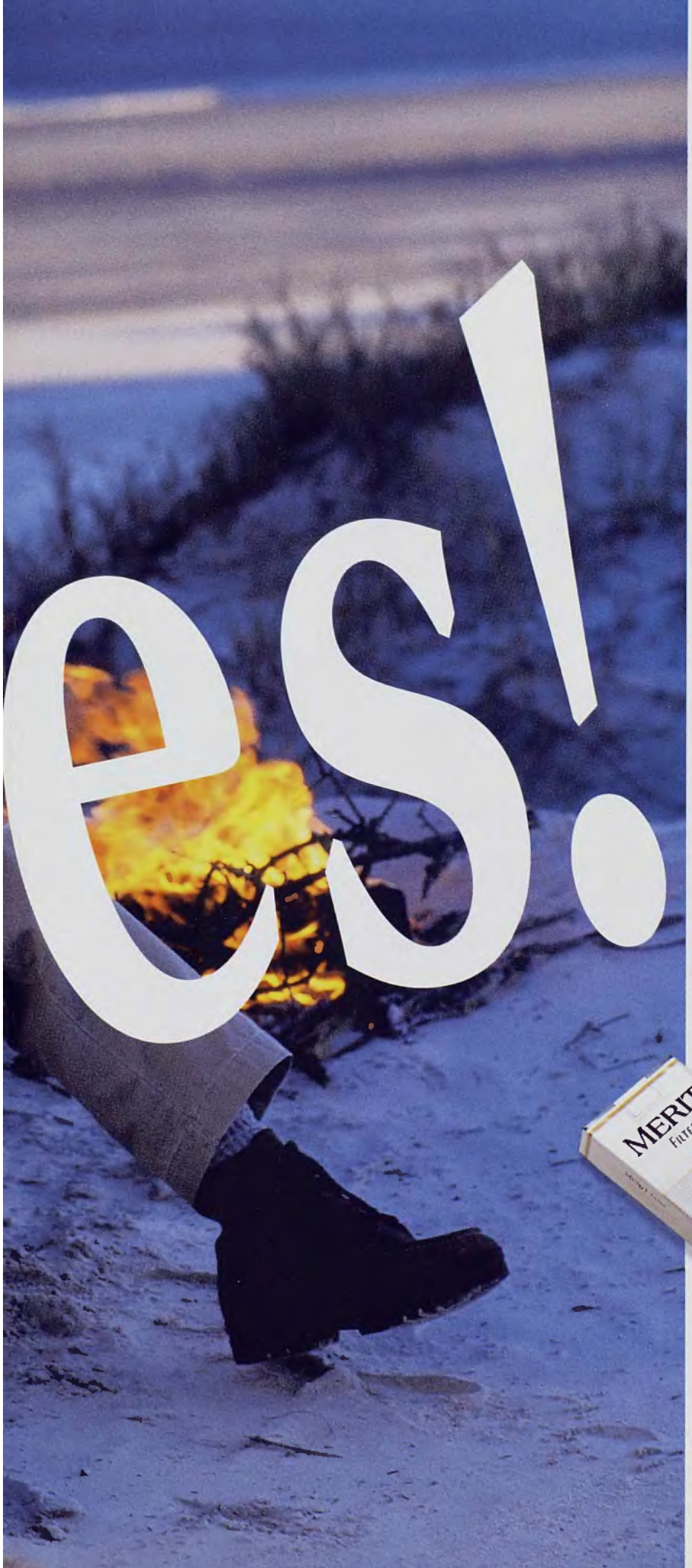

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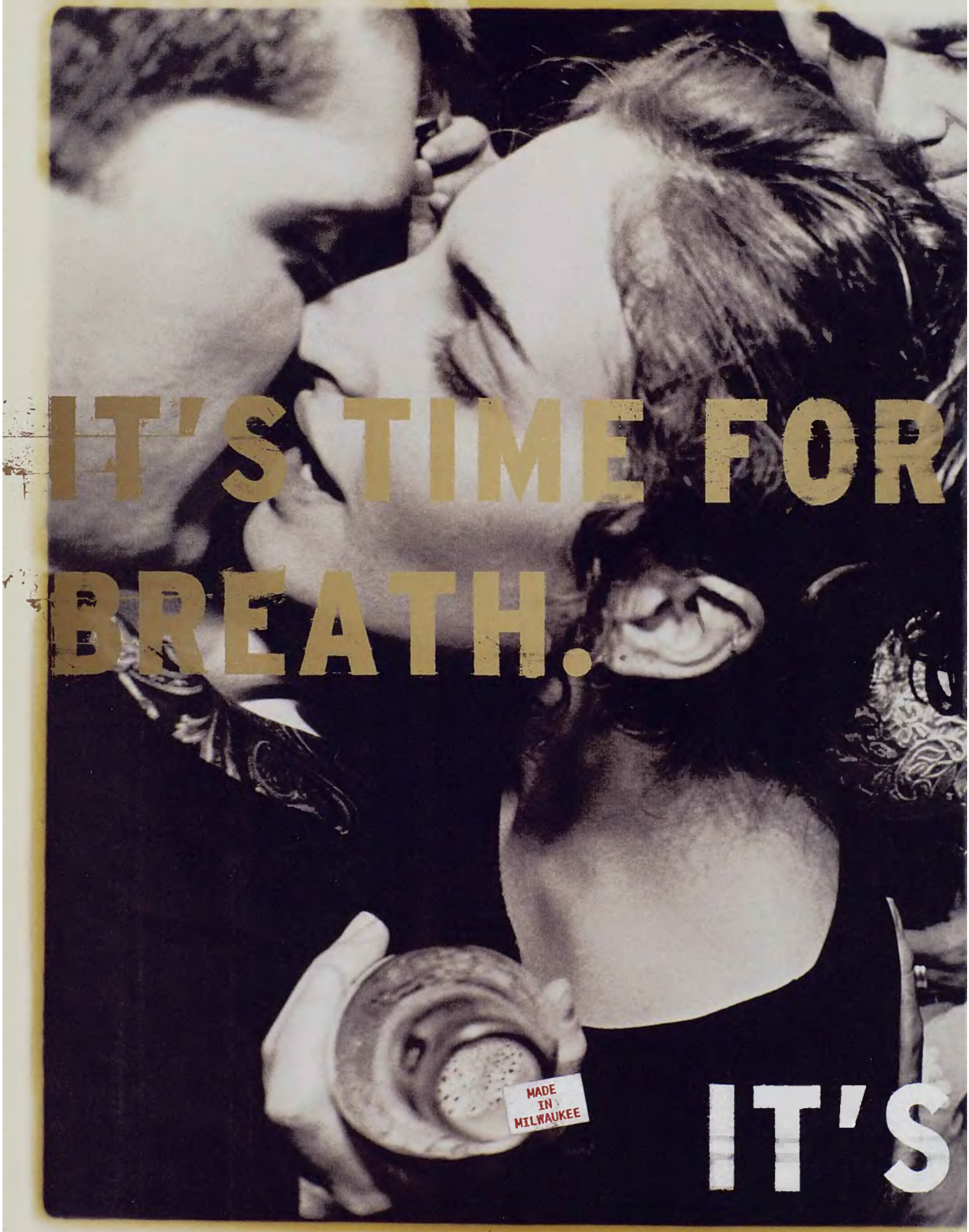
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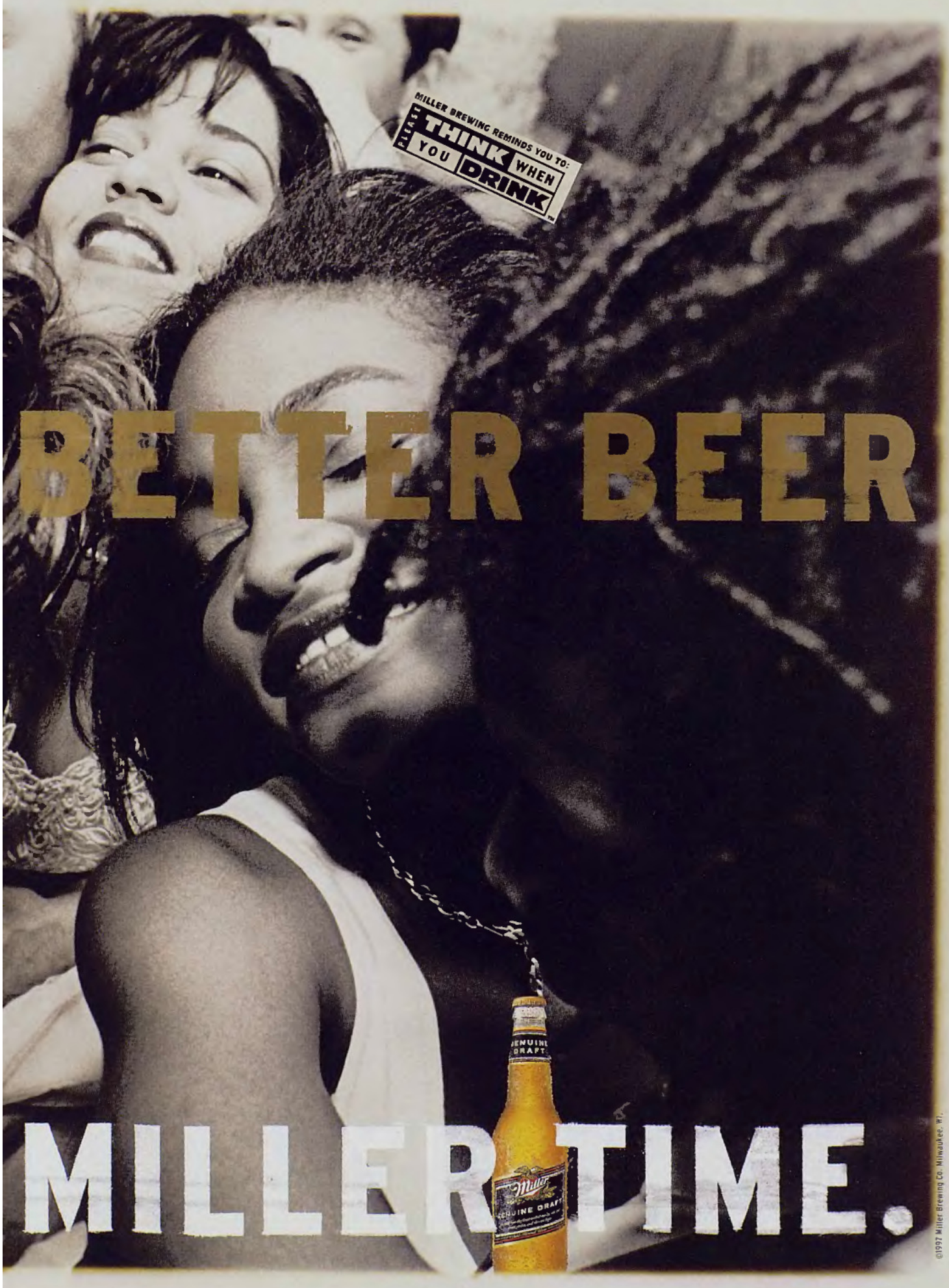

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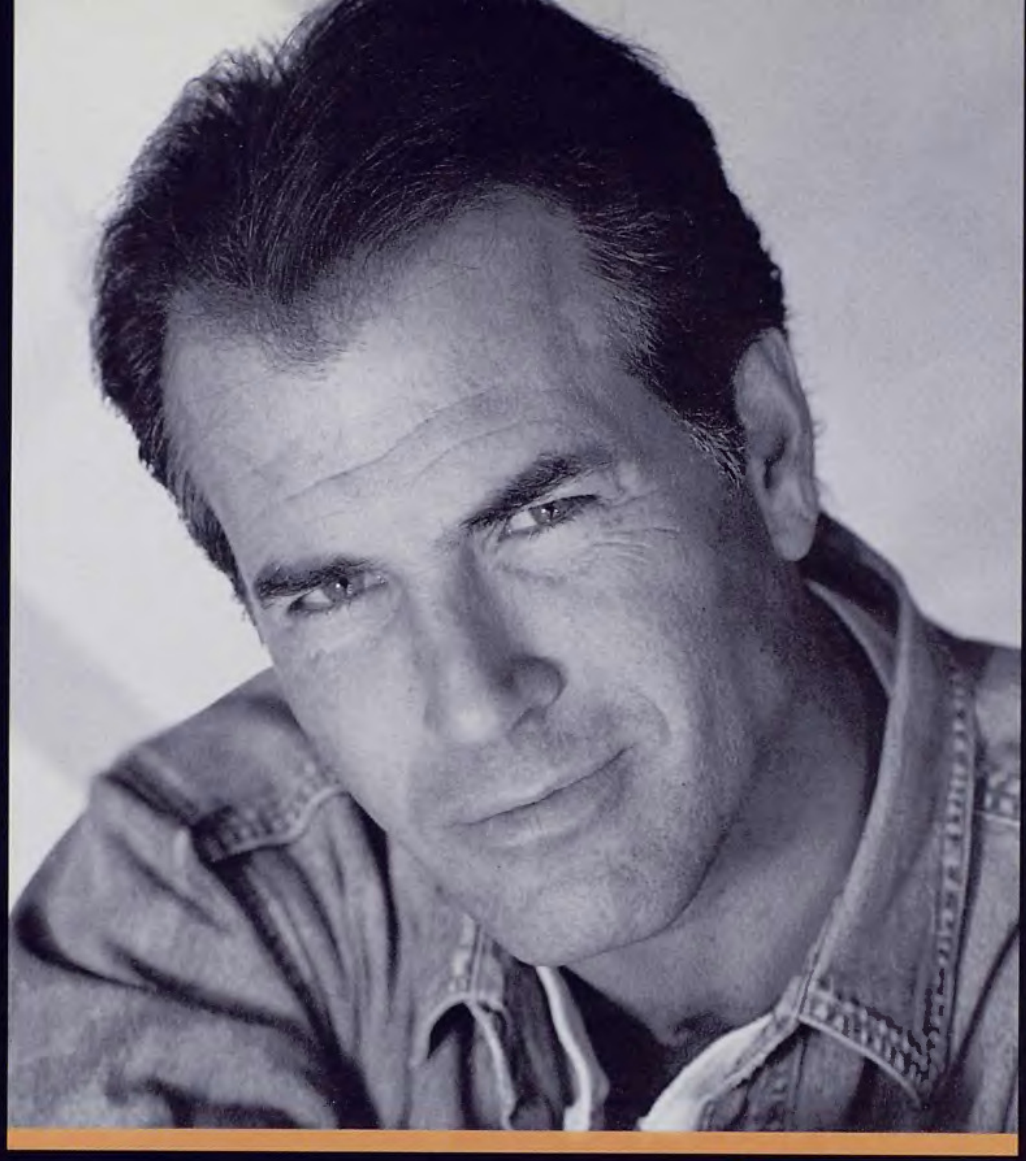

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JAMES BOND can't be stopped, and neither can the resurgence of interest in the most famous secret agent. This month, we offer a sneak peek at the newest Bond novel, by **Raymond Benson**. In the first of two installments from *Zero Minus Ten* (Putnam), 007 confronts a deadly Hong Kong triad and is given an order he can't refuse. To celebrate the tradition of pairing Bond with a beautiful woman, we put a stunner, **Joey Heatherton,** on our cover. For years she's been famous for being fabulous. This month, the saucy stage performer bares all in a grand pictorial. Guess all we had to do was ask.

Vincent Bugliosi is a franchise player. At various times, we have recruited the former Los Angeles prosecutor to write about the LAPD, O.J. Simpson and Faye Resnick. Now he's the subject of a forceful *Playboy Interview* by **Lawrence Grobel**. Bugliosi talks about Charles Manson and being a defense attorney—and how he turned his experiences into best-sellers. Nothing gets him more outraged than the subject of Simpson. It's a Q. and A. you won't find anywhere else. With the botched Atlanta bombing case and the mystery of TWA flight 800, the vaunted FBI crime lab has taken some hits. So why was one of its best bomb experts demoted to analyzing paint chips? In *Bad Blood at the FBI,* **Jeff Stein** reveals that Frederic Whitehurst, who was praised for his work on the World Trade Center bombing case, blew the whistle on sloppy procedures and jeopardized his career in the process.

Howard Stern may be called the king of all media, but he has yet to make it in the movies. We sent **Jamie Malanowski** to the set of *Private Parts* for a behind-the-scenes look at Stern's first flick. *Brace Yourself for Howiewood,* illustrated by **Charles Burns,** is an unexpectedly considered take on his life by the former Fartman. **Vanessa Williams** is our kind of gun-toting, cigar-smoking, doppelgänging gal. From her brief reign as Miss America to her infamous nude pictures to her recording career, she has held our libido in sway. **Richard Lalich** sat with the star of the film *Soul Food* for *20 Questions* about such things as Lava lamps and her big first night with Arnold.

Speaking of previews, consider this issue your operating manual for the near future. The *Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast* by Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** will help you weather the mercurial shifts of designers. To keep up appearances above the neckline, **Donald Charles Richardson** explains in *Power Grooming* why this year's aloe vera—centella asiatica—works. His review of gels and lotions will keep you from being a goo-goo doll. (The slick artwork is by **Jason Schneider.**) For homebodies, the word is convergence. TVs, computers and communication devices link up for a mother-ship connection. Gadgeteer **Jonathan Takiff** guides us through the power grid and test-drives a monster 40-foot projection television. And as premillennium tension builds for the ultimate party, drinking is back. So are swanky nightclubs and lounges. In *A Toast to Taste*, **Gary Regan** and **Mardee Haidin Regan** uncork the latest, including hard cider, the new gentleman's C on campus.

Hooch. Copacetic. Making whoopee. Not only did the Jazz Age leave its mark on the language, it also set the tone for the rest of the century. In the third installment of *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution* (the opening illustration is by **Steve Boswick**), **James R. Petersen** explores the impact of talkies, the Scopes trial, cars and the rubber diaphragm. To follow the evolutionary curve to a modern incarnation, turn to Playmate **Kelly Monaco.** For sweets that won't cause cavities, try our incisive pictorial of dental dames by Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag.** Two out of three dentists recommend it—and the rest are too blown away to say anything but "Ahh."

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GROBEL

STEIN

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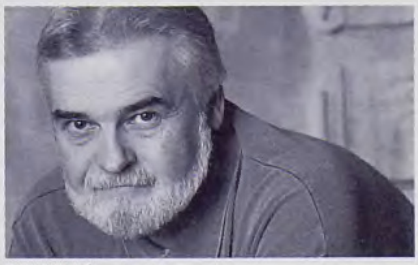
BOSWICK

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vol. 44, no. 4—april 1997

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		5
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		15
MUSIC		17
WIRED		20
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	22
VIDEO		26
BOOKS	DIGBY DIEHL	30
HEALTH & FITNESS		32
MEN	ASA BABER	34
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		37
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		41
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: VINCENT BUGLIOSI—candid conversation		51
ZERO MINUS TEN, PART I—fiction	RAYMOND BENSON	64
TALK ABOUT TOOTHSOME!—pictoriol		68
BRACE YOURSELF FOR HOWIEWOOD—playboy profile	JAMIE MALANOWSKI	76
PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION PART III: THE JAZZ AGE (1920–1929)—article	JAMES R. PETERSEN	80
ELECTRONICS FIX '97—spring preview	JONATHAN TAKIFF	88
KELLY GIRL—ployboy's playmate of the month		94
PARTY JOKES—humor		106
A TOAST TO TASTE—spring preview	GARY REGAN & MARDEE HAIDIN REGAN	108
PLAYMATE REVISITED: DOLLY READ		115
POWER GROOMING—spring preview	DONALD CHARLES RICHARDSON	118
PLAYBOY GALLERY: MARIEL HEMINGWAY		121
FASHION FORECAST—spring preview	HOLLIS WAYNE	122
BAD BLOOD AT THE FBI—orticle	JEFF STEIN	129
PAL JOEY—pictorial		130
20 QUESTIONS: VANESSA WILLIAMS		140
WHERE & HOW TO BUY		160
PLAYMATE NEWS		179
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		183

Joey de Vivre P. 130

Howard in Hollywood P. 76

Miss April P. 94

Bottoms Up P. 108

COVER STORY

Leggy Joey Heatherton has been a sex symbol for decades. Her sizzling pictorial makes time (and our hearts) stand still. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Jennifer Tutor was the stylist and Joey's hair and makeup were done by Alexis Vogel. In the midst of the chiffon, our trusty Rabbit shows he's handy with tulle.

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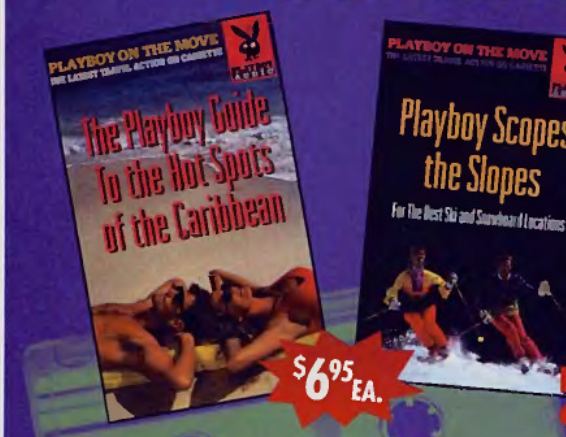
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DRUGS

It's tragic that the enlightened truth about drugs so eloquently stated by your panel (*Save Money, Cut Crime, Get Real*, January) cannot be recognized by our government.

Vaughn Fuller
Dover-Foxcroft, Maine

Another cost of the drug war, not mentioned in your symposium, is the appropriation of U.S. military funds to foreign governments. Amnesty International USA has demonstrated that in Colombia, the drug war puts the U.S. government in league with the bad guys. Amnesty International does not take a position on legalization or counterdrug operations, but it is calling for a complete cutoff of U.S. military assistance to Colombia. Fighting drugs in this way contributes to human rights violations.

Paul Paz y Miño
Amnesty International USA
Arlington, Virginia

Thank you for writing about something that's tearing apart the fabric of our country—the war on drugs. It's been estimated that up to 60 percent of the more than 1 million people incarcerated in the U.S. are in prison for drugs. When are we going to say enough is enough?

Mark Walker
Burlington, Kentucky

I've always considered William F. Buckley Jr. a sane, rational conservative voice in the drug debate—until now. It's beyond me how he could tout Nicholas von Hoffman's scheme as "relief for the innocent." Denying all tax-based benefits and governmental licenses to drug users will certainly not provide relief for those "cloistered in the big cities" who have been "stolen from and terrorized." We can't hope to reduce crime by denying jobs, entitlements, insurance and driver's licenses to such a sector of the population. Who are the "innocent" here, anyway? It's a damn shame to see Buckley siding with the yahoos.

Paul Farr
pefarr@parallel.park.uga.edu
Athens, Georgia

HIS NAME IS BOND, JAMES BOND

Raymond Benson's *Blast From the Past* (January) continues the 007 tradition. One can only imagine Ian Fleming's reaction to an American author writing the further adventures of his creation.

Gary Petzel
Grand Rapids, Michigan

I'm a longtime Bond aficionado who is thrilled to have 007 back in PLAYBOY's pages. Kudos to artist Gregory Manchess for his spectacular illustrations.

Paul Baack
Hoffman Estates, Illinois

There's hope for the free world. *Blast From the Past* is a welcome throwback, and I'm happy to say that the future of the literary James Bond is in good hands with Raymond Benson as he takes over the mantle from John Gardner. His outstanding knowledge of the Fleming oeuvre has stood him in good stead in this warm-up to *Zero Minus Ten*.

Mike Vincitore
Woodbridge, New Jersey

The return of James Bond is the final ingredient in an outstanding January issue. Don't make us wait too long for a pictorial of new Bond women.

Charles Roach
Dayton, Ohio

MAKING WHOOPI

I'm impressed that Whoopi Goldberg (*Playboy Interview*, January) is an American who doesn't want to be stereotyped by race. This is what being an American is all about.

Edward Gomez
Phoenix, Arizona

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While in Africa recently, I heard many black Africans express resentment toward black Americans. Africans have trouble understanding why black Americans who have not traveled to Africa and wouldn't trade their lives in America for ten minutes in an African village want to embrace African nationality. Thank you, Whoopi, for owning up to being an American woman who happens to be black-skinned.

Tony Leisner
Tarpon Springs, Florida

Predictably, Goldberg spouts all the leftist clichés and platitudes that most showbiz people have used for decades. I'm a conservative African American woman who would like to see PLAYBOY interview a prominent black conservative—such as Thomas Sowell—to show readers that not all blacks are lamebrained liberal kooks incapable of thinking for themselves.

Vernetta Wilkerson
San Francisco, California

Whoopi is a fearless and enlightened woman who isn't trapped by her color.

Chris White
Sandpoint, Idaho

I'm a successful black businessman who rose from poverty without the help of government entitlements. Goldberg says we need more of the same old programs that have been costly failures for more than 30 years. I say bullshit. People should get off their lazy asses and take command of their own lives.

Orville Shumpsters
Elmira, New York

Goldberg claims Hollywood is not racist. If she's right, then, as the song goes, "Grits ain't groceries, eggs ain't poultry and Mona Lisa was a man." Whoopi, snap out of it.

D. Kinan
Boston, Massachusetts

Whoopi isn't just a sister act, she's a class act.

Stephen Miles
Fayetteville, North Carolina

GOING METRIC

Way to go, PLAYBOY. Thanks for printing Playmate measurements in centimeters (*Victor Victoria,* December). If this isn't a great incentive to get people to do the conversions, I don't know what is.

Ethan Larson
ewl@astro.physics.uiowa.edu
Iowa City, Iowa

SELLING SEX

Deepak Chopra should be ashamed of himself for using religious historical documents to make his points about sex (*Does God Have Orgasms?*, January). Why would a well-respected, world-renowned doctor stoop to this level to promote himself?

Timak Hollings
bogie@pop.iocc.com
Little Rock, Arkansas

Chopra's assertions that sex is spiritual, that God is in every orgasm and that the creative energy of the universe is sexual are aspects of an ancient view that has been abandoned by most of the Western world. Sex for the sake of sex has for too long been demonized. I'm glad to see it's making a comeback in the popular consciousness.

Karen Oliver
Boise, Idaho

CELEBRATING MARILYN

The word timeless comes to mind when describing Marilyn Monroe (*The Nude Marilyn*, January). She was the sexiest woman to walk the earth. Thanks.

Brian Johnson
Jacksonville, Florida

I'm a 23-year-old man who admires women such as Jenny McCarthy and Pamela Anderson. I never understood the hype over Marilyn Monroe until I saw the January issue. I understand it completely now.

Brent-David Bly
speedball@ix.netcom.com
Toledo, Ohio

MOB MOLE

In 1977 I wrote a book, *Brick Agent*, with Tony Villano. I think Bob Drury has some of his facts wrong (*Mafia Mole*, January). It isn't possible that Villano turned in Scarpa in the early Sixties and then recruited him to play the role described in the murders of the Mississippi civil rights workers. In those years, Villano was chasing down draft evaders in New York and by 1964 was an agent in upstate New York, chasing the Mafia. In fact, Villano told me that he thought other agents had recruited Scarpa for the Medgar Evers case. Scarpa may have been involved in the Mississippi murders, but Villano was not.

Gerald Astor
Scarsdale, New York

PLAYMATE REVISITED

I was so pleased to see Lisa Winters featured in January (especially since you used my photos). She was probably the most beautiful girl I ever photographed.

Bunny Yeager
Miami, Florida

HISTORY OF SEX

What a treat the first installment of *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution* (December) is to see. The old photos and illustrations are wonderful. The contemporary illustrations, especially Kinuko Y. Craft's, fit right in.

David Johnson
Washington, D.C.

I'm thinking of collecting the whole *Sexual Revolution* series and sending copies to all the right-of-center legislators in my state who think the world went to hell only after the Sixties.

Ellen Green
Indianapolis, Indiana

What did I learn from the first installment of the *Sexual Revolution* series? That since the dawn of the century, men have been telling women what to do with their bodies. Enough, already.

Mary Moore
Chicago, Illinois

Sexual Revolution isn't the first time PLAYBOY has shined as a historian. You did it with the *History of Organized Crime*.

John Small
Los Angeles, California

AFTER HOURS

I just read your "Hogging the Net" item (January). PLAYBOY owes Harley-Davidson an apology for not printing the complete Web-site greeting. HD's pitch invites riders to "go away to the national parks and to the scenic roadway. Get off the information highway and get on the real one, where the world is made of rivers and redwoods, not bits and bytes. Go away on a Harley-Davidson." Don't make Harley's rep worse.

Michael Francis
mlf318@linknet.net
Shreveport, Louisiana

HOOSIER GAL

January Playmate Jami Ferrell (*Tuck Us In*) is the best thing to come out of Muncie, Indiana since David Letterman graduated from Ball State 27 years ago.

David Hanson
Roanoke, Virginia

A few insights into the dreams of men.

Yes, men dream in color.

The average male only remembers 62% of his dreams.

5% of all men have a recurring nightmare.

Every man gets aroused at least once per night.

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

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Burk Brown

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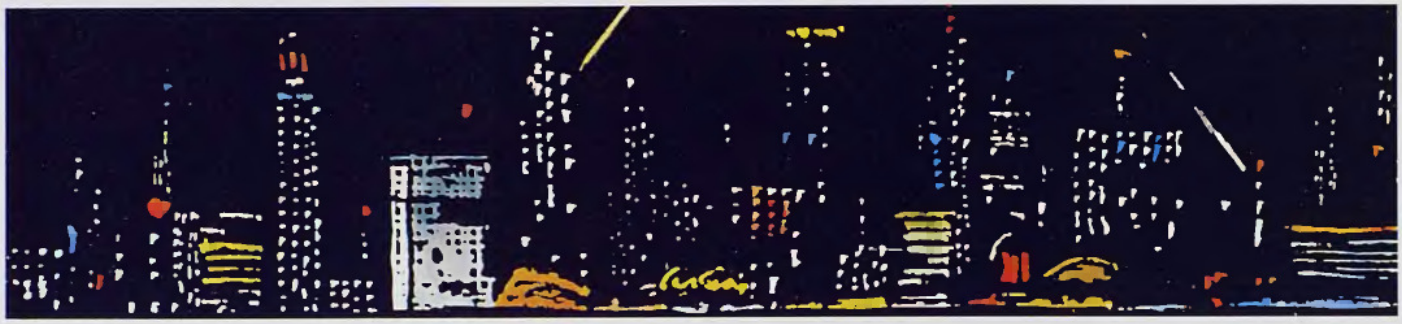
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HAM ON THE RANGE

What are we to make of Jack Palance's first published work, a book of poems titled *The Forest of Love* (Summerhouse)? In it, he describes various love affairs and his touching relationship with a bunch of trees. There's no doubt Palance is a passionate man—how else could he summon the emotion he so generously expresses in his films? But consider this passage: "Almost every moment of my waking day/is filled with thoughts of you/I don't know where this path is leading me/but you're there, you're there and everywhere/Madness, maybe, for me at least/Sinking helplessly into the vortex of an awesome volcano/I found myself erupted onto Elysian fields that do not exist/in search of someone in whom I do not believe." What the hell is this all about? Beats us. But it goes to show it takes a tough man to write a silly poem.

HOG FEMINISM

Run by two up-and-coming women, Amazon Advertising of San Francisco is trying to build a female market for Harley-Davidson motorcycles. The company's pitch: "It vibrates."

MOUSE CALLS

Computers can't make people smarter, as we learned from a recent e-mail communiqué detailing goofy real-life service questions. Among the problems fielded by technical support people was that of a customer who called the hotline to wonder why, after she had unpacked and set up her computer, it didn't work. The techie asked if she had checked the power switch, to which the woman replied, "What power switch?" For similar reasons, Compaq is considering changing the command "Press any key" to "Press the RETURN key." Apparently, the company was flooded with queries as to where the ANY key was. Our favorite is from Novell Netwire. A customer called to complain that the cup holder on his PC had broken and stated that the machine was still under warranty. When the techie asked if the cup holder was some sort of promotional item, the customer replied no, it had come with the computer and had a 4X on it. Apparently, the customer had been using the load drawer of his CD-ROM drive as a tray for his coffee, and it had snapped off.

HURLING INSULTS

Taking a stand against paintings that he considers "stale, obedient, lifeless crusts," a Canadian art student has embarked on a crusade to vomit publicly on selected works of art. Each spew has a different hue. For example, he blew blue on Mondrian's *Composition in White, Black and Red* at New York's MOMA, retched red on Dufy's *Harbor at Le Havre* at the Art Gallery of Ontario and plans to yawn yellow next. Our favorite type of art is coincidental—such as the resonance of the art student's name: Brown.

THE WOLF'S LURE

It turns out the Third Reich's highly evolved record-keeping even included love letters written to Adolf Hitler by ordinary German women. The letters were among the thousands of documents—many of them pleas for help, or advice on the conduct of the war—found in the bombed Reich Chancellery at the end of the war. They were discovered by William Emker, an OSS officer, and were published in 1994 in Germany by Vas Verlag. Apparently, detailed files were kept about the women who wrote the mash notes, and some of the writers were arrested and even institutionalized. A shining example of these letters comes from Eva K., 1940: "Beloved, Hotly Desired Man, Best of my Heart! Wolfy! Beloved, may I come to you soon? Or do you doubt my love for you? Sleep calmly, my love is true. Today I had strong longing for you. Having these constant desires and still not being able to fulfill them is not an easy thing to live with. Adolfi, you will fetch me to you soon, will you not? . . . I will kiss you on your three letters, your ass, and I will bare my breast for you, all of it, free, so that you could feel how much I love you. More patriotism than that you cannot demand of me. . . ."

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

THE GLASS HALF EMPTY

Sometimes the voice of the people sounds like Butt-head's. In a recent election, no one qualified to be listed for a certain elective position in Volusia County, Florida. Instead, the ballot simply read, "Soil & Water Conservation District (vote for one)." The people did and the overwhelming winner was: water.

DUFFIN' AND BLUFFIN'

When President Clinton visited Australia on his postelection vacation, he made time to play a round of golf with Greg Norman. At the sixth hole, Norman was asked by reporters who was winning. He replied, "He [Clinton] is beating me." To which Clinton replied, "If you believe that, I've got some land I want to sell you." Yes, we believe it's called Whitewater, Mr. President.

BUSINESS TRIP-UPS

Corporate travel departments often see strange reimbursement requests. Runzheimer International, a corporate

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Keep your head up. Everything in the world with its head down gets eaten. Chickens, hogs, cows. Every time you see a leopard, its head is up, isn't it? You don't see any leopards getting eaten, do you?"—GOLF GREAT JACKIE BURKE JR.

WHAT A CARD

Price paid for a postcard sent by President Clinton to his grandmother when he was a Georgetown freshman 30 years ago, showing a black boy posing with a watermelon but containing no racist comments in the message: $4125.

STEVE TURN

FACT OF THE MONTH

The IRS consumes 293,000 trees to send out 8 billion pages of forms each year. (It has 480 types of tax forms and an additional 280 forms explaining the first 480.)

G.I. JANE

Percentage of female soldiers in the U.S. Army who have become pregnant in the Nineties (whether serving in the Gulf war or Bosnia, or peaceful tours of duty): 5.

MONEY BELTWAY

According to Edward Roeder, editor of a campaign-finance news service, percentage of the 3480 election contests for the House of Representatives since 1980 won by the candidate who raised the most money: 91.

FLY GIRLS

According to a recent poll of business travelers, percentage of men who said they would take their spouse with them when flying on a business trip: 27. Percentage of men who said they would take their computer: 5. Percentage of women who said they would take their husband on a business trip: 5. Percentage of women who would take their computer: 11.

WEIGHTY NUMBERS

From 1987 to 1995, percentage increase in the number of men who were exercising with free weights: 50. Percentage increase in number of women working out with free weights: 227.

A MERE 100

Number of centenarians in the U.S. in 1960: 3000. Number in 1996: 54,000.

TUBE TOPS

According to a 1996 study of couples conducted by Dr. Alexis Walker of Oregon State University, the percentage of men who monopolize the television remote control: 66. The percentage of women who take charge: 15. The percentage who share or don't use a remote control much: 19.

FATHERS' WRONGS

Year that Mother's Day was first celebrated in the U.S.: 1908. Inaugural year for Father's Day: 1910. Year that Congress declared Mother's Day a national holiday: 1914; Father's Day: 1972.

GROWTH CHARTS

Height of tallest players in the first season of the NBA: 7′1″ (Ralph Siewert and Elmo Morgenthaler). Currently: 7′7″ (Gheorghe Muresan). Shortest player 50 years ago: 5′6″ (Mel Hirsch). Currently: 5′3″ (Muggsy Bogues).

DRIPS

Number of employees of the Chicago water department who are delinquent in paying their water bills: 102. Amount they owe: $48,280.

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

Percentage of waitstaff jobs in 1985 that were held by men: 16. In 1995: 22. Percentage of bartenders in the U.S. in 1985 who were men: 52. In 1995: 30.

—BETTY SCHAAL

travel consultant, has compiled a list of the most bizarre: One employee traveling on business wanted his company to pay for a cow he killed with his car. Another employee who had attended a company outing wanted to be reimbursed for a ski outfit. He argued that he didn't know the site of the outing would be so cold. Our favorite accidental tourist is a guy who asked for a bus ticket to Hawaii—he was afraid to fly.

BANANA'S REPUBLIC

Ecuadoran president Abdala Bucaram is letting power go to his headphones. While the country is saddled with an economic malaise rivaling that of sub-Saharan Africa, the president has released his own rock CD, as well as a video complete with babes and smoke effects. He also hosted an elaborate lunch for fellow Ecuadoran Lorena Gallo, better known by her married name, Lorena Bobbitt. We guess he admired her ability to cut to the root of problems.

BARDOT'S A BUST

The French have always had a use for Brigitte Bardot's bust—until recently. Several busts modeled after the famous actress and symbolizing the French Republic have been removed from their places of honor in a French city hall. Jean-Jacques Urvoas, director of the mayor's office in Quimper, a socialist stronghold in Brittany, says, "Brigitte Bardot once incarnated the liberated woman—carefree, young and beautiful. Today she has come to symbolize rejection, exclusion." Bardot, it seems, has lost considerable favor with some of her countrymen by expressing support for the far-right National Front Party. The Bardot busts have been replaced by a series modeled on Catherine Deneuve.

LONDON FOG

It's a rather odd marketing ploy, but then, it's a rather odd product. A company called Ultratech is promoting its Flatulence Filter Seat Cushion with the pitch that "British university research shows an increase in cancer from breathing secondhand flatulence gas." Actually, we're not surprised at the findings. We've eaten the food in England.

UNWASHED BODY POLITIC

The city council in Independence, Missouri, perhaps after a meal of bangers and mash, passed a law authorizing police to remove anyone who disrupts a council meeting by "creating a noxious or offensive odor." Officials say the law is directed at pepper spray, mace and stink bombs, not bodily odors. Also, nobody gets removed if the council passes an ordinance that smells fishy.

MUSIC

ROCK

FOR A NUMBER of years now, girls have been playing punk rock better than boys. One of the foremost reasons is L7, which hasn't had much commercial success—despite disgusting behavior, bad attitude and vital rock and roll. Now that grunge has been officially declared kaput, L7 probably won't have commercial success with ***The Beauty Process: Triple Platinum*** (Slash/Reprise), either. But the band sure sounds good. With its crunchy riffs and raspy vocals, L7 hits a few of the right notes and all of the right emotions. And it has a fine drummer in Dee Plakas, who knows how to give this music the relentless drive it needs. Nobody is allowed to argue ever again that babes lack upper-body strength. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

For the past decade Madonna has been shrewd, vulgar, outrageous, sensual, shrewd, vulnerable, imperious and shrewd. But with ***Evita*** (Warner Bros.) she's something new: stupid. And not because she made the portrayal of a fascist dictator's concubine the most precious ambition of her career. Rather, because as part of the bargain, she agreed to record a two-disc soundtrack by the world's worst composer, Andrew Lloyd Webber. —DAVE MARSH

FOLK

In *Jerusalem*, the opening track on his self-titled debut ***Dan Bern*** (Sony/Work), Bern comes up with a hook as unforgettable as it is cutting ("Maybe I don't love you all that much"). And he tells a story in which he turns out to be the Messiah, though in a peculiarly self-deprecating incarnation. At this point in his career, Bern is still digesting his influences (Dylan, Guthrie, Springsteen, Costello, Wainwright). What is unusual is his ability to sustain his audacity. His best songs (*Estelle*, *Queen*, *King of the World*, *Too Late to Die Young*) refuse to lie still; they're as funny as they are serious. If you can separate the tragic romances from the shaggy-dog stories, you're doing better than I am, but you're not having nearly as much fun as Bern. —DAVE MARSH

With the Byrds, Roger McGuinn's chiming, 12-string guitar proved you could make Appalachian folk music rock. The band influenced Dylan and the Beatles. Later, artists such as Patti Smith, Tom Petty, R.E.M. and Live carried on the Byrds' folk-rock tradition. McGuinn's latest solo release, ***Live From Mars*** (Hollywood) is a brilliant one-man retrospective and musical autobiography. With songs gathered from live performances over a two-year period, this album takes the audience on an engaging journey from McGuinn's folkie days with Judy Collins through the Byrds. He plays *Mr. Tambourine Man* first in the pure folk style he learned from Dylan. Then he adds the "Beatle beat" that transformed the tune, and finishes with the final version that became the Byrds' first folk-rock hit. *Turn! Turn! Turn!*, *Eight Miles High* and other Byrds' classics get similar treatments. And the spoken bits and musical demos are tracked separately from the songs, so you can go directly to the music. —VIC GARBARINI

L7's *Beauty Process*.

Folk music, tango, hip-hop and a slap for *Evita*.

R&B

Erykah Badu, a resident of the black boho scene in Brooklyn's Fort Greene, is the latest and the most unusual entry in the growing stable of alternative R&B acts. At times, she sounds like Billie Holiday. That's a neat trick that many wannabe jazz divas have attempted. But Badu isn't covering *Strange Fruit*; she's singing over jazzy, hip-hop tracks that emphasize the sultry contours of her voice. On ***Baduism*** (Kedar/Universal), this young singer performs original material that taps jazz. The opening and closing track, *Rimshot*, uses the metaphor of a drummer hitting his snare rim to build a sassy groove. *Next Lifetime*, about a woman falling in love with a friend while still seeing her boyfriend, has an emotional hook that should make it Badu's standard. A laid-back cover of the Atlantic Starr evergreen *Four Leaf Clover* is surprisingly effective. Badu's debut puts a nice spin on softly sexy vocals. Hey, isn't this how Sade started?

—NELSON GEORGE

To my ear, the Boxing Gandhis already stand out as the best of funk's eclectic bands, even though ***Howard*** (Atlantic) is only the group's second album. They seamlessly use poetry, rock, R&B harmony, hip-hop beats and a variety of Latin accents. *Funky Little Princess* starts off like Alanis Morissette, but quickly adds the stronger groove necessary to convey the story of a teenage prostitute. *Far From Over* fuses Santana, P-Funk and Living Colour into a statement of American-immigrant facts of life. —DAVE MARSH

SPOKEN WORD

The Ballad of the Skeleton (Mouth Music/Mercury) is the best record Allen Ginsberg, the Beat generation's most well-known poet, has made. The music is somewhere between Dylan's *Blonde on Blonde* and Patti Smith's *Horses*, thanks to superb backing by Lenny Kaye, Paul McCartney and David Mansfield. It demands to be played loud. That judgment applies to both of the song poems here, but the main event is the title track. *Skeleton* also is the closest Ginsberg has ever come to writing an actual song.

—DAVE MARSH

HIP-HOP

Is Michael Franti's music really *Food for tha Masses*, as the song title from Spearhead's ***Chocolate Supa Highway*** (Capitol) puts it? This has been a problem for Franti since 1992, when his excellent and well-reviewed rap duo, Disposable Heroes of the Hipoprisy, failed to gain a large enough audience. But it's not a problem for funk fans, especially those who prefer their grooves with brains. Musically, Spearhead's second album is an impressive improvement on the band's debut. Its sound is thick and intoxicating, especially the remake of Bob Marley's *Rebel Music* that features the Jamaican's son Stephen. Franti's deep grunt gives off both resonance and rhythmic savvy. And there's no denying the man's gift for laying out the travails of those he's trying to talk to, especially on a painful song with the innocent title *Gas Gauge*. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

JAZZ

For the 25 years he's recorded on Milestone, tenor saxophonist Sonny

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Erykah Badu *Baduism*	7	7	8	5	7
Dan Bern	8	6	6	8	7
L7 *The Beauty Process*	8	8	7	6	7
Roger McGuinn *Live From Mars*	3	7	6	8	7
Spearhead *Chocolate Supa Highway*	8	7	6	6	7

DEAD OF THE MONTH DEPARTMENT: We've heard that a **Grateful Dead** Disc of the Month Club is being considered by the band's organization. Fans would register with their credit card numbers and then automatically receive new CD releases of live recordings drawn from a collection spanning 30 years. A Dead zine estimates there are at least 25,000 people who would join up. It sounds as if **Elvis'** merchandising elves are branching out.

REELING AND ROCKING: The Chicago music scene is going to be documented in *Chicago, Illinois 60622*, which will include **Veruca Salt**, the **Jesus Lizard**, **Triple Fast Action** and **Red Red Meat**. . . . Director **Penelope Spheeris** is leaving punk music to make *Flashbacks*, a film about acid guru **Timothy Leary**. . . . **Babyface** will make his movie debut in *Soul Food*. . . . **Gabriel Byrne** and **Mick Jagger's** film production company will coproduce a movie about actress and photographer **Tina Modotti**, who was a revolutionary in the Thirties. . . . **Takashi Bufford**, the writer of *Set It Off*, will direct a hip-hop comedy with plenty of music, called *Harlem Express*. . . . **Chuck D** and **Coolio** play filmmaking brothers in a comedy about Hollywood written by **Joe Eszterhas** with cameos by **Sylvester Stallone**, **Richard Gere**, **Whoopi Goldberg** and **Jackie Chan**. . . . **Bret Michaels** of **Poison** is making *In God's Hands* in Bali. He'll play a self-proclaimed guru.

NEWSBREAKS: **Grace Slick's** autobiography will be titled *Go Ask Alice (I Think She'll Know)*. . . . On **Slush's** debut CD, *North Hollywood*, one track was recorded by band members in the nude. Only the Lord knows why. . . . Keep an eye out for *Lounge-a-Palooza*, the cocktail nation's strangest CD yet. Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme sing **Soundgarden** and **Pizzicato Five** do the honors on *The Girl From Ipanema*. **Dino** and **Sammy** would be proud. . . . Another lounge item: You'll probably want to have a copy of *Instrumental Gems of the Sixties*, on which you not only will get *Alley Cat* by **Bent Fabric**, but also the **Arthur Fiedler** and **Boston Pops** rendition of *I Want to Hold Your Hand*. Call Collectors' Choice Music at 800-923-1122. . . . Says **Bono** about **U2's** upcoming CD: "Success is one thing in pop music, but staying relevant is the bigger challenge." . . . The final **Velvet Underground** studio album, *Loaded*, has just been remastered and reissued. . . . Although the **Beatles** anthology series has more to offer, including the original *Get Back* album, the project is on hold to give **McCartney** and **Harrison** a chance to work on solo projects. Even Paul and George don't want to compete with the Beatles. . . . **Aretha Franklin** gave a gospel concert at her late father's church, New Bethel Baptist in Detroit, for a live album to be released on her own label, World Class Records. . . . There will be an album of **Roger Waters'** all-star concert *The Wall: Live in Berlin*, recorded in July 1990 as the Berlin Wall came down. . . . The **Afghan Whigs** will start working on their new album this spring. . . . **Peter Gabriel** is in the studio. . . . In October, the **Doors** four-disc boxed set will appear with alternate takes, unreleased material and rarities. . . . *Cash*, **Johnny Cash's** autobiography (co-written with an editor of *Country Music* magazine), will be out in July. . . . **No Doubt's** North American tour begins the middle of this month. . . . The paper-versus-plastics debate over CD packaging continues and, while the recording industry hasn't taken a position, most observers say any changes will likely be artist-driven. —BARBARA NELLIS

Rollins has frustrated many who consider him our premiere living jazz musician. He's been accused of settling for inconsistent albums. Personally, I have enjoyed many of them. But I'm grateful for Milestone's two-CD retrospective ***Silver City,*** in which Rollins—with some advice from a frustrated admirer (Gary Giddins)—picks two-and-a-half hours of great performances to celebrate his silver anniversary at the label. Rollins is obviously a treasure. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

WORLD

Maybe it's just that the rhythms are more familiar than his usual Latin balladry, but ***Tango*** (Columbia) strikes these Yanqui ears as the most graceful Julio Iglesias album. It probably helps that Iglesias sings in Spanish, and that the music takes sex as both text and subtext. Or maybe I'm just a sucker for great accordion riffs. —DAVE MARSH

The deluge of holiday releases is long over, but there is a Christmas album you can listen to 365 days a year. Ethan James is a master of the hurdy-gurdy, an ancient folk instrument that's part keyboard, part guitar and part bagpipe. On ***The Ancient Music of Christmas*** (Hannibal/Rykodisc), he adds guitars, dulcimers and other exotic instruments to perform songs that are moody and modal yet have a celebratory feel. Think of it as trance music from the Middle Ages—or Enya unplugged. And unless you walk around the house humming *Quem Pastores Laudavere*, there's nary a Christmas chestnut in sight. —VIC GARBARINI

If you're curious about why Tibetan Buddhism has made such inroads in the West, check out ***Tibet: The Heart of Dharma*** (Ellipsis Arts), a combination CD and booklet that is considerably cheaper than going to Tibet. The CD records chants ranging in time from six to 17 minutes and is guaranteed to alter your brain waves more profoundly than anything in the current vogue for ambient or trance music. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

CLASSICAL

Conductors nowadays rarely stay with one orchestra for long. With his 16 years as musical director of England's City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Sir Simon Rattle is a remarkable exception. He has made the CBSO one of Europe's best orchestras. Two new releases show Rattle at his finest. His first recording with period instruments, Mozart's ***Così fan tutte*** (EMI), is supple and spontaneous. Rattle also demonstrates an affinity for Benjamin Britten's ***Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*** (EMI). Start here if you want to learn about classical music. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

Pour two ounces of Skyy vodka over ice. Also known as Skyy Ice, Skyy Over, Skyy Rocks.
For exceptionally clean, clear vodka produced by four-column distillation and triple filtration, always reach for the Skyy.

40% alc/vol (80 Proof) 100% grain neutral spirits. ©1997 Skyy Spirits, Inc., San Francisco, California.

MAN: THE MACHINE

Imagine exchanging electronic résumés via handshake or unlocking a car door by simply touching the handle. If IBM has its way, you'll be doing that and a whole lot more with its new Personal Area Network technology. In essence, the body is used as a "wet wire" to transmit information from a device you wear to a device or person you touch. A small electronic unit, kept close to the body, transmits personal data by way of an imperceptible electric current that passes through the skin into the bloodstream to any electronic receptor or PAN user you contact. Real-life applications might include routing phone numbers from pager to cell phone across your body or submitting all the account information necessary to rent a video or make a purchase by picking up the product—no checkout lines involved. IBM's PAN is still in the development phases, and IBM has no immediate plans to bring the product to market. However, we tested PAN at the most recent consumer electronics show in Las Vegas. We were impressed: The technology really works.

MITCH O'CONNELL

ALL TALK AND ACTION

Modems are great at getting computers to talk with one another. But sometimes users need to get a word in, too—particularly when playing networkable games such as Descent, Quake and multimedia Monopoly. Recognizing this, modem manufacturers are giving people their voices back with devices that let you talk and send data at the same time, over the same line. The Diamond Multimedia Supra Express 336 Sp (about $150) is one of the best. It uses analog simultaneous voice and data, or ASVD, technology, which means conversation is transmitted as clearly as it would be over a standard telephone. Supra Express 336 Sp comes with War Craft II, the popular fantasy-action game, and also serves as a fax, speakerphone and voice-mail system. One drawback: The person you intend to talk with needs an ASVD modem, too, and so far the Supra Express is one of the few available. A more common standard is digital simultaneous voice and data, or DSVD. Voice quality suffers some, so gamers may want to scream when they go in for the kill. Hayes includes its top-notch DSVD Accura 56K modem in its Total Gaming Solution package ($180) and throws in the riproaring NASCAR racing game to keep you entertained. So while you may be too distracted to collaborate with your boss on that sales report, you can force him into a spinout at Daytona.

KENNETH CAROZZA

GAMERS U

If the thought of earning a living playing video games strikes a chord, you may want to look into Digipen Applied Computer Graphics School in Vancouver, B.C., the only North American institution with a formal curriculum in video game programming and design. But don't expect nonstop playtime. Students who enroll in Digipen commit to a two-year program with grueling 70-hour weeks, during which they learn the entire gaming process, from storyboard presentation and the elements of computer mathematics to programming, animation, modeling and networking. Members of the class of 1996—the first graduating class—were courted by major game companies, including Nintendo, as well as computer animation firms and Hollywood studios. And all of the 19 graduates landed jobs paying between $35,000 and $50,000. Digipen will also offer a four-year bachelor of science degree beginning in September at its new Digipen Institute of Technology in Seattle. Applications for the first 100 places are being accepted through the middle of June. Annual tuition is $10,000.

WILD THINGS

Aside from looking seriously cool, Altec Lonsing's ACS55 multimedio speakers enhonce the realism of computer gaming with Dolby Surround Sound audio technology. The ACS55 system (shown here) combines two 12-watts-per-channel front speakers and a 40-watt subwoofer, oll priced under $200. • The Perfect Connection, o unique product designed to improve the performance of audio ond video components and computers, also extends battery life, according to its creotor, XLO Electric Co. TPC is a chemically treated wipe (slightly larger than the kind you use to clean your honds after eating ribs) that reportedly penetrates base metol, removing and preventing corrosion-inducing oxidation. Wipe both mating contact surfaces—say, a cellular phone bottery and its connectors—and your gear will be protected for several months. The price: about $1 per wipe. • Thanks to Pitney Bowes' Personal Post Office, home office professionols will never run out of postoge again. Smaller than a typical ink-jet printer, this electronic postoge metering system weighs your mail and holds up to $1000 in postage. When the meter runs out, you use the system's modem to call for refills, which are tronsferred online 24 hours a day. The price: $19.95 per month for the hardware plus a $50 stort-up fee that's credited toward your first round of postoge. Postage is billed immediately following phone orders.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

ARE YOU *one of the* TWO MILLION victims of ENGAGEMENT RING anxiety?

1. Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say, "Son, let's talk diamonds."
2. But it's still your call. So read on.
3. Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago, diamonds are found in the most remote corners of the world. De Beers, the world's largest diamond company, has over 100 years' experience in mining and valuing. They sort rough diamonds into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be sure you know what you're buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.
4. Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4 C's.* They are: *Cut,* not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets, or flat surfaces, are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color,* actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity,* the fewer natural marks, or "inclusions," the better; *Carat weight,* the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.
5. Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Many people use the *two months' salary guideline.* Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more and they'll rave.
6. Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.
7. Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust, to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Happy Harry's Diamond Basement.
8. *Learn more.* For the booklet *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give,"* call **1-800-FOREVER,** Dept. 21.
9. Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. *Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?*

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

Crash (Fine Line) is the movie that either wowed or worried audiences at last year's Cannes Film Festival. Director David Cronenberg, a filmmaker wired for weirdness (*Dead Ringers*, *Naked Lunch*), strikes again with this startling adaptation of J.G. Ballard's 1973 novel about people sexually excited by car accidents, prosthetic devices and scar tissue. The erotic power of pain and violence is not something every viewer will respond to, despite some provocative performances. Deborah Unger and James Spader coolly portray Catherine and James, a married pair whom Cronenberg describes as "the archetypal postnuclear, post-technology couple." James gets it on with a widowed doctor (Holly Hunter) after a head-on collision that kills her husband. A badly bruised scientist named Vaughan (Elias Koteas) is the high priest of a cult that flocks to re-creations of famous car crashes—such as those that killed James Dean and Jayne Mansfield. Among his followers is Gabrielle (Rosanna Arquette), a badly damaged fetishist in leg braces and a full-body support suit. All the characters in this eerily stylized psychodrama seem to speak in a whisper, while their obsessive sexual acts speak louder than words. ¥¥½

•

Even crazier than *Crash* is ***Lost Highway*** (October Films), directed and co-authored by David Lynch (with Barry Gifford) and so far out that it makes *Twin Peaks* look tepid. Dubbed a "21st century noir horror film" by its creators, the movie is as incoherent as a bad dream but not nearly as much fun. Patricia Arquette plays two characters—the faithless wife of a jazz musician (Bill Pullman) and a blonde bimbo who cheats on her gangster beau (Robert Loggia) with a young auto mechanic (Balthazar Getty). Don't even try to figure it all out. Arquette can't sustain a bad-girl dual role that would have challenged Barbara Stanwyck or Bette Davis at their best. Most of it is abstract nonsense, which has Fred (Pullman) and Pete (Getty) swapping identities for no reason except that it's more surrealistic than letting logic spoil a trip to cuckooland. Fess up, Lynch: Does *Lost Highway* head in any direction worth going? ¥

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Movies directed by Sidney Lumet tend to have a moral center, and virtually every character in ***Night Falls on Manhattan*** (Paramount) faces a crisis of conscience. Andy Garcia finds himself in an ethical bind as an idealistic lawyer catapulted into the spotlight when he is elected New York's district attorney. First, he becomes romantically involved with a defense lawyer's assistant (Lena Olin), then he stumbles into a narcotics case that compels him either to suppress evidence of police corruption or incriminate his own father (Ian Holm). With Richard Dreyfuss rounding out a sharp cast as the feisty defense attorney, *Night Falls* has pace, big-city grit and intelligence. ¥¥¥

Arquette: Braced for *Crash*.

Erotica erupting everywhere, hanky-panky between rehearsals and slapstick at the zoo.

•

An over-the-top performance by Anthony Hopkins both helps and hurts ***A Chorus of Disapproval*** (Theafilm), a cheeky British trifle based on Alan Ayckbourn's prize-winning play. Made several years ago and held up by legal hassles, the movie features Hopkins as the blustering, imperious director of a theatrical troupe in the seaside town of Scarborough. While Hopkins hams and prepares a production of *A Beggar's Opera*, Jeremy Irons joins the company and manages to seduce, or be seduced by, the director's wife (Prunella Scales) and a fellow player (Jenny Seagrove) who's into sexual adventures offstage. It's pure fluff, but agreeable enough, directed by Michael Winner, with a gifted cast of farceurs. ¥¥½

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As a buddy film, ***Good Luck*** (East West Film Partners) goes for the gold and scores at least a silver. Vincent D'Onofrio and Gregory Hines co-star as disabled men who enter a white-water raft race on Oregon's Rogue River. Although they don't win the race, they win cheers for sheer guts as good guys on an odyssey—arguing, screwing up and finding themselves along the way. D'Onofrio plays "Ole" Olezniak, a Seattle Seahawks football star who has an accident on the field that leaves him blind and bitter. Hines is Bern Lemley, a paraplegic dental technician. Both strive to reclaim their manhood—particularly Ole, who shacks up with a girl he meets at a roadside gin mill. The rest is as inspirational as *Rocky*—with music to match—but much breezier and not as self-consciously macho. ¥¥½

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One main character in ***Female Perversions*** (October Films) succinctly states the movie's attitude: "Men take up too much fuckin' time." For that reason, among others, a sexy attorney named Eve (Britain's Tilda Swinton) dares a risky career move by dumping her boyfriend, John (Clancy Brown), an "earthquake engineer," for a love affair with a psychiatrist named Renee (Karen Sillas). Amy Madigan, Frances Fisher and Paulina Porizkova add what they can to the film—directed routinely by Susan Streitfeld, who co-adapted the screenplay from a book we won't bother to read. Don't let the provocative title fool you—this movie is intrinsically dull. ¥

•

Indian director Mira Nair made 1988's Oscar-nominated *Salaam Bombay!* and, in English, *Mississippi Masala* and *The Perez Family* before returning to her roots with ***Kama Sutra*** (Trimark). Subtitled "A Tale of Love," the movie may disappoint anyone expecting a re-creation of that Indian classic's famous index of sexual positions. Nonetheless, Nair's take on the book is erotic, exotic and exquisitely photographed. The film is a 16th century romantic tragedy about queen Tara (Sarita Choudhury), lusty libertine king Raj Singh (played by Naveen Andrews of *The English Patient*), servant girl Maya (drop-dead beautiful Indira Varma), who sleeps with the king on his wedding night, and love-smitten sculptor Jai (Ramon Tikaram). Though Maya falls for Jai, he rejects her, seemingly preferring her sculpted stone image to the real thing. Maya ultimately returns to rule the harem as Raj Singh's courtesan and sets off a chain reaction of emotions between her penitent Jai, the possessive king and the madly jealous Tara. It's a rhythmic, sensual film, amazingly nude and sexy considering

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Ralph and Kristin: Embodying *English*.

Before Oscar has his say, we cast our own ballot for the hits and misses of 1996.

BRUCE'S TEN BEST

The Celluloid Closet: Vibrant history of gays in cinema. Tomlin narrates.
The Crucible: Day-Lewis, Joan Allen and company fire up Arthur Miller's Salem witch trials.
The English Patient: Soaring romantic drama of the old school.
Fargo: The Coen brothers' brilliant black comedy involves kidnappers, murder and some Midwest accents to die for.
Hamlet: Compleat, courtesy of Branagh—altogether spectacular.
Lone Star: Compelling look at murder in a small Texas town.
Looking for Richard: Shakespeare celebrated by Al Pacino and friends.
The People vs. Larry Flynt: Director Forman's zingy valentine to freedom of speech.
Secrets and Lies: Catch Brenda Blethyn, an Englishwoman who is shaken up by her long-lost daughter.
Shine: Inspired real-life drama about a tortured pianist.

AND THE TEN WORST

The Cable Guy: Jim Carrey plays it sick and scary, not at all funny.
Diabolique: How not to remake a classic thriller, even with Sharon Stone.
Faithful: Palminteri and Cher face off, and the overall impact is tepid.
The Island of Dr. Moreau: Brando is ludicrous in the title role.
Larger Than Life: Bill Murray, with an elephant on his back.
Mary Reilly: Dr. Jekyll, Mr. Hyde and Julia Roberts in a misbegotten romance.
Multiplicity: Michael Keaton gets cloned, while the gags congeal.
Romeo and Juliet: Baz Luhrmann does the Bard for teenyboppers.
Space Jam: Is it a movie or another Jordan product endorsement?
Striptease: One more nosedive for hapless, topless Demi.

that passionate, prolonged mouth-to-mouth contact is forbidden by India's film censors. ¥¥¥

•

Working-class society in New Zealand appears to be a hotbed of racial tension in ***Broken English*** (Sony Classics), by co-author and director Gregor Nicholas. The clash between family unity and free love heats up with exciting newcomer Aleksandra Vujcic. In real life she's an earthy Croatian immigrant who was partying in a bar when Nicholas discovered her. Vibrant on camera, Vujcic turns out to be a natural as the spirited, sexy waitress, Nina, whose stern father locks her up to keep her away from Eddie (Julian Arahanga), the native restaurant cook she can't resist.

Broken English exudes atmosphere—as a blue-collar Romeo and Juliet drama that has a wry but reasonably happy ending. ¥¥¥

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Fierce Creatures (Universal) is more a follow-up than a sequel to the 1988 hit *A Fish Called Wanda*. Again starring the formidable foursome of John Cleese, Michael Palin, Jamie Lee Curtis and Kevin Kline—with directorial credit shared by Robert Young and Fred Schepisi—*Creatures* is full-out slapstick about some zanies scrambling to operate an English zoo. Only man-eating predators will be displayed, decrees the new owner, an international tycoon in the Murdoch mold who doesn't consider cuddly animals enough of a draw for a bloodthirsty public. The father-and-son dual role (as Rod and Vince McCain) is played with unstoppable gusto by Kline. In one sequence, Palin dresses as a bumblebee—your clue that this comedy is relentless in its quest for belly laughs. Fortunately, the movie delivers more often than not. Only prigs who can't abide sick jokes about patricide or making out with sheep are warned to steer clear. ¥¥¥

•

He's a corporate New York type overseeing construction of a new casino in Las Vegas. She's a fiery Mexican-American camera girl at Caesars Palace. When she gets pregnant following a one-night stand, the two virtual strangers marry on short notice, then begin to get acquainted. That pretty well sums up ***Fools Rush In*** (Columbia), a sassy romantic comedy made sassier by its two top players: spectacular Salma Hayek and *Friends*' Matthew Perry. Her beauty and personality combined with his easy offhand charm make *Fools* a clash between Mexican-American Catholic family values and go-getting Americanism. Featherweight, yes, but everyone manages to keep it airborne. ¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Blood and Wine (Reviewed 2/97) Nicholson and A-1 cast in a class-B thriller. ¥¥½
Broken English (See review) Star-crossed lovers in New Zealand. ¥¥¥
A Chorus of Disapproval (See review) Brits up to lots of hanky-panky. ¥¥½
Crash (See review) Autoerotic. ¥¥½
The Daytrippers (3/97) A philanderer has his family tracking him down. ¥¥
The Evening Star (3/97) Shirley MacLaine stars in a soapy sequel to *Terms of Endearment*. ¥¥
Everyone Says I Love You (1/97) Woody's all-star funny valentine to movie musicals. ¥¥¥
Evita (3/97) Madonna's big moment—grandiose but gripping. ¥¥¥
Female Perversions (See review) It's a woman thing—all right, already. ¥
Fierce Creatures (See review) The *Wanda* group, whooping it up in an English zoo. ¥¥¥
Fools Rush In (See review) Love and marriage after a one-night stand. ¥¥½
Ghosts of Mississippi (3/97) Revisiting the Medgar Evers murder case. ¥¥¥
Good Luck (See review) White-water raft race with two disabled guys. ¥¥½
Gridlock'd (3/97) A pair of likable, doped-up musicians do the town, sort of. ¥¥½
Jerry Maguire (Listed only) Cruise in control as a sports agent with principles—plus a winning cast. ¥¥¥
Kama Sutra (See review) Not the acrobatic sex manual, but deftly erotic and exotic. ¥¥¥
Kolya (3/97) The love life of a swinging Czech cellist is rearranged by an irresistible Russian tot. ¥¥¥½
Lost Highway (See review) Lynch loses it on an aimless side trip. ¥
Marvin's Room (3/97) The big C lightened up by Streep and Keaton. ¥¥¥
Night Falls on Manhattan (See review) Garcia confronts an ethics test as a beleaguered New York D.A. ¥¥¥
Nothing Personal (3/97) Back to Belfast for more of the Irish troubles. ¥¥½
Scream (3/97) Wes Craven's tongue-in-cheek ode to grisly shockers. ¥¥½
SubUrbia (3/97) Downbeat drama, based on Bogosian's play, about disenchanted youth at the mall. ¥¥¥
Troublesome Creek (3/97) The demise of an American farm. ¥¥¥½
Waiting for Guffman (3/97) Musical spoof of a small-town celebration. ¥¥
When We Were Kings (3/97) Nonfiction study of the Foreman fight that made Ali a boxing legend. ¥¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"When my career's over," says **Tom Arnold**, "I'll sit down and watch all the videos in my collection." That may take some time—the actor claims to have more than 1000 tapes in his personal stash. His favorite? "I've always loved *Houseboat* [1958] with Sophia Loren. She was such a great mom in that movie; I wanted her to be my mother so badly because mine wasn't with us." Arnold also likes anything by Peter Sellers—especially *Being There*—and a drinker's double feature: "One is *Withnail & I*, an English comedy about drunks; the other is *Arthur*, the American comedy about an English drunk. People criticize the subject matter, but I'm an alcoholic—seven years sober—and I think they put an honest spin on it." Cheers. —DONNA COE

VIDBITS

Home Vision has finally released ***Walkabout,*** Nicolas Roeg's 1971 solo directorial debut about two lost British children rescued in the Australian desert by an aboriginal boy. The special director's cut has been digitally remastered and letterboxed and includes footage omitted from the movie house release ($79.95). . . . It may not have the rare tintypes of *The Civil War*, or *Baseball*'s cool grainy clips of the Babe, but Ken Burns' ***Thomas Jefferson*** (T.H.E.; $29.98) is another compelling history lesson from the master of the pan-scan-and-zoom documentary. The two-tape chronicle of the nation's third president tracks Jefferson's political career and the impact he had on 18th century America—and beyond.

OSCAR'S BRIDESMAIDS

Some years Academy Award voters have it tough. Consider 1939: Among the nominees for best picture were *Stagecoach*; *Wuthering Heights*; *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*; *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*; *Ninotchka* and *The Wizard of Oz*. But the winner was *Gone With the Wind*. Other Oscar horse races:

1941: It may be called the best flick of all time, but *Citizen Kane* won only a screenplay trophy, having been scooped for top honors by *How Green Was My Valley*.

1946: Apparently, Frank Capra's holiday homily, *It's a Wonderful Life*, wasn't as wonderful as William Wyler's homecoming tearjerker, *The Best Years of Our Lives*.

1960: Billy Wilder's Lemmon–MacLaine comedy *The Apartment* locked up the Oscar, fending off John Wayne's expensive and expansive *The Alamo*.

1967: Oscar pondered a Sidney Poitier double bill—*Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* and *In the Heat of the Night*—and gave the prize to the latter. But Poitier's acting wasn't nominated for either.

1969: Voight and Hoffman's hustling *Midnight Cowboy* knocked the hats off Redford and Newman's gunslinging *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. Still, the Hole in the Wall Gang managed to rustle up four trophies (screenplay, song, score and cinematography).

1971: *A Clockwork Orange* was shut out and *Fiddler on the Roof* took three lesser awards, as *The French Connection* drove off with the night's big prize.

1975: Spielberg's *Jaws* could almost taste victory but was straitjacketed by *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. It wouldn't be Spielberg's last Oscar snub.

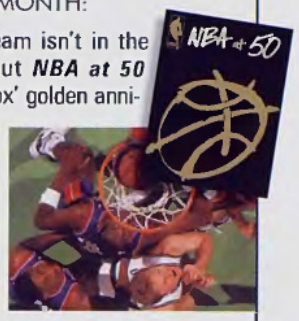
1976: OK, you guess: *All the President's Men*, *Network* or *Taxi Driver*? None of the above. Stallone's *Rocky* scored a last-minute KO.

1981: Vangelis' infectious, Oscar-winning score helped *Chariots of Fire* cross the finish line ahead of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Another Spielberg dis.

1982: *E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial*, a movie about a small bald being from another planet, lost to *Gandhi*, a movie about a small bald being from another plane. Hey, Steve—what's the deal?

1993: *The Piano* certainly had the critics, and *The Fugitive* had the box office. But Spielberg had *Schindler's List*—and, at last, his Oscar. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

SLAM DUNK OF THE MONTH:



If your hoops team isn't in the finals, check out ***NBA at 50*** ($19.98), CBS/Fox' golden anniversary scrapbook of basketball. Included in the fast-breaking flashback: the building of Red Auerbach's Celtics dynasty; the Sixties face-off between Bill Russell and Wilt the Stilt; the arrival of Magic, Bird and Michael; and Spike Lee's spin on the playground choose-up game. Denzel Washington hosts.

LASER FARE

Heaven's Gate (1980) came to stand for everything that was wrong with the movie industry. Over budget, overlong and overdone, the film sent director Michael Cimino (*The Deer Hunter*) spiraling off the A-list. But laser's another matter. The new disc version (MGM/UA/Image, $50) of the sprawling tale of Wyoming's Johnson County Wars restores the picture to its original 220-minute length, and it's a beaut. The transfer shows off Vilmos Zsigmond's breathtaking Panavision photography, and the cast—especially Jeff Bridges, Christopher Walken and Isabelle Huppert—holds up just fine. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
BOY ACTION	***Maximum Risk*** (Van Damme gets Russian mobsters who killed his bro; Natasha Henstridge gets naked), ***Last Man Standing*** (hired gun Bruce Willis struts through Walter Hill's Thirties shoot-'em-up; good and moody).
GIRL ACTION	***Bound*** (grrlfriends fleece megabucks from mobster dons; Gershon and J. Tilly do bed scenes—a must for rewinders), ***Switchblade Sisters*** (cheesy femole gang-war romp; 1975 kitsch reissued by Tarontino's new vid label).
THRILLER	***Extreme Measures*** (conscientious doc Hugh Grant goes ofter evil hospital honcho Gene Hockman), ***Trigger Effect*** (yuppie trio gets caught up in poranoid lunocy of major blackout; OK, but the payoff's a letdown).
ART HOUSE	***Surviving Picasso*** (portroit of the artist as a womonizing lout; Hopkins' Poblo is os good as his Tricky Dick), ***Purple Noon*** (Alain Delon plots to off best pal and assume his jet-set ID; Rene Clement's 1960 nail-biter, new to tape).
MUSICAL	***That Thing You Do*** (Sixties fabbish foursome goes gold with Honks as its Svengali; Tom's deft directoriol bow), ***Grace of My Heart*** (Illeano Douglos scores as o Carole King–style Sixties songwriter in cotchy music biz sago; you'll buy the CD).

Europe's classic sports sedans – BMW 328i, Mercedes C280 and Volvo 850 turbo – wield incredible horsepower. The new Subaru 2.5 GT sports sedan, however, not only possesses plenty of horsepower, but amazing superpowers as well. Like the unbelievable traction of full-time All-Wheel Drive. The superior stability of a horizontally opposed engine. And the remarkably smooth ride of an optimally tuned suspension.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

ROBERT STONE is a heavyweight champion of contemporary American fiction. Squarely in the Hemingway tradition, he embraces big themes and commands an array of prose styles that modulate from elegiac to electrifying. His new book of stories, ***Bear and His Daughter*** (Houghton Mifflin), reads more like a collection of fragments from novels-in-progress. But what marvelous fragments.

In "Absence of Mercy," Mackay, a working-class Irishman, instinctively comes to the aid of an elderly woman accosted in a subway station. He finds himself surrounded by an angry crowd, and we experience the rush of emotions that washes over him. Mackay is a fully developed character, and the reader is hooked. I wish a novel had followed.

A story that will encourage comparisons with Malcolm Lowry or Graham Greene, "Porque No Tiene, Porque le Falta" introduces the dissolute poet Fletch, who lives inexplicably trapped just outside a small Mexican village near a volcano. The story chronicles one phantasmagoric night as he is tormented by eccentric locals. Fletch begs to be explored in a longer form.

The title story—the revelations of a father and his grown daughter entangled in a dark psychological dance—comes to a grimly satisfying finale. The book is a fulfilling novella, an artistic whole. Yet even this carefully crafted narrative hints about the earlier lives of the characters. It is a sign of Stone's literary power that all of the stories in this collection spark the imagination and leave the reader hungry for more.

Bottom Line Personal Book of Bests (St. Martin's), edited by the *Bottom Line* newsletter staff: Although the primary focus is financial, this collection of tips covers everything from learning languages to training a puppy. Some of the most eye-opening suggestions deal with IRS loopholes, career strategies and everyday hassles with credit cards.

In ***Dick for a Day*** (Villard), edited by Fiona Giles, Camille Paglia says, "I would go find Catherine Deneuve in a hurry." Germaine Greer would make a sizable donation to a sperm bank. Sydney Biddle Barrows wants to be on the receiving end of fellatio. Terry McMillan would have "the ultimate sexual experience with a woman." Intriguingly, Patricia Cornwell says, "I'd do exactly what I do now." These and 47 other women offer their fantasies about what they would do if they had a penis for 24 hours. It's a clever idea.

Killing Floor (Putnam), by Lee Child: This is such a brilliantly written first novel that the guy must be channeling Dashiell Hammett. A former Army homicide investigator named Jack Reacher is passing through the little town of Margrave, Georgia when he is hauled into the local jail as a suspected killer. As the bodies continue to pile up, the cops realize their mistake and call on his expertise. Reacher handles the maze of clues and the criminal unfortunates with a flair that would make Sam Spade proud.

Stone's *Bear and His Daughter*.

Short stories, *Dick for a Day*, divorced guys and a new *Rogue Warrior*.

The Devil's Red Nickel (Mysterious), by Robert O. Greer: C.J. Floyd works as a bail bondsman and a bounty hunter in Denver, but in this story he travels to Chicago to check out the rhythm-and-blues record empire of Daddy Doo-Wop Polk, a former disc jockey who has been murdered. Greer's second book is sprinkled with music-business lore and filled with scenes of African American nightlife, both in Denver and on Chicago's South Side. This is an intriguing, tightly plotted murder mystery.

Men on Divorce: The Other Side of the Story (Harcourt Brace), edited by Penny Kaganoff and Susan Spano: As a follow-up to their earlier anthology, *Women on Divorce*, the editors asked 15 male writers to meditate on the death of marriage. The results are thoughtful, well written and oddly civilized. This group includes Edward Hoagland, Ted Solotaroff, John A. Williams, Michael Ventura and Benjamin Cheever. They see divorce from both sides and, for the most part, empathize with their ex-wives. No stories of ferocious custody battles, grotesque infidelities or fistfights in front of the neighbors (though Luis Rodríguez confesses to his moments of rage). There are no denunciations of the slut-who-ruined-my-life. These reasoned essays are the dispassionate aftermath of divorce. You have to read fiction to get the real thing.

Rogue Warrior: Designation Gold (Pocket), by Richard Marcinko and John Weisman: The most colorful, hell-raising, bomb-throwing, ex-Seal commander of them all is back in another fast-moving, fictional adventure. This time, Marcinko begins with a 25-page soliloquy on Spec warfare—delivered in the dark as he is sneaking up on a dacha outside Moscow that is owned by a Russian Mafia chief. Soon, he is flying off to Washington, Paris and the Middle East to break up a terrorist conspiracy involving nuclear weapons. *Rogue* novels always contain more explosions and gunfights than do Joel Silver movies, but half the fun is Marcinko's erudite commentary on the incompetence of U.S. military services, the complex and ultimately frustrating mechanics of international politics and the manly art of protecting your ass. Instead of letting the formula for these stories get stale, Marcinko and Weisman add new plot ingredients and push them to the limits of military technology.

Dr. Fulford's Touch of Life (Pocket), by Dr. Robert Fulford with Gene Stone: Here's a prescription for health through osteopathic manipulation, illustrated with inspiring stories of how holistic techniques have succeeded where conventional medicine has failed. Dr. Fulford is now in his 90s, and he claims his hands are so sensitive he can feel a human hair underneath 18 layers of paper. He uses those hands on his patients to stimulate the life force, which induces healing. Before you pop another aspirin, read this book and consider that what you may really need is a realignment of your electromagnetic field.

Bad Memory (Pocket), by Duane Franklet: The corporate thriller is becoming a genre of its own, and this latest entry has the unusual enticement of explaining how computer security works in a large company. An international manufacturer of computers called Simtec is penetrated by a cunning criminal hacker who demands millions to prevent the collapse of the corporate computer network. There's lots of heavy breathing over the keyboards, moaning about plunging profits and talk about viruses, passwords and computer codes. It's the kind of story that makes you yearn for a Louis L'Amour Western.

DRINK TECHNICIAN? COCKTAIL COORDINATOR? BEVERAGE ADMINISTRATOR?

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HEALTH & FITNESS

SPRING TUNE-UP

Just in case you're one of the laggards who took the winter off: It's time to suck it in, inspect for damage and get back on the fitness track. Here are the rules.

- **Easy Does It.** Resist the urge to jump back into your fitness routine at the level you left it months ago. Go slow. Exercise patience. You'll condition just as fast and avoid injury.
- **Renew Your Shoes.** Working out in worn shoes is asking for trouble. If your soles are thin, your treads are gone or your heels are toppling, you definitely need a new pair. And don't buy brand or advertising hype. The best shoe is one that fits your foot and gives you support.
- **Make Muscle.** Aerobic sports—running, biking, swimming, etc.—are important, but be sure your spring tune-up includes strength training, too, at least twice a week. Machines or free weights—it's up to you. For maximum results and minimal risk, learn how to lift and breathe properly.
- **Hire a Trainer.** Even for one session, macho man. You'll learn to do your routine right.

MEDICINE IN A BOTTLE

A kidney stone won't kill you, but the pain could make you wish it would. Fifteen percent of all men will develop one or more during their lifetime, and doctors recommend drinking lots of liquids to reduce the risk. But here's the good news: Beer beats water. In fact, it's five times more effective in preventing stones, according to a Harvard study. The alcohol in beer keeps the kidney from concentrating the body salts in urine, which is how stones develop. Drinking an equivalent amount of red wine—eight ounces—reduces the risk by 39 percent, reports the study.

Red wine may also hold major promise in the battle against cancer. A substance called resveratrol, whose leading food source is the skin of grapes, works several ways, according to University of Illinois researchers: It inhibits the development of skin and colorectal cancer. It may also stimulate enzymes that detoxify cancer agents and block leukemia cells from proliferating. These results were based on studies with mice; whether resveratrol can be used in a sufficient concentration outside the lab is a concern.

White wine, by the way, holds no such promise, because the skins of the grapes are removed.

GOOD NEWS

- Thinking about sex can cut pain in half, according to a Johns Hopkins study. Two groups held their hands in ice water for as long as they could tolerate the cold. Those told to think about sex kept their hands in twice as long as those told to think about abstinence.
- The latest possible cancer preventive is selenium. A major Arizona study found a daily 200-microgram dose reduced the incidence of prostate cancer by 69 percent (and other cancers by 50 percent). So eat selenium-rich garlic, whole grains, Brazil nuts, meat, swordfish, tuna and oysters. Or buy selenomethionine-labeled pills at health food stores.
- NASA is pumped up about space. The likeliest solution to bone and muscle loss on interplanetary voyages could be vigorous resistance workouts. The space agency is already developing new high-tech gear: Look for NASA-approved machines in your health club soon.
- Here's a dietary prescription we can live with: Eat more Italian food. An ingredient in tomatoes, lycopene, may reduce the risk of cancer for males. Researchers at the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute in Boston made the link, which supports other scientists who say tomatoes may protect against prostate cancer. One of the best ways to get lycopene is in tomato sauce, since (unlike most vitamins) it stays potent when cooked.

Calcium champ: Oscar de la Hoya likes strong bones.

REAL MEN DRINK SKIM

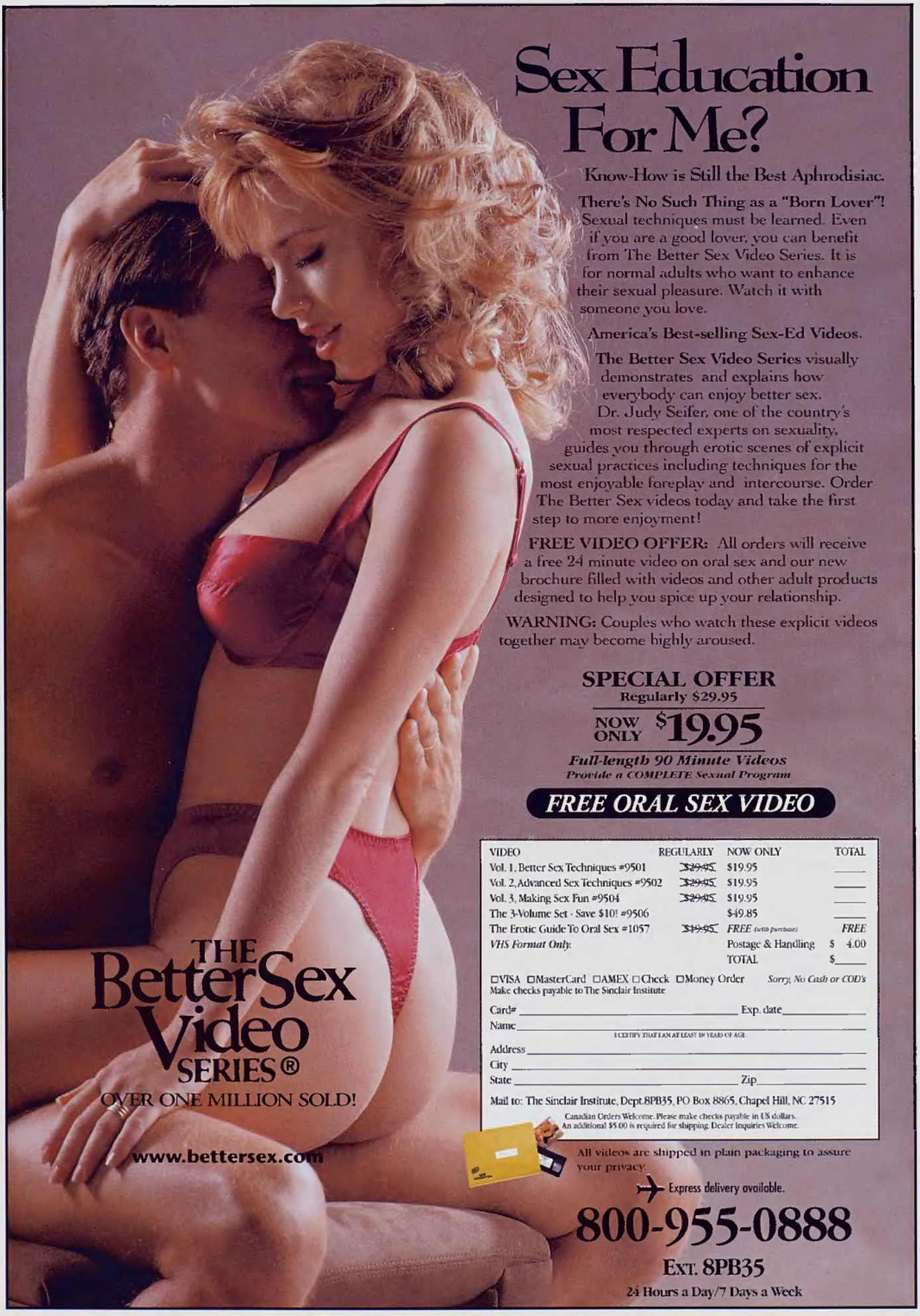
Jocks and stars sport the milk mustache, but is it whole, low-fat or nonfat? Under a new federal law, two percent milk can no longer be designated as low-fat, meaning more shoppers will likely turn to skim milk. But the dairy industry is concerned that "skim" sounds unappetizing, so the hunt is on for more descriptive terms. Here's the lowdown: Skim milk will be rechristened as either fat-free or nonfat milk. Two percent milk, once called low-fat, will be changed to reduced fat. Only one percent milk will carry the low-fat label. One piece of good news: Plain old skim milk—however you refer to it—has lost its watery texture and bluish tinge. A new thickener derived from oat flour helps the milk look and taste creamier.

DR. PLAYBOY

Q. I've been seeing ads for liquid diet supplements such as Boost and Ensure. I thought these were for people in hospitals. Should I be drinking them?

A. You may as well drink a milk shake. Yes, hospitals serve these drinks in place of meals to people who can't stagger to the cafeteria or swallow pudding. But a recent comparison by Tufts University found that many of the drinks contained about the same amount of fat and calories—and as little fiber—as an eight-ounce chocolate shake. Sure, the supplements have additional vitamins and minerals. But if you insist on getting your nutrients in pill form, why not pop a supplement pill and wash it down with your beverage of choice?

Speaking of supplements, we suggest taking a multivitamin rather than single doses of any one nutrient. Vitamins work more effectively together. Huge quantities of any one vitamin (even C) yield flat results in clinical studies. And scientists now believe too much of one vitamin can actually displace stores of other vitamins.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MEN

By ASA BABER

ROBERT ROHTICKY

WHY MEN LOVE TAXES

As a shrewd observer of this culture, you have probably noticed that American men have an extra bounce in their step as the month of April arrives. And why not? After all, April 15 is every man's favorite day because during that magical 24 hours, he gets to send approximately 40 percent of his yearly income to the Internal Revenue Service.

If you studied the 1996 presidential election, you noticed the gender gap between male and female voters. According to the experts, one major difference between the sexes is that women tend to trust the government with their money more than men do. Women are thus more willing to pay taxes to support government programs. Men, the pollsters claim, are stingier, grouchier and more discontented when it comes to paying income taxes.

But the polls are dead wrong, as I will soon show you. Contrary to the popular perception, I can prove that American men trust the government completely at all its complex levels. Better yet, they dearly love paying taxes, which is why April 15 is such a happy day for them. Watch them skip to the post office with a smile. Aren't they good sports?

It is true, of course, that some isolated men, a few misfits, have criticized the government's methods of tax collection. "The income tax has made more liars out of the American people than golf has," Will Rogers said in 1923. But Rogers has been dead for decades, and he certainly no longer reflects the modern man's view of taxes (or of our golf scores, for that matter, about which we are painstakingly honest).

Recently, I conducted my own poll of American men and what they think about taxes, and the results are astonishing. Here are the five major things that men are saying about taxes. And trust me on this one: What I am telling you is as accurate as an IRS audit:

(1) *Some 99.5 percent of American men want to pay more taxes.* "What I liked about the recent presidential campaign was that Bill Clinton and Bob Dole were people I instinctively trusted and wanted to please," says Ralph Wiggenstock, a trucker from Gassville, Arkansas. "I guess I'd call myself the typical American male who is in touch with his feminine side. Whenever I saw those two guys on TV, I got all gooey inside, sort of the way women feel when they see Mel Gibson, I guess. So I sent the government all my money, because I know those politicians would never waste a dime of my hard-earned cash. And I want trial lawyers and corporate honchos to get the tax breaks instead of undeserving people like me."

(2) *A full 98.9 percent of American men believe the current tax structure is historically justified.* Listen to Mario Benson-Buns of Birdseye, Indiana: "There is a myth that the American Revolution was fought because of insidious and unfair taxation by Britain over America, and that the founding fathers wanted to abolish oppressive tax procedures in any government they formed. But nothing could be further from the truth. George Washington was actually a lobbyist trying to get special tax breaks for Archer Daniels Midland, and everybody knows that Thomas Jefferson was hoping for a job with Health and Human Services or the National Transportation Safety Board."

(3) *More than 99 percent of American men see government as a kind and selfless undertaker.* "Every night, wherever I am," says Colonel Mick O'Reilly of Twentynine Palms, California, "I lead my Marine recon battalion in a little prayer that goes like this: 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray Uncle Sam my soul to keep, and should I die before I wake, I pray Uncle Sam my estate to take.' You see, after my troopers and I get snuffed in Somalia or Bosnia or some other place vital to our national interest, it is only right that my government should be able to tax my estate when I'm in my grave. I mean, I didn't work that hard for it. So I want Uncle Sam to take his share of it instead of leaving it for my family. That's what America is all about, isn't it?"

(4) *An amazing 106.7 percent of American men see government as a loving parental figure, wise and beneficent, that will protect them from the cradle to the grave.* So says Vinnie "The Moose" Sostanza of Brooklyn, New York: "I've been working for a living since I was 11 years old, and there is one thing I know for sure. The government makes a great godfather. Any problem you got, you go to the government and it gets fixed—boom—like that. Somebody says you got to sign up for the Selective Service when you're 18? Hey, no big deal. Talk to your draft board. They'll tell you not to worry about it. You got cash flow problems? Go to Uncle Sam and explain yourself. He'll let you off the hook completely. You got a bad tooth in your mouth? Call the Department of Agriculture. They got the best dentists in the world. You need a band for a party? Call Tipper Gore. She's the hottest booker in town. The feds: Don't leave home without them."

(5) *A shocking 220 percent of American men prefer to overpay their taxes and refuse all legal refunds.* "Refunds make me nervous," says Lawrence Dufowski of Poorman, Alaska. "I don't want the money back. What would I do with it, pay for my kids' braces? Listen, better they stay bucktoothed so America can stay solvent. You might think we are self-reliant up here in the boonies between the Kaiyuh and Kuskokwim mountains, but that's not the case. Just last winter my snowmobile blew a gasket. You think I had to fix it? Hell no. I called Washington, D.C. and President Clinton was out here in one day to do the dirty work. He didn't even stay for dinner. Said he didn't want to intrude. Thanked me for all the tax refunds I've turned down, too. He hugged me and kissed my wife and damned if she didn't leave me and follow him back to Washington. Now that's good government, fella, and I say it's worth paying a pretty penny for."

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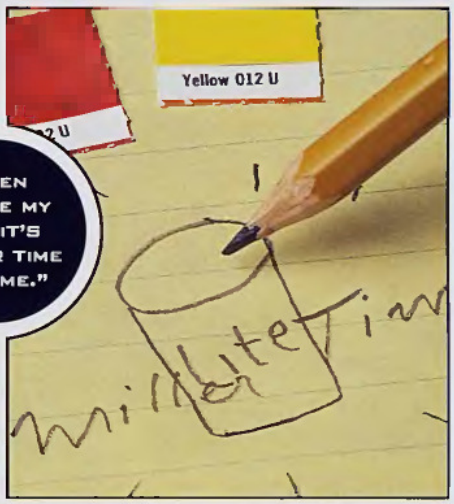

STEP 3. BACKGROUND COLOR WAS THE HARDEST PART. FIRST I WANTED THE BACKGROUND TO BE RED. THEN KIND OF YELLOW. BUT LATER I FOUND THAT A MIX OF RED AND YELLOW WOULD BE O.K. WHY? BECAUSE THAT LOOKS LIKE THE COLOR OF A GOOD-TASTING BEER!

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I produce copious amounts of precome, which used to be a source of great embarrassment. If I get the least bit aroused, the fluid gets all over my wife, all over me and all over whatever we're making love on. One evening we were having sex and my wife was begging me to touch her, but she wasn't very wet. To make matters worse, we had run out of lube. There, dripping down my leg, was the answer. I gathered some of my precome with my fingers and rubbed it on her clitoris. She loved it, and I have since tried several variations. For instance, I kneel high above her so she can get a good view of my cock, and with deliberate motions massage it until enough fluid has fallen on her breasts for me to massage her. By the time I reach for her clitoris she is arching her hips to meet me. She has even started masturbating after "milking" my erection. She also likes to lick the fluid off my fingers and penis. It is difficult to describe how exciting this all is, and the more excited I get the more fluid I produce. I have read a lot of sex books but have never seen anything about using precome in this manner. I pass this on to you and your readers with the hope that it will enhance someone else's sex life as well.—A.J., Columbus, Ohio

Have you ever heard Led Zeppelin's version of "Traveling Riverside Blues"? It could be your theme song. "Squeeze my lemon, till the juice runs down my leg/Squeeze it so hard, I'll fall right out of bed." The technique has other hazards. Foremost is that precome contains sperm, which in many cases isn't something you want to rub too close to a woman's reproductive organs. The urethral glands in most men produce only a few drops of precome, so your case is unusual. But we're happy to hear you're making the most of your natural resources.

My girlfriend has hinted that if I ever ask her to marry me, she wants the "asking of the question" to be particularly memorable. I'm ready to ask but can't come up with anything that sounds great. Do you have any suggestions?—G.T., St. Paul, Minnesota

We do. What makes a proposal memorable is care and attention to detail. The message you're trying to send is: "This is important to me, so I spent a lot of time working it out." A common strategy is to make an inventory of places, objects, songs, activities and other markers of your relationship, then incorporate them into the proposal. Think "thoughtful." The Casanova who wooed Cynthia Muchnick, author of "101 Ways to Pop the Question," knew she loved Scrabble, so he proposed by spelling out WILL YOU MARRY ME *as they played the game in a sculpture garden in Paris. Muchnick's book includes other sentimental setups, including the guy who had himself videotaped bungee jumping ("taking the plunge"), then holding up cue cards to pop the question; the cop who proposed to a dispatcher by running a license check and phonetically spelling out the name of the supposed driver: "William Ida Lincoln Lincoln . . ."; and, in a sign of the times, the geek who crafted his proposal on a World Wide Web page and sent his girlfriend the address. She e-mailed back a yes, and then they had computer sex.*

I introduced X-rated videos to our sex life about a year ago, and my wife loves them. I once asked her what she thinks about while I go down on her, and she said she recalls fucking scenes from the movies. I asked if she fantasizes about watching the fucking or about being fucked. She said she imagines that the guy is fucking her. The problem is that the only thing that seems to get her off is thinking about fucking someone else. My fragile male ego is bruised and I'm not certain what to do. Any suggestions? My wife was a virgin when we were married. Do you think she wishes she had experimented before we met?—G.T., Trenton, New Jersey

Perhaps. But don't overreact. Your wife's fantasies are normal, as is her curiosity. Rather than fret that she'll leave you for a porn stud, ask her what turns her on about the scenes, then re-create them. Naturally, you play the guy who fucks her. If she's willing, take it a step further: Set up a video camera and create your own fantasy flick.

Knowing that something artificial lies under the soft skin of a woman's breasts turns me off. Yet these days, it seems that even the most unsightly, fake-looking silicone hack jobs get the testosterone boiling in every guy around. I feel completely alone. Are there other men who feel the way I do?—V.A., Manchester, New Hampshire

Millions of them. We live in a nation where bigger is seen as better, but you aren't alone in remembering simpler times. One proponent of "natural beauty" is photographer Frank Wallis, who rails against bionic boobs in his newsletter "The Genuine Article" ($2 cash from P.O. Box 641741, San Francisco, California 94109). Another resource is a new men's magazine called "Small Tops" ($6 from P.O. Box 801434, Santa Clarita, California 91380). As for PLAYBOY, *many of our models have had enhancements—and many haven't. Photography Director Gary Cole notes that breast implants can work against a woman who wants to pose as often as they can help her, simply because so many look so fake.*

My girlfriend and I had dinner at a restaurant known for its extra-spicy chicken wings. They're so hot the restaurant requires you to sign a waiver when you order them. We saved one wing for an experiment at home on—you guessed it—atomic sex! My girlfriend licked at the wing, then went down on my thing. How it began to sting! I ran to the shower to douse the extreme burning but got no relief. Thankfully my girlfriend suggested we apply some ice cream and chocolate syrup. Should the restaurant have included a sexual-use warning on its waiver?—M.S., Youngstown, Ohio

We'd hate to see where you stick your jalapeños. The restaurant doesn't include a sexual-use warning because it's a lawsuit we'd all like to see.

When I'm checking out stereos, should I take along jazz and classical music? I'd feel kind of silly doing this, since I mostly listen to alternative rock. What do I care if Miles Davis sounds good on the system? I'd rather know that Rancid makes my chest vibrate. But my friend insists that punk may not be a good test for a system. What do you say?—B.B., Brooklyn, New York

Because many people become anxious when shopping for stereos (it's an important decision), they take along music they think will impress the salesperson. But using jazz or classical music to test a system won't help much if you don't listen to jazz or classical music. On the other hand, you shouldn't depend on music that all sounds the same, especially hard rock, which tends to include artificially enhanced bass. Take five familiar albums that give you an emotional kick, including one that features male and female

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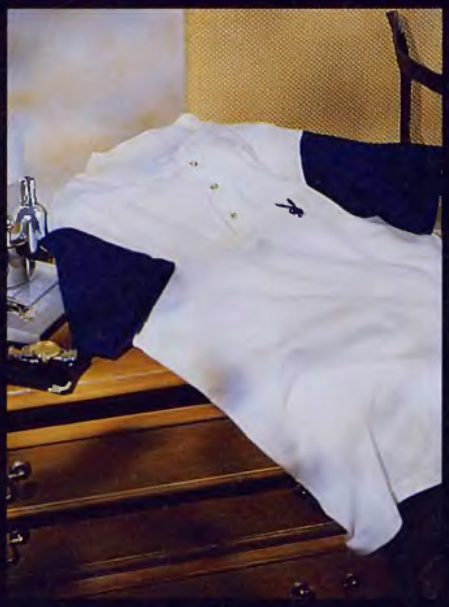
MARKE



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speaking voices. Art Dudley of "Listener" magazine suggests playing one selection that makes you drive faster and one that makes you feel weepy. "Your emotional reaction to music as it's played on a particular system is as important as the sonics," he says. "Good music will get you through times of lesser sound better than good sound will get you through times of bad music."

Last weekend my boyfriend and I went on an overnight trip during which we weren't able to have sex. We slept in the same bed but lacked privacy. On the drive home, we discussed our mutual frustration and planned all sorts of hot encounters. This led to the suggestion that I masturbate in the car. It eventually became too much and we found the nearest rest stop and parked in an isolated spot. He leaned over and finished me off with his tongue. I returned the favor and within five minutes we were back on the road, feeling relieved. We're wondering, though, if we violated any laws.—S.A., Denver, Colorado

You'd probably be charged with the petty offense of public indecency, defined in Colorado as sexual intercourse ("deviate" or otherwise), "a lewd exposure of the body done with intent to arouse or to satisfy the sexual desire of any person," or a "lewd fondling or caressing of another person." It was certainly one or more of the above. Unlike some states, Colorado doesn't have statutes outlawing sex between unmarried people or against sodomy (variously defined to include oral and/or anal sex), so you're OK there. As much fun as your encounter sounds, we can't recommend anything that might distract the driver of a moving vehicle—and if the driver isn't distracted by a woman masturbating in the passenger seat, he has bigger problems than the law.

I purchased a dildo for my wife in hopes I could add a little spice to our love life. We had a great time with it. Our only concern is that it has an unpleasant plastic odor, much like a new shower curtain. What can we do to neutralize the odor?—M.D., Louisville, Kentucky

The odor should dissipate after a few uses. One PLAYBOY *test subject said she stopped noticing it after three immensely pleasurable sessions. That they occurred within an hour may have dulled her senses, however, so your mileage may vary. To help the process along, clean the dildo after each erotic adventure with a cloth moistened with antiseptic soap, alcohol or a product such as For Play Adult Toy Cleanser (800-289-8423). Exposing the toy to fresh air for a few days will also help. If the dildo is made of silicone, run it through a cycle in the dishwasher or boil it for a few minutes (ask your guests to stay out of the kitchen).*

When my wife and I go to parties, she constantly fiddles with my tie. I mentioned this to a colleague to see if he'd had the same experience (with his wife, not mine). He said not to worry about it because my tie represents my penis, and therefore my wife must adore it. He was joking, but it made me wonder if there's any truth to his theory.—R.T., Atlanta, Georgia

We like everything about the analogy except the knotting and tugging part. Believe it or not, the Guild of British Tie Makers has studied the interaction between women and men's ties. "The tie is a very psychological garment," a guild spokesman told a London newspaper. "Very simply, it protects the jugular. It's a man's warrior shield. So a woman touching a man's tie in public is a clear sign that she is laying claim to him." According to the guild, women employ a variety of neckware nuances, including the simple touch (to gauge a man's response), the brush (to show she is interested), straightening (a sign of her desire for intimacy), adjusting (a power move), loosening (to lower a man's defenses, possibly to say she's ready for sex), untying (staking her claim) and tying (possession, especially if she bought the tie). Let's be careful out there.

In November you gave excellent advice on what to do if you are pulled over by a police officer. However, certain peace officers in my state enjoy the privilege of carrying a firearm while off duty and out of uniform. Other states allow private citizens to carry concealed weapons. It would be in one's best interest to advise the officer, up front, that you are armed, and provide him proof that you are allowed to carry a weapon. It is always better, for you and the officer, if the cop learns about your weapon from your lips rather than by frisking you.—P.S., New York, N.Y.

That's a bit of driving etiquette we hadn't considered.

My wife and I have decided that a good incentive to avoid putting on winter pounds is to plan an end-of-winter vacation to an island or resort where little clothing is needed. Can you provide any tips on exotic locations where nudity on beaches and in other public areas is considered matter of course?—M.H., Portland, Oregon

Chasing that all-over tan? Some resorts in the Caribbean (most are on Jamaica and St. Martin) cater to vacationers who pack lightly. Generally they allow nudity on their private beaches but expect you to put on your pants for dinner. If you'd like to go everywhere naked, Lee Baxandall, author of the "World Guide to Nude Beaches and Resorts," recommends Hotel Club Oriënt on St. Martin, which was the Caribbean's first fully "clothes optional" resort when it opened in 1978. You can book through specialty travel agencies such as Bare Necessities (800-743-0405), which also arranges two to three clothes-optional cruises a year. Baxandall's guide is $32 postpaid from the Naturist Society, P.O. Box 132, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54902. It's not pocket-size—but who cares?

My boyfriend lost his two front teeth during a touch football game. Though initially disheartened, we were pleased to discover that his accident made him better at oral sex. He positions his gap directly on top of my clitoris, then uses his tongue to flick my clit between his teeth. My orgasms have been intense. But something concerns me: I've heard that the nerve endings in the gums are among the most sensitive in the body. Is my boyfriend at risk when his exposed gums make contact with me?—H.R., Boston, Massachusetts

The gums toughen after the loss of a tooth—if your boyfriend would like to keep the gap in the bedroom but lose it in his smile, have him ask his dentist about falsies (known in the biz as a "flipper"). You should also be aware that HIV can be transmitted through contact between vaginal fluid and damaged gums. But assuming you're both monogamous and haven't been exposed to the virus, there isn't any risk.

Why do so many women in adult films wear high heels? (I'm not complaining.) Also, when were they invented?—C.J., Sacramento, California

A porn actress wears high heels for the same reason as any woman who's trying to catch a man's attention—heels lengthen the legs and, as one observer notes, "turn a woman's hips and bottom into an erotic mobile as she walks." Heels also create a frail gait that makes a woman appear vulnerable. In the same vein, William Rossi writes in his 1976 book "The Sex Life of the Foot and Shoe" that some men find it arousing to learn that a woman is wearing painful shoes. Hints of light bondage? The stiletto heel you often see in erotica was introduced around 1955, but sexy heels have been around for centuries. In the 17th century, the British Parliament decreed that "any woman who, through the use of high-heeled shoes or other devices, leads a subject of Her Majesty into marriage shall be punished with the penalties of witchery." We're spellbound.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at www.playboy.com/faq, or check out the Advisor's new book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

TESTING THE RULES

is the popular how-to-catch-a-man book really the secret to everlasting love? we checked it against some classic romances

"Do the rules and you'll live happily ever after!" (Rule 33)

CINDERELLA

"Men like women who wear fashionable, sexy clothes in bright colors," and despite great obstacles, Cinderella arrives at the prince's ball in gold and silver. Per rule 20, Cindy doesn't "give away any information that is not absolutely necessary"—including her name. She waits for Charming to ask her to dance (rule 2), though she bends rule 1 by dancing with him all night instead of saying, "I think I'll walk around now." Most important, Cinderella obeys rule 11, "Always end the date first," even though she does so by dramatically fleeing rather than exiting casually. Her biggest misstep is attending the ball two nights in a row, thus breaking rule 13—"Don't see him more than once or twice a week for the first month."

ROMEO AND JULIET

Forget the star-cross'd love. Romeo's and Juliet's tragic ends can be traced directly to her flouting of *The Rules*. Juliet starts off on the right foot, playing hard to get. Lacking the technology that would allow her to "turn off your answering machine on a Sunday afternoon and see if he doesn't go crazy trying to pin you down" (rule 6), she instead positions herself behind an angry father and treacherous orchard walls. It's downhill from there. She egregiously devotes "too much feeling, investment or heart" on the first three dates, violating rule 9. Calling Romeo "the god of my idolatry" to his face isn't exactly nonchalant. And rather than letting her young lover take the lead (rule 17), she almost immediately brings up marriage. No, no, no! Even after Romeo—God knows why—agrees to marriage, Juliet scoffs at rule 15: "Don't cling to him if he has to leave that night or the following morning." How many times can she whine "Stay but a little"—especially if he risks death by sticking around?

CASABLANCA

Ilsa is in trouble from the moment she badgers Sam into playing a song that Rick would rather not hear. "Let him pick most of the movies, the restaurants and the concerts," intones rule 17. Later, Ilsa pleads with Rick to give her two letters of transit, violating rule 16, "Don't tell him what to do." To get her way she calls him "a coward and a weakling" and draws a gun. She is, in other words, "too serious, controlling or wifely." How did Ilsa ever get Rick's attention in the first place? She did it, as we learn from their earlier affair in Paris, by starting out as the consummate Rules Girl. "Who are you really, and what were you before?" Rick had asked. "We said no questions," Ilsa replied, being "honest but mysterious" (rule 20). Leaving Rick stranded at the train station is the ultimate "men love a challenge" trick. Unfortunately, Ilsa blows it by returning Rick's gaze as she leaves Casablanca. "It is never necessary to make eye contact," according to rule 3. Here's looking at you, indeed.

GONE WITH THE WIND

Poor Scarlett O'Hara. Breezy and flirtatious when there's nothing at stake, she's a natural Rules Girl with every man except the one she wants to marry. "It's easy to do *The Rules* with men you're not that interested in," confirms *The Rules*. "Sometimes your indifference makes men so crazy about you that you end up marrying one of them." Scarlett's many suitors and husbands would agree that her indifference drove them wild. When it comes to Ashley Wilkes, the man she really desires, Scarlett is too aggressive, cornering him repeatedly to bring up marriage. She continues to pursue him despite rule 23, "Don't date a married man," which points out, fairly accurately in this case, that "by the end, you are wishing his wife would die." Meanwhile, Scarlett follows Extreme Rules with Rhett Butler, displaying not just indifference but active loathing. *The Rules* suggests being "a little distant and difficult," and Rhett seems to eat that up until Scarlett admits her love and he bolts.

I DREAM OF JEANNIE

Ever wonder why it took Jeannie five seasons to marry Major Nelson? Should she have let him see her navel? No, she should have done a better job of following *The Rules*. "The biggest mistake a woman can make when she meets a man she wants to marry is to make him the center of her life." Rule 2 states: "Don't talk to a man first. Not even 'Let's have coffee.'" Presumably, saying "Your wish is my command" and calling him "Master" are both serious fouls.

By DANIEL RADOSH

READER

JAILBAIT

True, many teenage girls equate physical intimacy with emotional commitment ("Jailbait," *The Playboy Forum*, January). But that doesn't mean they've turned their vaginas into mantraps. Rather, they enter into such relationships in hopes of winning the devotion of a boyfriend whose primary focus is to satisfy a sexual itch. What usually comes out of these unions is rejection, remorse and unwanted pregnancies. As for the gender issue, while most of the partners who qualify as jailbait are girls, boys can be victims of older women looking to boost their egos. The results can be equally devastating, as in the case of a 15-year-old California boy who had an affair with his 34-year-old neighbor. As a result, she had a baby and the 15-year-old was hauled into court for child support at the same time the woman was found guilty of statutory rape. Before we can address the issue of age of consent, we must be clear on what we're permitting teens to consent to.

Stacey Burt
Chicago, Illinois

FOR THE RECORD

PRETTY WOMAN

"I have had more than a few clients turn to me and say, 'I think no less of you,' or 'You are just as good a person as me.' Whoopee! It never occurred to them that they might be 'just as good a person' as I am. I was automatically the designated sinner, seductress, object of less value, woman of ill repute, ad nauseam, and they saw themselves as being in a position to grant me their seal of approval or forgiveness. What incredible gall."

—SEX WORKER VERONICA MONET, WRITING IN THE SEX ZINE *Black Sheets*

A new study from the Population Council in New York took a look at childbearing trends in this country and discovered that even though American teens begin having sex at ages similar to teens in other countries, the rate of contraceptive use here is lower. The reason? Our social environment, which romanticizes sexual activity to a point that makes responsible sexual behavior difficult. The study considered other factors, such as race and disparities in skills and education, but the impact of insufficient sexual education cannot be emphasized enough.

June Copie
Alameda, California

Stephanie Goldberg's "Jailbait" raises an important question: What can lawmakers do to combat teen pregnancy? I agree that some teenage girls use sex as a bartering tool with older men. But what about the financial rewards of sleeping with an older man? And what about the thousands of girls who get pregnant to gain status among their peers? Some want a baby so they will qualify for welfare and other financial assistance. No wonder there are so many unwed teen mothers perpetuating the cycle of poverty in America.

Hunt Wiley
San Diego, California

It's interesting that nobody seems to want to point the finger where it needs to be pointed. The flower power Sixties generation, with its sex, drugs and rock and roll, decided that children needed to be emancipated from the tyranny of parental control and allowed to make decisions for themselves. So, as members of the Sixties generation gained political power, they instituted their liberal social visions. What we end up with is a society that makes it damn near impossible to curb hedonistic behavior in our children. Adults should realize that a driver's license doesn't qualify a child to make adult choices. It's time to start treating our children like children again. Empowering them only allows them to screw up their lives with childish mistakes.

Sean Davis
Selah, Washington

I am of the mind that there is neither rhyme nor reason to our arbitrary age-of-consent laws. Some 17- and 18-year-olds are more immature than any 14-year-old could ever be. There are many societies in which arranged marriages between older men and young girls take place with the blessing of all concerned. The issue of matrimony in cases like that should be decided by the families involved, not some external, outdated law that has nothing to do with the specific circumstances.

John Cole
Houston, Texas

Where such marriages routinely take place, the law supports the custom—but not elsewhere. An Islamic man in Nebraska arranged marriages for his 13- and 14-year-old daughters to two Iraqi men (ages 34 and 28). The father claimed that the marriages were legitimate according to Islamic law. Nebraska officials didn't agree. Neither did one of the daughters, who ran away to join her boyfriend. In accordance with Nebraska law, the parents were charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor. The grooms were charged with first-degree sexual assault of a child and face possible sentences of 50 years.

"Jailbait" offers a lot of reasons why young girls have relationships (and often babies) with older partners. But I am convinced that the biggest influence on such behavior is television. A tremendous amount of innuendo and countless sexual scenarios have crept into prime time—specifically the hour between seven and eight P.M., supposedly reserved for family viewing. Children as young as eight have no trouble deciphering jokes about whipped cream and losing one's virginity, not to mention the many instances of passionate kissing and suggestive pillow-talk. If children are exposed to these references at such a tender age, is it any wonder they start to explore their own

RESPONSE

sexuality earlier than the preceding generation?

Mack Jackson
San Jose, California

In "Jailbait" you criticize George Will for detailing serious societal problems, and in doing so you appear to condone teenage sex. We conservatives really like sex but believe there need to be responsible limits on behavior. How do you decide on an age of consent? It is not easy—the article is right, not everyone matures at the same rate. But it's dangerous to think that a 25-year-old getting a 15-year-old pregnant is no big deal. To characterize as discriminatory the attempts to curb sexuality because those targeted are poor or young is idiotic. Society should try to stop the actions of those who lack the maturity to see the long-range consequences of their bad choices. Does anyone fully understand the world at 15? This attitude of unconditional freedom is folly for an already declining society. It's OK to have standards!

Rich Krissel
Detroit, Michigan

FROGS AND SUDS

I want to do it froggy style! Where can I get some of that Bad Frog beer ("Froggy Style," *The Playboy Forum*, January)?

Jesse Johnson
Atlanta, Georgia

For more information on the brew and related items (T-shirts, glassware, hats, banners and buttons), check out the Bad Frog Brewery Web site at www.thewild.com/badfrog/ or phone 888-223-3764.

SAME-SEX SUPPORT

Who is Nancy Roberts to say that homosexuality is not acceptable as a part of the American way of life ("Weider's World," *Reader Response*, January)? If people can find love in a world made hateful by the rigid beliefs of some, who do they harm? The pursuit of happiness—homosexual or otherwise—is part of our constitutional rights.

Crystal Kimball
Greenville, South Carolina

SOLO SEX

I had just finished masturbating and was getting on with my day when I received "The Joy of (Solo) Sex" (*The Playboy Forum*, January) in the mail from a friend. I found it really inspiring. If children were taught early on that masturbation is a wonderful tool with which to have fun, love yourself, fight boredom and manage stress, they would grow up to be balanced adults with no problems of low self-esteem. Thanks again for Chip Rowe's wonderful article—I'll look up the reference books for good bedtime reading.

Diane Quesnel
Montreal, Quebec

Thanks so very much for the fantastic article about masturbation—and, of course, your extensive inclusion of *First Person Sexual*. Thanks, too, for referring readers to us. Although our books are certainly available to bookstores, we've found that stores and wholesalers are often reluctant to order or stock books with sexual content as direct and—yes, good word—unabashed as ours. Yet, when we go to trade shows, the individuals buying for those same stores and wholesalers personally admire our books. They effectively act as censors for their customers. Our Web page (www.goodvibes.com/dtp/dtp.html) has more information about *First Person Sexual*. The book can be ordered by calling 800-289-8423.

Leigh Davidson
Managing Editor
Down There Press
San Francisco, California

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

FORUM F.Y.I.

"I like to make a differentiation between what I call pornographic sex and intimate sex. Porno sex is highly visual, picturesque: beautiful blow jobs, him coming over my face, me squatting over him, doing it on a fire escape. Part of the thrill is the scene you are projecting. Flexing your muscles or stretching your neck, or getting squirted on, creates incredible images that make you feel wonderful.

"Intimate sex, on the other hand, can be just as hot, or more so, but provides none of the above. All the tension is going on between you, enclosed by your passion. Similarly, relationships can be pornographic, when you share your wildest fantasies and plan sexual escapades. They can also be intimate, when you share your lust dreamily, and only want to hold hands, cuddle and smooch."

—Author Tuppy Owens, from *Tales From the Clit: A Female Experience of Pornography*, edited by Cherie Matrix

WEB SITES OF THE WEIRD

the vilest sites on the web

Certain members of Congress and the religious right have been complaining loudly about the offensive, disgusting, morally corrupt sites on the Internet. We found some too.

American Family Association Inc.

http://www.afa.net

For years, the American Family Association's monthly newsletter, the *AFA Journal*, has been the sex addict's guide to prime-time television. Besides its rich headlines (SUSPICIOUS MINDS SAY NO TO LESBIAN ELVIS, DR DEATH WANTS ORGAN AUCTIONS), the Reverend Donald E. Wildmon's mouthpiece offers a regular rundown of the juiciest parts of TV's most popular shows ("Roseanne hires male strippers for a homosexual wedding," "Jerry and his friends use words bas---d 15 times and son of a bi--h 12 times"). The organization also conducts exhaustive research, tallying 16,822 sex acts on prime time over the course of a year. A click away, the AFA's Outreach area includes a checklist of behavior pointing to pornography addiction ("He stays up late to watch television") and intervention techniques ("Joe, the fact that our long-distance service has been canceled because of outstanding 900 bills makes me feel extremely angry and upset"). And while the Reverend Wildmon reserves most of his moral indignation for the entertainment industry, he also isn't fond of gay people. Among other perversions at the site, "Homosexuality in America: Exposing the Myths" claims that 17 percent of gay men eat or rub themselves with feces, 29 percent urinate on their partners and 15 percent have sex with animals. For obvious reasons, this site is not appropriate for children.

The Andrea Dworkin Web Site

http://www.igc.apc.org/womensnet/dworkin

In real life, Andrea Dworkin is a male-basher who haphazardly links sexual images to rape. Like every nerd with an overwrought virtual identity, the digital Dworkin is presented as an eloquent visionary and anticensorship crusader. But the soft pink backgrounds can't disguise her core belief that men are oppressors and women are victims. The site includes lowlights from Dworkin's many rambling, nonsensical books, interviews and speeches, including classic hyperbole such as "violence is male, the male is the penis, violence is the penis," "men use sex to hurt us" and "pornography is sex discrimination." The tone of the site is defensive: Dworkin chastises PLAYBOY and others for misquoting her. She never said "all sex is rape," for example. Instead, intercourse is merely "a violation." Especially if you're married: "It is impossible to view sexual intercourse in marriage as the free act of a free woman," writes Dworkin. We're as confused as you are.

Antipas' Home Page

http://www-personal.ksu.edu/~antipas

This surreal, hate-filled site is maintained by college student Ben Phelps, grandson of homophobic pastor Fred Phelps of the Westboro Baptist Church in Topeka, Kansas. It includes Ben's photos of granddad brandishing GOD HATES FAGS and THANK GOD FOR AIDS placards, "two of my sisters picketing," "a picture of me at a Chicago fag parade picket" and the classic "picket on top of a fag's grave." Lovely.

Christian Coalition

http://cc.org

Afraid your congressman might be Satan? Visit the coalition's helpful political scorecard and separate the righteous from the wicked by their votes on such vital issues as school prayer and "promoting homosexuality to schoolchildren." Before it was redesigned, you could also read coalition president Pat Robertson's responses to made-up questions about his views on the issues ("Pat, what do you think of recent proposals to increase defense spending?") or a scathing critique of an Anti-Defamation League report that concluded the religious right is intolerant (the coalition's response: "We are not!"). There's also a nifty voice-of-God audio file in which Ralph Reed welcomes you to the site—though there's no mention of his recent claim on *Nightline* that "a quarter of all images on the Internet involve the torture of women." Maybe he forgot.

Eagle Forum

http://www.basenet.net/~eagle

Phyllis Schlafly, who was pushing "traditional family values" before it was hip, lays down the law at her digital hearth. She opposes schools that teach about "explicit sex or alternate lifestyles, profane or immoral fiction or videos, New Age practices, antibiblical materials or politically correct liberal attitudes about social or economic issues." She opposes "weakening the military by putting women and open homosexuals in combat assignments." She opposes the Equal Rights Amendment and "radical feminists" who use "Anita Hill–style tactics against men." But don't think Schlafly is too negative: The famous hawk does support America's need for a "strong ballistic missile defense" and sex education that emphasizes "character" instead of condoms. Schlafly also takes the courageous position that every child should be taught to read (especially if mom and dad order Schlafly's $80 learn-to-read system). What they're allowed to read is another matter.

Family Research Council

http://www.frc.org

Devoted to defending and promoting "the traditional family unit and the Judeo-Christian principles upon which it is built," the Family Research Council lobbies Congress and the media to take up its right-wing agenda and "promote biblical principles." The site includes a stock photo of a woman looking

—By CHIP ROWE—

through a microscope, next to the headline WHO IS FRC? She's apparently searching for arguments so narrow they can't be seen by the naked eye. The FRC wants to defund PBS because it broadcasts programs that "attack family, religion, sexual morality and free enterprise"; put a stop to sex education which teaches that "any sexual behavior between consenting people is a human right"; prevent homosexual marriage so the door isn't opened for pedophiles to wed children; and censor pornography because it typically depicts "bondage, mutilation, torture, bestiality and others." Others?

Institute for Media Education

http://www.iglou.com/first-principles

She's back! The IME site, launched by "sexologist" Judith Reisman, includes an abstract from Reisman's discredited and incredibly hokey 1989 study, *Images of Children, Crime and Violence in* PLAYBOY, *Penthouse and Hustler*, which was funded by the Justice Department. After flipping through several hundred issues of these magazines, Reisman claimed she had seen nearly 1000 "sexual scenarios including children with adults," 14,854 "images of crime and violence" and 6004 "child images," primarily of girls ages 3 to 11. Did we miss something? This site also archives classic Reisman rants, such as her disgust with public service ads about condoms because they "promote sexual intercourse to children" (defined by Reisman as those between 18 and 25 years old). She bemoans the fact that the condom ads do not mention "the sober and profound words upon which Western civilization was built: 'Will you marry me?'" That's funny—we thought those words were, "Get off our land."

National Right to Life Committee

http://www.nrlc.org

Programmers can create amazing things with animated online graphics, including images of envelopes flying into mailboxes and cartoon characters doing jigs. The NRLC hops on the bandwagon with a tiny animation of—you guessed it!—a partial-birth abortion. And don't forget to look over the fact sheets, including one stating that since 1973 200 women have died while undergoing abortions. There's no estimate, of course, of how many would be dead if abortions were illegal. Nor is there a lick of information about the easiest way yet to prevent abortions—effective and accessible birth control. How about an animated condom?

Struggling With Pornography

http://www.rsts.net/topics/porn.html

In 1994 the author of this site posted to a Christian newsgroup, asking for help overcoming "sex sins." Among the suggestions that poured in: Do more charity work; acknowledge that porn causes rape, sodomy, adultery and pedophilia; confess everything to your wife; vandalize hotel televisions so you won't order dirty movies; join Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous; and purge your life of all forms of erotica. "Even magazines like PLAYBOY lead people into more violent forms of pornography," warns one confused surfer who "started off looking at PLAYBOY but progressed to *Penthouse* and XXX videos." The suggestions are all appreciated, but the humble creator of the site has a better solution: Send cash! For just $12.95 (plus shipping and handling) you can own a copy of *Sixty Days to Freedom*, a quick fix for the "disease, unwanted pregnancy and severe psychological damage" caused when you watch people have sex. Each day's testimonial includes Bible verses and study questions such as "How do you refute the pornographers' claim to be protecting our freedoms?" You're also asked to "put your initials in the box if you made it through the day without partaking in sexual sin. If you fell today, return to day one." That's what we call tough self-love.

Traditional Values Coalition

http://www.traditionalvalues.org

Led by Wildmon wannabe Lou Sheldon, the Traditional Values Coalition is a "grassroots lobby organization" established to "preserve the Judeo-Christian ethics upon which America was founded" (sound familiar?). According to the Reverend Sheldon, the separation of church and state espoused by Thomas Jefferson has been "perverted" to isolate churches from their prophetic roles as political action committees. The IRS might be interested in the group's informative FAQ about how churches can jump into the political arena without threatening their tax-exempt status. Sheldon suggests that pastors should organize candidate forums ("it's not the church's fault if all candidates do not show up"), introduce anointed candidates at services and let them read from the Bible or present a sermon, share church membership rolls for candidate mailings, publish voting guides with money from the offering plate and, of course, pray hard. Naturally, churches are more than welcome to contribute five percent of their income to Sheldon so he can lobby on their behalf—a bargain, since God asks for ten.

PRISON SENTENCES OF THE

justice has a double standard

God bless the war on drugs. It has given us rhetorical overkill: politicians calling for drug users to be taken out and shot. Who can forget when former drug czar William Bennett endorsed the beheading of drug dealers?

It has also given us a new scheme of family values and tough love: Uncle Sam—not father—knows best. If you can't keep your kids off drugs, the government will. Washington has churned out law after law mandating harsher penalties and longer prison terms for anyone involved with illicit substances. The war on drugs has resulted in the imprisonment of more than 300,000 people during the past decade. In 1995 the average federal sentence for "low-level" drug-trafficking offenders, according to the Department of Justice, was 70.5 months (of which a prisoner will typically serve nearly five years). The war on drugs has destroyed families across the nation or, should we say, it has destroyed some families.

For all the tough talk and tough love, what happens when the wayward sons, daughters and spouses of politicians run afoul of the law? As many well-connected Washingtonians suddenly remember, sometimes the highest element of justice is mercy.

• In June 1993 Richard Riley Jr., son of Education Secretary Richard Riley, received a sentence of six months' house arrest for conspiring to sell up to 25 grams of cocaine and 100 grams of marijuana. Seven months earlier Riley had been indicted by a federal grand jury in Greenville, South Carolina and charged, along with 18 others, with distributing cocaine and marijuana, conspiring to possess cocaine and marijuana and conspiring to possess those drugs with the intent to distribute them. The initial charges carried a penalty of ten years to life in prison. Riley's light sentence allowed him to continue his work at an environmental consulting firm, helping to do good deeds and save the world. Riley Sr. has since become one of the most prominent antidrug spokesmen of the Clinton administration.

• In June 1990 Gayle Rosten, the daughter of then–House Ways and Means Committee chairman Dan Rostenkowski (D–Ill.), was busted and charged with possession of 29 grams of cocaine with intent to deliver. Rosten could have been sentenced to up to 15 years in prison, but she pleaded guilty to a lesser charge and instead was sentenced to three years' probation and 20 hours of public service. She paid a fine of $2800 and forfeited the car in which the cocaine was found when she was arrested.

Three years later Rosten was busted again after police found a gram of cocaine in her possession; her car had been searched after she allegedly ran a stop sign. Since Rosten was still on probation from the earlier conviction, she could have been sentenced to up to three years in prison. Chicago Narcotics Court Judge Oliver Spurlock dismissed the charge against Rosten, giving no reason for his decision to set her free. The charge was reinstated after Rosten was indicted by a county grand jury. On April 12, 1994 Cook County Circuit Judge Michael Toomin ruled that the search of Rosten had been illegal, yet ruled that packets containing cocaine supposedly "dropped" by two passengers in her car was admissible evidence—against the passengers. Rosten walked again.

The war on drugs has imprisoned more than 300,000 people.

• Cindy McCain, the wife of Senator John McCain (R–Ariz.), admitted stealing Percocet and Vicodin from the American Voluntary Medical Team, an organization that aids Third World countries. Percocet and Vicodin are schedule 2 drugs, in the same legal category as opium. Each pill theft carries a penalty of one year in prison and a monetary fine. McCain stole the pills over several years. She became addicted to the drugs after undergoing back surgery.

But rather than face prosecution, McCain was allowed to enter a pretrial diversion program and escaped with no blemish on her record. McCain did suffer from the incident, though: Shortly after the scandal broke, a Variety Club of Arizona ceremony at which she was to receive a humanitarian of the year award for her work with the medical team was canceled because of poor ticket sales.

As one editorial writer in *The Arizona Republic* noted: "Conservative Republicans seemed to achieve some sort of drug-rehab epiphany when Ms. McCain made her announcement. Politicians who had never uttered a single positive sentence about drug-prevention, -rehabilitation or -diversion programs suddenly thought they were just fine. Newspapers that often used words such as drug addict and thug as describing the same person suddenly had a new sensitivity to the problem. It seems that when Bill Clinton proposes significant drug rehabilitation and diversion, it is called a failed social program of the Sixties. When Cindy McCain needs one of those programs, they suddenly became an essential ingredient in fighting drug use."

• Dan Burton II, the 18-year-old son of Representative Dan Burton (R–Ind.), was busted in January 1994 in Louisiana on charges of possession of marijuana with intent to distribute while allegedly transporting seven pounds of pot in a car from Texas to Indiana. According to the Baton Rouge *Advocate*, Burton and a friend "[allegedly] told agents that they heard marijuana was cheap in Houston, where they allegedly purchased the pot. The pair were coming from Houston, where they paid $6000 for the drugs." Even though Burton was involved in an interstate crime, his case was handled solely by officials in Louisiana. He pleaded guilty to felony

POLITICALLY CONNECTED

By JAMES BOVARD

charges of possession of marijuana with intent to distribute, and, instead of facing ten to 16 months in federal prison, Burton was sentenced to only five years' probation, 2000 hours of community service, three years of house arrest and random drug screening. After the arrest was made public, Congressman Burton declared: "Any time one of your children gets into this kind of trouble, it's horrible for the parents and for the whole family."

Five months later young Burton was busted again after police found 30 marijuana plants in his apartment in Indianapolis. They also found a shotgun. Under federal mandatory-minimum rules, that should have guaranteed him at least five years in federal prison, as well as a year or more for his arrest while on probation for a previous drug charge. However, the case was again processed in the state system, where the penalties are significantly lighter. In a federal case, 30 pot plants are the equivalent of three kilograms of dope. State prosecutors decided that the total weight of the marijuana from the 30 plants was 25 grams, thus reducing the charge to a misdemeanor.

Under an agreement whereby Burton pleaded guilty to the charges in Louisiana, an Indiana prosecutor threw out all charges against him, saying, "I didn't see any sense in putting him on probation a second time." Once again, Dan II walked—unlike the roughly 37,000 other Americans in prison for marijuana crimes.

• In 1993 John Murtha, the 35-year-old son of Representative John Murtha (D–Pa.), received a sentence of 11 to 23 months in jail after pleading guilty to selling a gram of cocaine to a narc. Murtha had been busted for two burglaries in 1980 and for armed robbery in 1985. He had served four years in prison and was on parole at the time of his arrest. He could have faced more than ten years in prison if he'd been prosecuted under federal guidelines. Had the crime occurred in a "three-strikes-and-you're-out" state, he would have faced life imprisonment.

According to the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, the judge allowed Murtha to temporarily withdraw a plea bargain and resubmit it at a later date so he could enter the jail's school-release program and continue his education. The judge felt that a college degree would offer Murtha a better chance at rehabilitation.

• On August 16, 1991 Susan Gallo, the 33-year-old daughter of Representative Dean Gallo (R–N.J.), was busted for her supposed role in a drug ring that sold $16,000 worth of cocaine to narcotics agents. Gallo was charged with five counts of cocaine possession, five counts of intent to distribute, five counts of distribution and five counts of conspiracy. Each charge could have carried a sentence of five to ten years in prison. In December 1991 she pleaded guilty to one count of distribution and one count of conspiracy to distribute cocaine. At the same time, her father announced she had just completed a drug-rehab program and was living in a halfway house. The congressman announced, "I'm very proud of her effort to rehabilitate and her acknowledgment of the seriousness of her problem." She was sentenced to five years' probation in September 1992.

• Warren Bachus, the 19-year-old son of Congressman Spencer Bachus (R–Ala.), was busted on June 19, 1993 for second-degree possession of marijuana and possession of drug paraphernalia. Rather than being convicted and sentenced to jail, he was set free in a "pretrial diversion remedy." Bachus had to pay $56 in court expenses and was required to submit twice to drug testing in the following six months.

• In 1993 Josef Hinchey, the 26-year-old son of Congressman Maurice Hinchey (D–N.Y.), was busted along with more than a score of accomplices for allegedly running a drug ring in upstate New York. Hinchey was accused of possession with intent to distribute individual cocaine doses, a crime punishable by up to 20 years in prison. Hinchey pleaded guilty to one count of conspiracy to distribute cocaine and was sentenced to 13 months in prison, with the term suspended until he completed a drug-treatment program.

• Perhaps the most special treatment was granted to the son of Vice President Al Gore. It was reported in the foreign press that 13-year-old Al Gore III was caught smoking what appeared to be marijuana by school authorities at the exclusive St. Alban's School. Al III was suspended as a result of the offense while his father managed to suppress the story. The *Daily Telegraph* of London noted: "The crusading American media and Washington's political elite have closed ranks to protect Vice President Gore from embarrassment over his teenage son's indiscretion." If what young Gore was smoking was indeed marijuana and he had been busted for possession, that could have resulted in fingerprinting, mug shots and a drug-possession conviction on his juvenile record.

If we are going to fight a war on drugs, we should at least demand fairness. Let the children of the poor be judged by the same standard as the children of the rich and powerful. Instead of sending regular citizens to jail under harsh mandatory-minimum sentencing guidelines, let every citizen qualify for house arrest, pretrial diversion, work-study programs, community service and probation. Or hang all of them. All politicians, that is.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

WOODY PROBLEM

REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN—*When the provincial government tried to return nearly 1000 five-inch-long "wooden demonstrators" designed for sex-education*

classes after school and health officials refused to use them, the supplier said no. "We will seek to dispose of them in an orderly fashion," said a spokesman for the department of education. One critic suggested a "weenie roast."

BLUSH RED

MOSCOW—*A group of scholars and feminists sued "Playboy Russia" for damages after it published nude paintings of historic Russian women. The Academy of Sciences and the St. Petersburg Center for Gender Issues objected to the depictions of mathematician Sofia Korvalevskaya masturbating, Catherine the Great topless and religious dissident Feodosiva Morozova "in sexual heat." The controversy puzzled the artist who created the portraits. "If I'd drawn them as ugly, I could understand," he told "The Moscow Times." "But I made them more beautiful than they were in life. Catherine the Great was ugly! I made her beautiful." "Playboy Russia" has postponed plans to publish more of the portraits, including one of Lenin's wife.*

VIDEO WITNESS

DOWAGIAC, MICHIGAN—*A prosecutor charged four members of a junior college basketball team with rape after an eight-minute videotape surfaced that allegedly shows them assaulting a woman who had passed out after drinking. Although the woman suffered injuries, and the prosecutor says the tape clearly shows her being raped, an attorney defending the players argued the sex was consensual. "The fact that there were injuries does not mean it was a criminal act," he told a reporter. "Injuries sometimes happen during sex." Right, counselor.*

SIN AND DIE

TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS—*Government officials scrapped a plan to distribute more than a million condoms to voters during recent elections, citing opposition by the Catholic Church. Although just 8000 cases of AIDS have been documented in Honduras, officials fear that as many as 800,000 of its 5.5 million citizens are infected with HIV. An angry government health minister told reporters that "the Honduran population continues to have sexual relations outside marriage, and the institutions that supposedly have been promoting fidelity for centuries have not had any impact. Continuing with this attitude of wanting to block out the sun with a finger doesn't help at all in the fight against this evil."*

GOING MY WAY?

PORTLAND, OREGON—*When a driver requested a vanity plate that read* 69 *for his 1969 Ford, Oregon's Driver and Motor Vehicle Services obliged. But when he transferred the plates to his 1976 Ford, the state revoked the plates. A spokesman explained: "When the plates were on the 1969 vehicle, it was in a completely different context."*

SAN FRANCISCO—*An HIV-positive activist sued the California DMV after it denied his request for a plate for his Harley-Davidson that read* HIV POS. *The DMV said some drivers might find the message offensive, to which the applicant responded: "Who? Bigots?" In its defense, the DMV noted that it also disallowed* HIV NEG, *though it permitted* HIV DOC *and* HIV RN. *License plates have long been a free-speech battleground. California has also denied applications for* 4NIC8, DUIT2ME, KILMALL, AWPHAQ *and* HITLER. *Maryland has nixed* 6UL DV8 *and Virginia has said no to* ATH-EST *and* GOVT SUX.

SUGAR DADDIES

TOKYO—*Forget about sexual predators meeting kids on the Internet. Parents and government authorities are concerned about the growing practice of "enjo kosai"—"compensated dates"—among teenage girls and older men. The men wait in clubs for young women to call toll-free numbers they find in phone booths or are handed on the street. The teens talk with the men, then decide if they'd like to meet them for dates or sex. According to the "Los Angeles Times," Japan now has more than 2200 telephone clubs, and as many as 25 percent of high school girls say they've called at least once. A sociologist told the "Times" that girls phone and sometimes meet with patrons as a way to fight boredom or earn spending money.*

GAY PLAY

SAN FRANCISCO—*A computer programmer inserted rogue code into a popular action game so that a group of buff studs in swimsuits occasionally appears in the final scene. Maxis Inc. fired the programmer after it discovered the code, but more than 78,000 copies of the PC version of Simcopter had already been shipped to stores. The programmer, who is gay, told reporters*

that there were already scantily clad figures in the game—it's just that none were men. On the programmer's birthday (September 30) and Friday the 13th, some of the men kiss. Elvis impersonators and additional bimbos also appear.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: VINCENT BUGLIOSI

a candid conversation with the famed prosecutor about charles manson, immoral lawyers, solving the drug crisis and—oh, yeah—a few final thoughts about that o.j. case

Vincent Bugliosi's phone doesn't stop ringing. "Hard Copy," "Geraldo" and "Dateline" want him to speak about the O.J. Simpson civil trial. A national magazine wants him to write about it. Dozens of talk-radio hosts from around the country want his comments. His publisher needs updates for the paperback edition of "Outrage," his best-selling book about the Simpson criminal trial, in which he details how a guilty man walked free. The president of Fox Television, as well as executives from CBS and Showtime, want to discuss show ideas with him. There are invitations from law firms and bar associations all over the country asking him to speak. His editor for the book he's writing about the assassination of President John F. Kennedy needs to know if he's still on schedule. His doctor and his dentist call, wondering if he's going to keep his appointments. His wife checks in to see if they're still on for dinner and a movie.

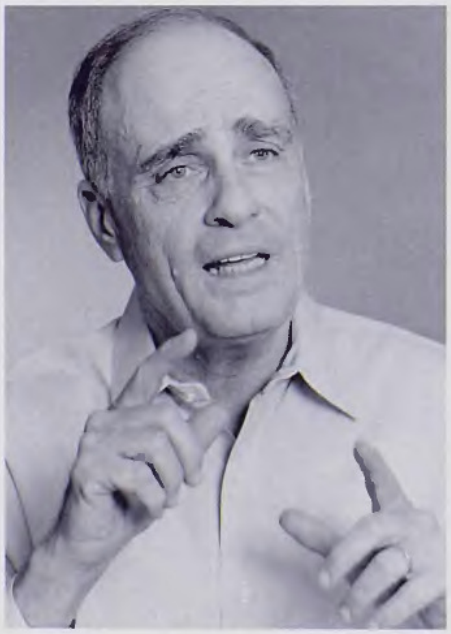
Bugliosi probably has Charles Manson to thank for making him famous. Bugliosi was an anonymous deputy district attorney in Los Angeles when Roman Polanski's wife, actress Sharon Tate, was found murdered along with four other people in a home in Bel Air on August 9, 1969. The murders were bloody and vicious—and there seemed to be no motive. The next day two more bodies were found in a house in the Los Feliz area of Los Angeles. The crimes were strikingly similar—and Manson was the mastermind behind both.

Manson became America's most infamous mass murderer, and Bugliosi was the prosecutor who put Manson and his "family" members away for life. Less than three years later Bugliosi decided to challenge his boss, District Attorney Joe Busch, and run for public office. Bugliosi was outspent by about seven to one and lost in a very tight, brutal election. In 1974 he made another foray into politics, running this time for California attorney general. Again he lost, but by then he had discovered a second career. He and co-writer Curt Gentry published "Helter Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders," which became the top-selling true-crime book of all time (with more than 7 million copies sold).

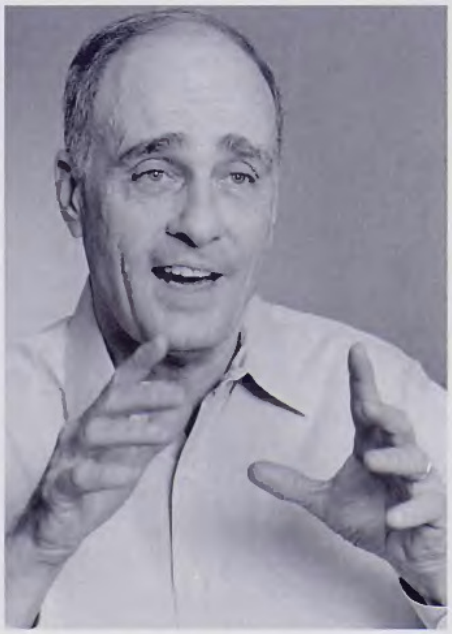
Bugliosi now divides his time between infrequent court cases (in his prosecutorial career he won 105 of 106 felony jury trials, including 21 consecutive murder convictions) and writing true-crime books, most based on cases he tried. Among his books, most written with collaborators, are "Till Death Us Do Part" as well as "And the Sea Will Tell." He also wrote "The Phoenix Solution," a proposal on how America can win its war on drugs.

Born on August 18, 1934 in Hibbing, Minnesota, Bugliosi had what he describes as a normal childhood. He played sports, worked odd jobs, attended a Catholic school and respected his mother and father. Both his parents came from Italy, and his father worked in the mines, owned a grocery store and was a railroad conductor in Hibbing. Bugliosi's childhood passion was tennis, a game he taught himself. He eventually became Minnesota's state high school champion and the Northwest junior champion, winning a partial tennis scholarship to the University of Miami in Florida, where he eventually met his future wife, Gail. They went to California, where he graduated from UCLA Law School in 1964 (he was president of his graduating class). He joined the Los Angeles District Attorney's Office soon after passing the bar.

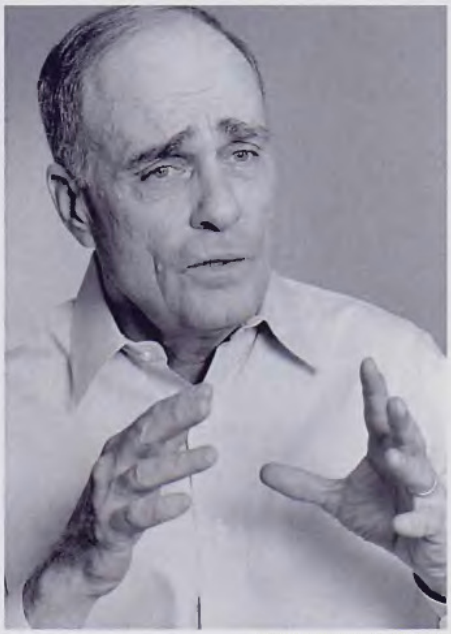
His fame from prosecuting Manson made Bugliosi a public figure, and when a British TV network came up with the idea in 1986 of putting Lee Harvey Oswald on trial for the assassination of President Kennedy, the producers asked Gerry Spence to defend Oswald and Bugliosi to prosecute. When it was over the jury came back with a guilty verdict: Oswald, in this mock trial, was the lone killer. There was no conspiracy. Spence said, "No other lawyer in America could have done what Vince did." The preparation Bugliosi did for this trial led him to decide



"We're not talking about forgery or theft. We're talking about a guy with a knife killing two precious human beings, leaving them in a pool of blood. The verdict caused a psychic trauma to the American people."



"I believe in equality between men and women in every area except marriage. The woman has to take the subordinate role, because every unit has to have a leader, and the man is the more natural leader."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"I view drugs as the most serious internal crisis this nation has faced since the Civil War. We have to go to the source. Send expeditionary forces to Colombia, grab these people and bring them back here."

that a book taking on various conspiracy theories was in order, and he has been diligently working on one ever since.

His Kennedy book had to be put aside, however, when O.J. Simpson was charged with murder. There was never any doubt in Bugliosi's mind that Simpson was guilty. But he saw mistakes throughout the proceedings, among them that Judge Lance Ito wrongly allowed race to become an issue when he permitted the defense to show that detective Mark Fuhrman had used a racial slur within the past ten years. The prosecution team of Marcia Clark and Chris Darden was, according to Bugliosi, startlingly inept and incompetent in its prosecution of the case. Too much evidence was left out of the trial—such as Simpson's statement to the police that he didn't know how his hand got cut; Simpson's suicide letter; and the Bronco chase on which Simpson carried a disguise, a gun and $8750 in cash. Bugliosi, convinced that a sure win for the prosecution was bungled, decided to write a book showing what went wrong and how he would have handled the case had he been in charge. "Outrage" hit a nerve with the public when it appeared, reaching number one on the "New York Times" best-seller list. Dominick Dunne pronounced, "If you only have time to read one book on the criminal trial of O.J. Simpson, I would recommend, without hesitation, Vincent Bugliosi's 'Outrage.'" (The updated paperback edition of "Outrage" is coming out March 15.)

To find out if the book's success has calmed his outrage and to get his opinions on Simpson's subsequent civil trial as well as his reflections on some past cases and future works, we sent Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** *(whose most recent interview was with actor Harvey Keitel) to talk with Bugliosi at his home in the San Fernando Valley. Grobel's report:*

"The first time I spoke with Bugliosi he told me that he was about to be on Charles Grodin's show and thought I might want to watch. I flipped a channel and there he was, charging that O.J.'s defense team 'possessed the gonads of 10,000 elephants.' Bugliosi does not mince words.

"I soon realized that his outspokenness on 'Grodin' was quintessential Bugliosi. The man is a bulldog. When he believes in something—whether it's O.J.'s guilt or solutions to the drug problem—he bears down on listeners with formidable intensity. So I wasn't surprised that we often didn't wrap our sessions until after five or six hours of nonstop talking. Nor was I surprised when he'd follow up our sessions with phone calls to elaborate on points we had discussed. Vince has a meticulous intellect, which is what made him a great prosecutor, and he loves a good argument. Even more important, he loves to win those arguments, which is another sign of a good lawyer."

PLAYBOY: In the past five years we've seen two Menendez trials and the cases of Heidi Fleiss, Reginald Denny, Michael Jackson, Snoop Doggy Dogg and O.J. Simpson. How much faith can people have in the criminal justice system?

BUGLIOSI: Oh boy. These are high-visibility cases, most of which went the wrong way. But we can't judge our system just because of them.

PLAYBOY: Still, should we really have been surprised with the Simpson verdict in the criminal trial?

BUGLIOSI: Yeah, we should be surprised by the Simpson verdict, because everything points to this guy's guilt. Nothing points in the direction of anything else. We're talking about murder here. Juries are much more apt to overlook a slight transgression of the law than the ultimate crime of murder. We can't have people commit murder in our society and get away with it. We're not talking here about forgery or about theft. We're talking about a guy with a sharp knife, not only stabbing but killing two precious human beings, chopping them up, leaving them in a pool of blood. And he's out there playing golf, smiling. I'm convinced that the verdict in this case caused a psychic trauma to the American people. I've had people tell me they vomited when the verdict came in. They couldn't go to work the next day.

Simpson has a quizzical look on his face, like, "What? You're actually going to let me walk out of here?"

PLAYBOY: Not everybody was sickened by the not-guilty verdict. His defense team was pretty happy.

BUGLIOSI: Look at the photo of the moment of the verdict—Robert Shapiro's not happy. He looks as if he just heard his child was run over. Shapiro's problem is, he has to live with this verdict for the rest of his life, knowing that he put together this team. Simpson has a quizzical look on his face, like, "What? You're actually going to let me walk out of here?"

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by the initial groundswell of support for Simpson?

BUGLIOSI: It was shocking. I know we look up to celebrities, but to this extent? Where within a month and a half he reportedly received 350,000 letters of support? Where the chaplain of the U.S. Senate said a prayer for him? Where people called in to talk shows suggesting, "He's O.J. He's suffered enough. You should let him go"? Even deputy sheriffs at the Los Angeles County Jail were reportedly asking him for autographs.

PLAYBOY: What has the reaction been to your book among colleagues, law students and laypeople?

BUGLIOSI: Phenomenal. It's already required reading at several law schools and D.A. offices around the country. In fact, just yesterday I was on Syracuse radio and a D.A. called in and said *Outrage* is now required reading for all prosecutors in his office. I get letters from lawyers all over the country. More letters for this book than for *Helter Skelter*. I got mail for all my books, but no one's ever thanked me for writing a book before. With this one, letter after letter, "Thank you, Mr. Bugliosi, for writing this book." They use words like therapeutic, cathartic and closure. They want to know how it's possible that this guy walked out of court. Many even said that my book restored their faith in the judicial system, because after this trial people said, "We've got to abolish it. Why have juries if this guy is so obviously guilty?" My book helped them understand what happened.

PLAYBOY: And yet you still prefer that a jury decide unanimously for a murder conviction, rather than allow a two-thirds majority to convict.

BUGLIOSI: There have been all types of arguments about changing the jury system, and I reject most of them. If you're taking away a person's life or liberty you should have to convince all 12 people. Second, if you knock it down to ten to two, or nine to three, you're eliminating the Henry Fonda type of juror in *12 Angry Men*, the one man who turns around the other 11. You're not going to have that if you don't have a verdict. Why should the majority even bother to listen to the minority? You're also dissuading law enforcement from working as hard as it should if you say you need only ten to two.

PLAYBOY: Your book certainly makes a lot of sense—in hindsight. Chris Darden pointed out that you weren't there.

BUGLIOSI: Cochran has said that, Darden has said that. It's a stupid observation. If you buy that argument, Truman Capote shouldn't have written *In Cold Blood*, Tommy Thompson shouldn't have written *Blood and Money* or Joe Wambaugh *The Onion Field*. What do you tell a historian who writes a three-volume history of the Civil War—"You weren't there"? This trial was televised, there's a transcript. Obviously, you don't have to be there. The question always comes down to: Is what you're saying valid? So what if I wasn't present? If I wasn't even a lawyer, if I was in a coffee shop on the Left Bank in Paris during the trial and a carrier pigeon brought me the information each night? It's a point of monumental irrelevance. The issue still is, is what I am saying right or wrong? This wasn't Monday-morning quarterbacking. There is no viable alternative to the things I'm talking about here. When Simpson's main defense is that he was

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framed, there's only one thing you have to do: Knock that down. If you don't, he walks out of court. When you have Simpson admitting dripping blood on the night of the murders and he has no idea how he got cut, you introduce that evidence. There is no alternative there. A two-year-old should see this stuff. Yet no one saw it. Jeffrey Toobin [of *The New Yorker*] sat there for nine and a half months and wrote that the prosecution was brilliant. That there was nothing the prosecutors could have done—the verdict was preordained.

PLAYBOY: Toobin may have been reporting it that way in *The New Yorker*, but in his book *The Run of His Life* he wasn't so full of praise for the prosecution. What did you think of his book?

BUGLIOSI: It's well-written but a big disappointment, a very superficial book. For example, trial summation is an extremely important part of this case. It could have turned it around if the prosecution had argued it properly. I have 75 pages in my book about final summation, with 15 pages of endnotes. Toobin wrote four or five pages, with no legal analysis. Also, some of the jurors wrote a book telling why they came back with a not-guilty verdict. If you're writing a book about the Simpson case and you have a book written by the jury, including the foreperson, what could be more important? And yet there's nothing in his book except a reference that they wrote a book. Contamination and cross-examination were very big issues at the criminal trial. Yet unbelievably, he devotes only two brief sentences to them.

PLAYBOY: Another prominent O.J. book was Lawrence Schiller and James Willwerth's *American Tragedy*. What did you think of that one?

BUGLIOSI: If you're going to ask me about all these other books, then let me preface my remarks by asking: What do you want me to do? Do you want me to lie or to tell the truth? If I tell the truth I come off as boastful, even though I'm just being factual. I never make a charge without supporting it. But since you're asking me, here are my views: The only book, other than mine, that I would highly recommend is *O.J. Unmasked* by M.L. Rantala. It's a very good analysis of the physical evidence in the case. There's a lot of good information in Schiller's book, ten times more so than in Toobin's book, about what was going on behind the scenes in the defense camp.

PLAYBOY: Schiller's book couldn't have been written without Robert Kardashian's cooperation. *Time* said Kardashian betrayed a friend and also a client. Did it surprise you that he has talked?

BUGLIOSI: No, I think he just wants to live with himself. He obviously knows Simpson's guilty. He has many years ahead and he doesn't want to be a part of a lie anymore. Remember the black officer, Ron Shipp? He said, "I don't want Nicole's blood on my hands." He told Simpson outside the presence of the jury to tell the truth. He wanted to be able to live with himself. That's what's happening with Kardashian.

PLAYBOY: What do you make of Simpson's attempt to discredit the pictures that surfaced of him wearing the Bruno Magli shoes?

BUGLIOSI: He argued that they're fake photos. Simpson said it's his legs, his body, his head, but not his feet and shoes. He reprised Lee Harvey Oswald. The day after the JFK assassination Oswald was asked if he had owned a rifle and he said no, whereupon he was shown a photograph taken by his wife, Marina, of him holding the rifle used in the assassination. He said his head was superimposed on someone else's body.

PLAYBOY: In the criminal trial you felt Judge Lance Ito's erroneous rulings hurt the state's case.

BUGLIOSI: By allowing the defense to play the race card, Ito was largely responsible for this verdict, along with the unbelievable incompetence of the prosecution in handling Ito's improper rulings. I always had an uneasy feeling about Ito, like, What is this guy going to start doing? Is he going to start walking around on his hands in front of the jury to show them that not only is he fair-minded but he's also physically agile? At a time when they were losing jurors and there was a fear they would get below 12, probably causing a mistrial, he sent them up in a blimp! Yes, you heard me right—a blimp. And then he wanted to take a minivacation in the middle of the closing arguments.

PLAYBOY: As we speak, the civil trial is in its final days. You've now had a chance to compare Judge Hiroshi Fujisaki with Judge Ito. Who's the better judge?

BUGLIOSI: Fujisaki is kind of languorous on the bench—one of the lawyers will object and he won't even rule. Not like Ito, though I think Fujisaki's doing a better job with the exception of some serious mistakes that have given the defense an opportunity on appeal. For instance, allowing Simpson to be asked about taking a lie-detector test, permitting the gal from the shelter hotline to testify that a woman named Nicole was being threatened by her famous husband—that's inadmissible hearsay. But they probably will not constitute reversible error, because of all the other incriminating evidence.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the so-called dream team's books: Johnnie Cochran's *Journey to Justice*, Alan Dershowitz' *Reasonable Doubts*, Shapiro's *Search for Justice*, Gerald Uelmen's *Lessons From the Trial*?

BUGLIOSI: From a legal standpoint, the best of the defense books is Dershowitz'. At least Alan had the decency not to say that Simpson is innocent. He makes an effort to analyze the legal issues in a scholarly way. The deficiencies are that it's a very short book and he has serious misstatements of fact in it. Here's a guy who was number one in his class at Yale, he was the youngest law professor ever at Harvard, and he's probably the top criminal appellate lawyer in the country. He'd do a lot better if he didn't rely so much on sophistry to get by. Uelmen's book is unbelievably bad. For a person of his erudition and scholarship to write a book like that is really surprising. Shapiro's and Cochran's books are worthless—they're just personal memoirs and full of legal errors. The authors know a murderer walked out the courtroom door, and they talk about a search for justice? I don't like the audacity of that. They deceived the jury, we all know that. Now they're trying to deceive the American public.

PLAYBOY: What's your take on Chris Darden's *In Contempt*?

BUGLIOSI: Almost worthless. Another memoir. A third of it actually deals with his life in Oakland. It's very superficial. No detailed analysis of the legal issues. And the scholarship is terrible. I'm upset with Darden, and I'll tell you why: My book has 356 pages of why this case was lost. Darden's has one paragraph! He says he walked into that courtroom and he saw this need in the jurors' eyes to settle a score. He saw a need to settle a score in the eyes of a 22-year-old white girl who works for an insurance company? He told Barbara Walters that he didn't have a snowball's chance in hell. "As soon as I looked at the jury, I knew the case was over." One of the prosecutors asked me, "How could Chris write that? When he joined the prosecution team he was just as confident as we all were." And when the verdict came in he quotes himself as saying, "My God, my God, my God!" Which proves that he doesn't believe a word he's saying in his book. Otherwise, why was he so shocked and surprised? According to him, he already knew nine and a half months earlier, when he walked into court that the case was lost. In his book he says that after the Fuhrman tapes surfaced, "I had no more energy for this circus and I had nothing more to sacrifice." He "sacrificed" instead of feeling honored to represent the people of California. He had a whole year to work on it and he talks about sacrifice? You have two people decomposing in their graves, you know the guy is guilty, you have a ton of evidence against him, and this guy is quitting? Prosecutors don't talk that way. They fight to the very end with every ounce of energy they have in them. The defense attorneys deceived this jury and now Darden deceives the American public. He's using this black jury as a scapegoat for his and Marcia's incompetence.

PLAYBOY: Marcia Clark obviously would not agree with that assessment.

BUGLIOSI: I see a lot of potential in

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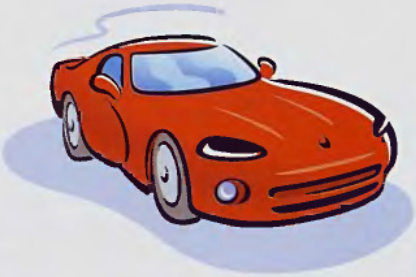

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Marcia. She's very bright, articulate, knowledgeable. She can think on her feet and I like the way she makes her points. But her persona in front of the jury was different. I don't know what happened to her. One possible explanation might be that she knew the jury didn't like her so she changed her personality. She wasn't dynamic or forceful. Her opening statement was terrible. She didn't present the suicide note, the chase, none of that evidence. And then she argued that there was only one glove at the murder scene. That doesn't mean anything to anyone. You have to go on to say, "So there was *no second glove* there for Mark Fuhrman to pick up and deposit at Rockingham." You really have to spoon-feed a jury. Can you imagine Marcia Clark telling the jurors during jury selection, "This is not a fun place for me to be"? As if she was apologizing for prosecuting Simpson. And Darden, in his summation, telling the jury, "Nobody wants to hurt this guy. We don't. But the law is the law." They also didn't know how to preempt the defense. They were constantly creating the impression in front of the jury that they were trying to suppress relevant evidence. Their preparation of their witnesses was poor, and their waiting until the last moment to prepare their final argument, as if they were college students cramming for an exam, was inexcusable.

PLAYBOY: What do you think Marcia Clark's book will be like?

BUGLIOSI: I just don't know how she's going to address the fact that her incompetence was staggering. How do you argue why you didn't talk about detective Philip Vannatter bringing the vial of blood back to Rockingham? How do you justify arguing for one minute out of eight hours on the key issue of the trial? If your blood's at the murder scene, you're guilty. Say goodnight, Gracie, there's nothing more to say. Unless it's a frame-up, right? So how do you argue for one minute out of eight hours when you know that if the jury buys the frame-up argument this guy walks out of court? What's she going to say to that? People looked at the prosecutors—who seemed to be intelligent, educated, articulate—and made the assumption they were taking care of business. They weren't! They conceded the conspiracy issue by default.

PLAYBOY: The defense's assertions that the police tampered with Simpson's blood and planted the glove on his property gave the jury the reasonable doubt it needed to declare Simpson not guilty. Many of the black jurors probably knew someone who had been mistreated by the police. Yet the distinction you make between police brutality and frame-ups wasn't made at Simpson's criminal trial.

BUGLIOSI: That's right, and it's probably one of my most important observations about this case. Police brutality, and lies by the police to cover it up, is common, not percentagewise, but numerically. But police frame-ups of blacks—for robbery, rape, murder—are virtually unheard of. There's no history of police framing blacks in Los Angeles or anywhere that I know of. That is not part of the black experience. It's nonsense. This just went right over the heads of that jury, of Darden, of *Time* magazine. *Time* said it was easy for the jury to buy the police frame-up theory, because all the jurors had to do was play back in their minds the tape of the Los Angeles police beating Rodney King. As if beating up King and framing Simpson were one and the same thing. The cops don't do frame-ups. Cochran sold this jury the police frame-up theory from its experience of police brutality.

PLAYBOY: How do we know police don't frame? If someone with a camera hadn't captured the King beating, many white Americans would have never become so graphically aware of police brutality. Just because there aren't recorded examples doesn't mean it doesn't happen.

BUGLIOSI: Then how come there wasn't a parade of black people taking the witness stand at the trial to say that they were framed by Fuhrman? Not one black took the witness stand to testify Fuhrman framed him. You know why? Because it's moonshine. Look, I'm not saying it hasn't happened. I'm saying it's virtually unheard of.

PLAYBOY: The crux of the defense's argument was that Fuhrman did something wrong, and he only made it worse for himself by lying on the witness stand.

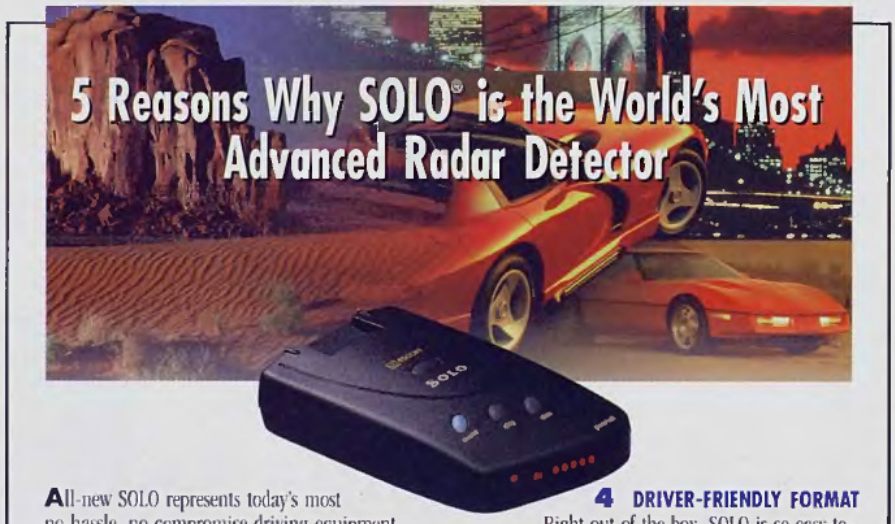
BUGLIOSI: I'm not condoning what he did, but Fuhrman is not a criminal.

PLAYBOY: The man was caught in a dramatic lie, and to the layperson, a lie under oath is perjury.

BUGLIOSI: There's a serious question as to whether Fuhrman even committed perjury. Laypeople erroneously believe that all lies under oath are perjury. Granted, it's the most important element of the corpus delicti of perjury. But there is a second element: The lie has to concern some material matter. It must be relevant to an issue in the case. For instance, unless a witness' age or weight is somehow relevant to an issue in the case, their lying under oath about their age or weight is not perjury. Fuhrman's lie about not using a racial slur in the past ten years was not, in my judgment, perjury because it had nothing to do with whether Simpson was guilty or not guilty of these murders.

PLAYBOY: The executive vice president of the National Lawyers Guild, James Lafferty, called Fuhrman's sentence of three years' probation and a $200 fine "a scandalous miscarriage of justice." He said Fuhrman received less than the amount imposed on people guilty of littering highways. "Not only did Fuhrman lie under oath, he also contributed to one of this country's biggest and most expensive judicial debacles."

BUGLIOSI: Formal punishment is just one



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of the ways that you bring about justice. But it's not the only way. When Richard Nixon was guilty of obstruction of justice he didn't get any sentence at all. But he suffered. He left the presidency in disgrace. He lost the most powerful office in the world. You don't call that punishment? That's part of justice. Lafferty apparently isn't happy about the fact that Fuhrman, who did nothing wrong, woke up in the middle of the night, went to the crime scene, found evidence against Simpson and had his life ruined. He's a convicted felon who can't vote, can't even own a rifle. He has to go to a probation officer. That's not punishment enough for this guy, he wants more, right?

PLAYBOY: Why are you so sympathetic to the man who may have cost the prosecution its case?

BUGLIOSI: Why shouldn't I be sympathetic to him? He didn't frame O.J. Simpson. And the prosecution joined in the vilification of him. Marcia Clark said to the jury, "Do we wish this man had not existed on the face of this planet? Answer, yes." What she should have done was mitigate the damage. You point out that the last time Fuhrman used the N word was in 1988, seven years before he testified. You point out that he had black friends, that he got up three mornings a week to play basketball with them. That he worked hard to free a black man charged with the murder of a white man. His mother called me a few months ago and was crying over the phone. She said, "You're the only one who stuck up for my son." And she sent me a beautiful little painting of hers to show her appreciation. But it was easy to stick up for him, the guy did nothing wrong! He couldn't have framed Simpson if he wanted to. Now he's going to his probation officer and Simpson is playing golf.

PLAYBOY: And you've agreed to write an introduction to Fuhrman's book.

BUGLIOSI: Because he's one of the biggest victims in this entire case. I'm trying to bring out the truth.

PLAYBOY: In the criminal trial, race came to matter more than the evidence. Was this inevitable?

BUGLIOSI: This was not a racial case. It was simply a case of a man who happened to be black being tried for murdering his former wife and her male companion. Nothing more, nothing less. Cochran, showing no respect, no concern for the black community, blatantly and cynically exploited the black community to its long-term detriment, just to help his client, who is black in color only. Cochran is viewed as a hero when the black community should view Cochran for what he is.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

BUGLIOSI: Johnnie Cochran, as opposed to Simpson, hadn't turned his back on the black community through the years. Cochran's law firm is almost all black. He contributes heavily to black causes. But when it came to crunch time, he told the black community to take a walk. Because he was inciting them, working them up into an emotional lather. And he didn't give a damn. There's a tremendous amount of antiblack sentiment in this country as a result of this verdict, anger stemming from Cochran's actions. This has already manifested itself at the ballot boxes in the form of resistance to affirmative action, welfare and other social programs important to blacks.

PLAYBOY: Cochran said about Jeffrey Toobin that his opinions really are racist in their implications: that the jurors weren't very smart. The same comment can apply to you as well. Does Cochran have a point—or is he still manipulating race issues?

BUGLIOSI: He's playing the race card. I'm not denigrating blacks at all. Remember, there were three whites on the jury, too. What does their color have to do with it? They were stupid people, for Christ's sake! How do we know they're stupid? Well, one juror said, "What difference does it make if he used to beat Nicole? If you want to try him for wife beating, try him down the hall. It's not relevant." I mean, come on! Nicole was saying, "He's going to kill me." She told the police. And this juror said it wasn't relevant? How about the gal on *Nightline* who said Dr. Henry Lee—the top forensic sleuth who testified to the possibility of a second shoe print at the crime scene, which turned out to be a permanent indentation left in the concrete by one of the workers who laid the cement years earlier—was the most impressive witness because when he took the stand he gave them a nice smile? How about the one who said the DNA was valueless? She didn't pay any attention to it at all. Of course they're stupid people! It has nothing to do with their being black. Listen, no one is less racist than I am. In fact, show me another white public personality who within the past five years has spoken out in depth about how to substantially reduce the problem of police brutality against blacks in America. In an article (*No Justice, No Peace*) in the February 1993 edition of this magazine prompted by the Rodney King case and subsequent riot, I pointed out, with irrefutable statistics, that district attorneys around the country rarely ever prosecute the police for engaging in brutality and excessive force against members of minority communities. I denounced this practice and strongly urged district attorneys to commence criminal prosecutions against the very small percentage of offending officers who, by this conduct, stain the blue uniform of the rest of the force.

PLAYBOY: What about the civil trial? Did Fred Goldman ever contact you to be involved with that?

BUGLIOSI: Mr. Goldman called me two

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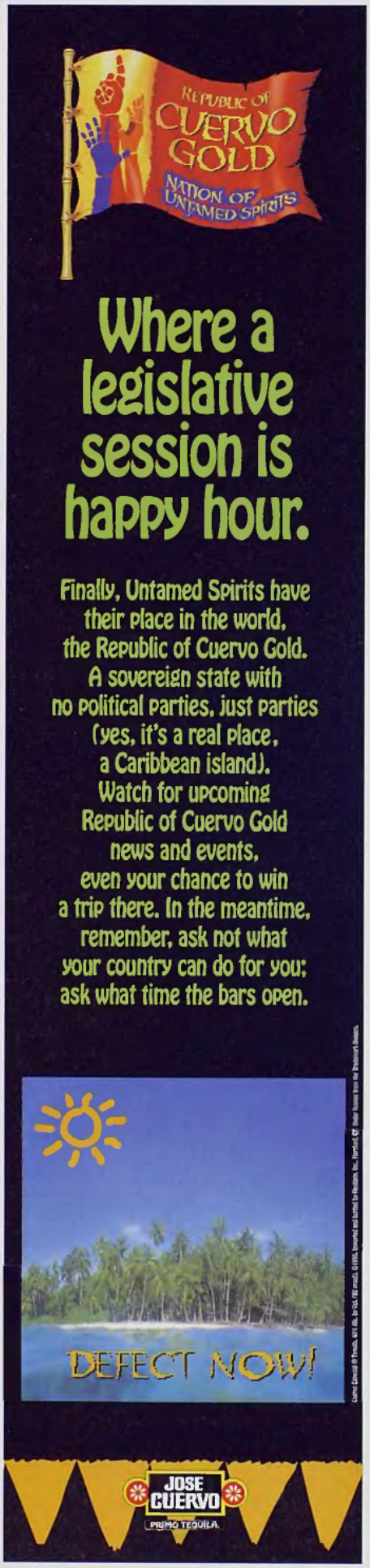
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weeks before June 12, 1995. He said the statute on the wrongful death suit was about to run out—it's a one-year statute—and he wanted to know if I could handle it. At the time I thought there would be a guilty verdict, or at least a hung jury, so I told him I don't handle civil trials. First, the motions and the rules are different; second, I'm not practicing now; and third, I was working on book deadlines. Now we jump ahead: The trial's over, with a not-guilty verdict. I get another call from Goldman: "Did you change your mind?" I was busy trying to get my Kennedy book out, and civil work doesn't appeal to me. There's a blizzard of pretrial motions and I don't even have a secretary. My sister called me from Florida and put a guilt trip on me: "Why aren't you helping Mr. Goldman?" I started thinking that I was abandoning this guy. So I called him back about four days later and said, "Mr. Goldman, I still can't handle this case all by myself. You're going to have to hire a law firm on this thing. I'm working out of my house, I don't even have a computer, I work with my pencil. But I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll do the cross-examination of Simpson and the final summation. All the pretrial stuff I can't handle." Whereupon he told me that he had hired this big West Side law firm, and I haven't heard from him since.

PLAYBOY: Should the civil trial have been televised?

BUGLIOSI: I'm against cameras in the courtroom, because common sense tells you they're going to affect the testimony of some witnesses. How do you avoid the fact that you have witnesses up there knowing that they're talking to millions of people? People don't like to speak in public—either they're going to be a little more hesitant to speak up or they may embroider their testimony, in which case you're compromising the whole purpose of a trial. There's only one reason for a trial that I know of: to determine whether the defendant is guilty or not guilty of the crime. I know of no secondary purpose to educate the public.

PLAYBOY: Alan Dershowitz believes, "The tragedy is that the world will not be able to judge for itself whether justice was done because of the ban on TV cameras. And for justice to be done fully, it must also be seen to be done."

BUGLIOSI: Dershowitz may have a point. There's an argument to be made that in this case perhaps cameras should have been allowed, only because they were permitted in the first trial. If there is a judgment against Simpson it may give blacks the appearance of impropriety, and the appearance is the equivalent of reality. So there's a problem there.

PLAYBOY: Dershowitz says that "both juries could be absolutely right even if one acquits and the other finds liability on precisely the same evidence."

BUGLIOSI: I agree with that. But I don't agree that the first jury was right.

PLAYBOY: Will Simpson be allowed back into society if the verdict goes his way again?

BUGLIOSI: No, I don't think so. He will get back into society to a certain degree, but there are just too many people who are absolutely convinced of his guilt.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that Simpson has effectively blocked out what happened the night of the murders?

BUGLIOSI: I find that completely farfetched. I think he's a psychopath. He has no conscience. In his mind he's O.J. Simpson, she was a bitch and had it coming. During the slow-speed chase he supposedly told his mother on the cellular phone, "Ma, it was all her fault." Well, the defense would have obviously argued that what he meant was, she was hanging around with the wrong group of people and that's why the murders happened. But I think you and I know what he meant. I was asked on a talk show—it was his birthday—what would I give Simpson as a gift? I said a conscience, so he can suffer.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of the judge who ruled that Simpson could have his children back?

BUGLIOSI: The judge was off base; there was no excuse for her to do what she did. All she had to do was wait until the civil trial was over. By not waiting it can only be helpful to Simpson for the jury to know that he got custody, particularly in the area of damages, because the jury might think whatever damages they award would not only be punishing him but also his innocent children. Simpson has gotten every conceivable break in the world.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you've seen many murderers in your life, but none approached Simpson for audacity. Not even Charlie Manson?

BUGLIOSI: No, no. Manson would not do this. Manson certainly was more evil than Simpson. Manson wanted to murder as many people as he could, but there was an element of honesty to him. Normally a defendant never talks to the prosecutor until he's on the stand, but Manson was always wanting to talk to me, trying to get control over my mind. And when we talked I'd say, "Charlie, you're not fooling me, I know you're responsible for these murders." He'd say, "Yeah, I'm responsible for these murders the way violence on TV is, the way the Beatles are." Instead of saying, "Vince, you know I had nothing to do with these murders." He wouldn't do that, there was a slight element of honesty about him. But I've never seen anyone with the guts of Simpson. Can you imagine, a couple of days after nearly decapitating Nicole to refer to himself as a battered husband?

PLAYBOY: One last Simpson question: What if he really didn't do it?

BUGLIOSI: [*Laughs*] What if I had wings

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and could fly? What if he didn't do it? Jesus, then all the people like me owe him a big apology. The question isn't, Did he or didn't he do it. The question is, Is it possible for him to be innocent? And the answer is, He can't be innocent. Not in the world in which we live. Only in a fantasy world can you have the Himalayan mountain of evidence against him like this and have him be innocent. If he's innocent then these two poor people are still alive.

PLAYBOY: Your outspokenness has definitely made you a media darling. How has it affected your life?

BUGLIOSI: People see me on TV or hear me on radio and think I want this. I cringe every time I hear from the media. I turn everyone down. I even turned down David Brinkley and they kept calling back until I went on. But I got more than 500 requests during the trial and turned down 95 percent. I had no desire to see my mug on TV and I don't view myself as a celebrity.

PLAYBOY: Because you're not afraid to say what's on your mind, you're labeled by some as opinionated and arrogant.

BUGLIOSI: People say I'm an extremely opinionated person. If opinionated means that when I think I'm right I try to shove it down everyone's throat, they are correct. But if opinionated means that I have opinions on a lot of things, you'd have to search far and wide to find people of fewer opinions than I have. As for arrogant, I am arrogant and I'm kind of caustic. I'm a little more arrogant and abrasive vis-à-vis the Simpson case than I normally am because I'm angry here. The great majority of people I deal with are hopelessly incompetent, so there's an air of superiority about me.

PLAYBOY: You were pretty angry when you prosecuted Manson. Which case was bigger: Manson's or Simpson's?

BUGLIOSI: The Simpson case is ten times bigger than the Manson case. Manson was a lot bigger in Europe than Simpson was because Roman Polanski is from there, as was one of the victims.

PLAYBOY: The Manson case put you in the spotlight and really changed your life. How did you see it differently from your co-prosecutors?

BUGLIOSI: When I first got on the case my co-prosecutor, the LAPD, was talking about robbery and about conventional motives. As soon as I saw the writing on the wall and HELTER SKELTER and the fact that there was very little taken—if anything at all—from the murder scene, I immediately started thinking that these murderers are trained, their motive is going to be bizarre. It turned out to be even more bizarre than I expected.

PLAYBOY: Even though we've seen murderers such as John Wayne Gacy, Ted Bundy, Jeffrey Dahmer, Richard Ramirez, you still believe that Manson is the most frightening murderer of them all. Why?

BUGLIOSI: Manson is more dangerous than the other killers we've had in America because he possesses two characteristics that don't normally coexist in the same human being. The first is that he wanted to kill everyone. The other is his phenomenal ability to dominate and control. I probably couldn't persuade someone to go to the local Dairy Queen to get a milk shake for me. Here's this guy getting people to kill for him and having no remorse for the murders they commit. Normally, if someone wants to murder everyone he's not going to have this trait of control and domination. When you have both of these characteristics in one person then you have a Hitler type. A Manson type.

PLAYBOY: Had somebody bought some of Manson's songs early on, would Manson have become a pop idol rather than a cult figure of such evil?

BUGLIOSI: Could be. That's what he wanted more than anything else. If someone had bought Hitler's paintings in Vienna in 1918 maybe we wouldn't have had World War Two. People say that Manson didn't have a good childhood. His mother was always taking off. She'd turn him over to friends for a couple hours and then would disappear for weeks or months. But there are thousands of people who have similar backgrounds, and they don't end up mass murderers.

PLAYBOY: Manson receives more mail than any other inmate in the history of the U.S. prison system. His case has continued to intrigue millions of people the world over. Do you think you might have had anything to do with that?

BUGLIOSI: To a limited degree.

PLAYBOY: Well, Alex Ross wrote in *The New Yorker* that your book *Helter Skelter* is too strong for its own good. "Bugliosi aggrandized a savage con man into the archconspirator of the age. The author deserves thanks for insuring that Manson will undoubtedly never leave jail, but the book that maintains his infamy also maintains his fame."

BUGLIOSI: It's a valid point. But are you suggesting I shouldn't have written the book? When the trial was over I kept expecting someone of Truman Capote's stature to write a book about the case. But there was no one, and that's when I decided to do it.

PLAYBOY: What's harder, being a trial lawyer or a writer?

BUGLIOSI: Writing. I don't care to write. I don't even view myself as a writer, though it's what I do for a living. I view myself as a lawyer who happens to have gotten into writing. My wife doesn't want me to denigrate my writing ability. She says a lot of people like the way I write. But to me a real writer is someone who sits down and creates stuff. I don't create anything, I just work with documents, transcripts and police reports, and I interpret. I don't have any aspiration to be a great writer. That's why most of my books have co-authors.

PLAYBOY: In *Helter Skelter* you wrote that Manson became the high priest of anti-establishment hatred. Do societies need dark figures to balance things somehow?

BUGLIOSI: People have said to me that you must have evil because without it people wouldn't appreciate goodness. Well, I'd rather eliminate all the atrocities, the Holocaust and all that shit and not appreciate good. Just have it where people don't kill one another. I would be willing to sacrifice this beautiful revelation of good if we didn't have all this other stuff.

PLAYBOY: Should any of the Manson people—Susan Atkins, Patricia Krenwinkel, Leslie Van Houten, Robert Beausoleil, Charles Watson—ever be paroled?

BUGLIOSI: Nope. Rehabilitation is the least important reason we put people behind bars. There are two other reasons: deterrence and retribution. That's why we have laws, to deter prospective criminals from violating the laws. And retribution is another name for justice. How can you have justice without retribution? Atkins was convicted of eight murders. This is 26 years later—that's less than three and a half years a murder. Not enough.

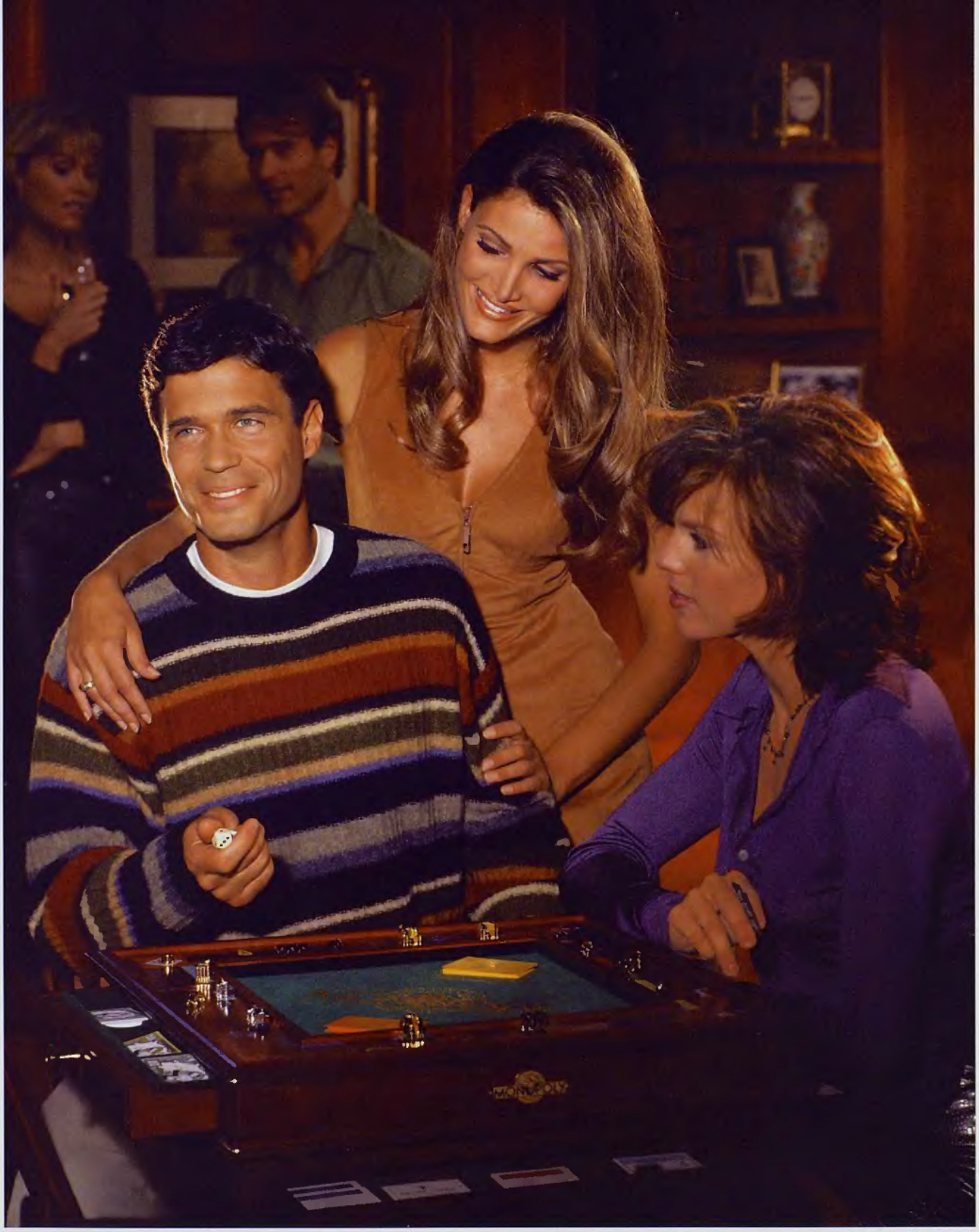
PLAYBOY: You've written a controversial book about how to end the drug crisis in America. How serious is the drug problem in relation to other social and economic issues?

BUGLIOSI: I view it as the most serious internal crisis this nation has faced since the Civil War. And that's why we have to take drastic, revolutionary measures. The Gulf war showed what this nation does when it's serious about something as colossally insignificant in the scheme of things as the price of oil. Within a couple of months we mobilized 500,000 troops and got the support of 28 nations. We're not serious about solving this drug problem. Carter, Bush and Clinton are all good people, but they're not going to cross the street in the rain without an umbrella to solve the problem because it's erroneously perceived to be insoluble. But if you start throwing presidents out of office because they're not solving the drug problem, a cure will be found very quickly.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if you were president?

BUGLIOSI: The easiest thing to do would be to use the muscular approach. Send down a mission to seize and apprehend the architects and authors of this cocaine blitz into America. Cocaine is the source of crack, which is at the root of the orgy of despair and bloodshed in our inner cities. We have to go to the source of the problem. We know we can't eradicate coca because it grows all over the world at elevations between 1500 and 6000 feet. Education doesn't work. Virtually every

(continued on page 174)



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Fiction By Raymond Benson

A NEW JAMES BOND ADVENTURE

PART ONE

Zero minus ten

bond is the first westerner in hong kong ever to witness the triad's secret initiation ritual–if they find him they will kill him

The Rolls-Royce drove south to Boundary Street and then east across the peninsula. The road soon merged with Prince Edward Road West and the Rolls turned off into the area known as Kowloon, not far from Kai Tak Airport. It pulled into a narrow, dingy alley and stopped. James Bond told the taxi driver to let him off at the corner, and he managed to get out without being seen.

It was not a well-lit or inviting neighborhood. In fact, if Bond's memory served him correctly, he was near where the infamous Walled City used to be. This notorious pocket of vice and squalor had always been an embarrassment. A park was now being developed on the site. But to Bond, the absence of the Walled City didn't make the neighborhood seem any friendlier. The side streets south of the proposed park were just as sinister. It was a good place for Triads to operate, and it was precisely where James Bond now found himself.

Bond watched the men get out of the Rolls. They entered a shabby building, and the Rolls drove away. He waited a minute, then stealthily crept toward the middle of the alley. Li Xu Nan and Scarface had entered what appeared to be an abandoned building. The door was loose on its hinges, and the windows were either broken or completely missing.

Bond decided to climb up to the second floor and slip through one of the windows. It wasn't difficult to get a foothold. Once inside, he found himself in a dark room with a wooden floor. The slats in the floor were loose, allowing light from the level below to seep through. If he wasn't careful, the floor would creak. He got down on his stomach and snaked along the floor, distributing his weight so the noise would be minimal. Through the slats, he could see several men milling around, preparing for some kind of meeting. They were dressed in black robes resembling those worn by Buddhist monks, with white

PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS

sashes serving as belts. They also wore strange headbands made of red cloth, with the free ends hanging over the front of their bodies. There were a number of large loops, or knots, in the headbands. Bond searched his memory for what he knew about Triads and their initiation ceremonies. If they were about to perform a rite, he could very possibly be the only Westerner ever to witness it. He had to make sure he was silent, as they would surely kill him if they found him.

An altar stood at the west end of the room, illuminated solely by candlelight. A large red wooden bucket filled with rice was in front of the altar. Four Chinese characters adorned the outside of the bucket; Bond translated them as "pine," "cedar" (both of which signify longevity to the Chinese), "peach" and "plum" (both of which denote loyalty).

He remembered that the bucket was called the Tau and that it contained various precious objects of the society, including five sets of four triangular flags, or pennants, which represented the names of legendary ancestors of the five Lodges of Triad societies.

The altar had a number of peculiar items on and around it. Above the Tau hung a sheet of red paper. It bore characters indicating the hope that the society would flourish throughout the country. Among the other items were brass lamps, a pot of wine and five wine bowls, an incense pot for holding joss sticks, dishes of fresh fruit and flowers and a large mixing bowl. A sheet of yellow paper bearing the names of the Triad's recruits hung above the altar. Written on five small triangular flags were characters meaning wood, fire, metal, earth and water.

Bond heard a drumbeat and the room became silent. Li Xu Nan, dressed in a red robe, entered the room and sat to the left of the altar. As he was Cho Kun, the Dragon Head, his was the only robe decorated with characters. On his left arm was a white circle containing the Chinese character meaning heaven. On his right arm was the character meaning earth. On his back were two distinct characters meaning sun and moon. When combined they meant Ming. On the front of the robe was an octagonal symbol of the Pat Kwa, or Eight Diagrams. In the center of the octagon was the yin and yang symbol of opposing yet complementary forces, upon which a major portion of Chinese philosophical thought was based. Magical powers were ascribed to this venerated emblem, and for this reason the symbol was frequently employed by priests, necromancers, geomancers and ordinary people as a good-luck or protective charm.

The man Bond referred to as Scarface entered the room and sat to the right of the altar. He was wearing a white robe and was the only man with a string of prayer beads around his neck. Bond knew Triad ceremonies were usually led by an official known as the Heung Chu, or Incense Master, who acted as a spiritual leader and was sometimes second-in-command of the society. Scarface was obviously the Incense Master.

Two men in black robes stood at the extreme east end of the room, holding swords to block the entrance to the Lodge. Four Chinese teenagers stood outside the swords. They were dressed in simple white shirts and trousers. These were the recruits. Another official in a black robe, the recruiting officer, moved from the altar down to the east end and began the ceremony.

The recruiting officer turned his right shoulder to the guards and called out in Cantonese, "Lower the net!" He made a sign with his left hand, denoting his rank within the organization. The guards then performed the secret handshake of the society.

The officer addressed the recruits in Cantonese, "Why do you come here?"

The recruits replied in unison, "We come to enlist and obtain rations."

"There are no rations for our army."

"We bring our own."

"The red rice of our army contains sand and stones. Can you eat it?"

"If our brothers can eat it, so can we."

"When you see the beauty of our sworn sisters and sisters-in-law, will you have adulterous ideas?"

"No," the recruits replied emphatically. "We would not dare to."

"If offered a reward by the government, even as much as 10,000 taels of gold, to arrest your brothers, would you do so?"

"No. We would not dare to."

"If you have spoken truly, you are loyal and righteous and may enter the city to swear allegiance and protect the country with your concerted efforts."

The recruits each handed the officer some money and in return received a joss stick, which they held in both hands. The recruits then crawled under the raised swords, symbolizing that they were passing through a mountain of knives.

Scarface, the Incense Master, took the warrant flag of the leader from the Tau and displayed it to everyone in the room.

"The Five Founders bestow on me the banner of authority," he said. "With it I will bring fresh troops into the city. We will pledge fraternity according to the will of heaven. None must reveal the secrets that may be disclosed to him. The brethren have elected me to take charge of the Lodge, and have entrusted the seal of authority to my care. I am determined to exercise my authority."

The Incense Master turned to three minor officials near the altar, who were next in the chain of command. They were known as the White Paper Fan, who acted as an advisor or counselor; the Red Pole, who was a fighter and trainer; and the Straw Sandal, who acted as a messenger and as communications officer.

The Incense Master said to the Straw Sandal, "An order has been issued from the Five Ancestors' Altar. Investigation must be made around the Lodge. If police are present to spy on us, they must be relentlessly washed." With that, he handed the Straw Sandal a warrant flag and a sword.

Bond knew that "washed" meant killed. The Straw Sandal went around the room, checking the identities and hand signs of everyone present. When he was finished, he handed back the flag and sword, saying, "I now return the warrant flag in front of the Five Ancestors' Altar. Thorough search has been made of the Lodge. Everywhere was searched. All are surnamed Hung."

This confused Bond until he remembered that Hung Mun was a universal surname meaning Triad Society.

The Incense Master lit the two tall brass lamps on the altar, saying, "Two old trees, one on either side, will bring stability to the nation. Heroes are recruited from all parts of the country. Tonight we pledge fraternity in the Red Flower Pavilion." Next he lit five joss sticks, then held them in both hands. He began to recite a lengthy poem.

"We worship heaven and earth by the three lights. Our ancestors arose to support the Ming. The Hung door is open wide and our brothers are many. Hung children are taught to remember the oaths and rules. Politeness, righteousness, wisdom, faithfulness and virtue are our fundamental rules. The three talents—heaven, earth and man—combine to establish the nation. We dedicate ourselves by the drawing of blood. Our ancestors showed their loyalty by sacrificing themselves for the emperor."

Scarface placed the five joss sticks in the main incense pot on the altar at the five cardinal points—north, east, south, west and center. As he did this, he said, "The smoke of the incense sticks reaches the Heavenly Court, penetrates the earth, rises to the center, rises to the Flower Pavilion and reaches the City of Willows. We pledge

(continued on page 128)

"I just bring groceries, ma'am. I don't have time for phone sex."

IF YOU LOVE 'EM FLOSS 'EM
EMBRACE ME

meet the women who make dentistry a gas

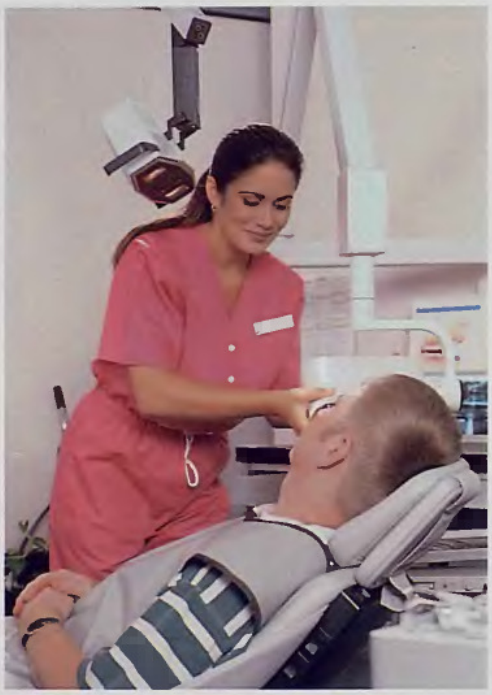
TALK *about* TOOTHSOME!

The dentist's office takes some pretty bad knocks. After all, it is that creepy, antiseptic cell where, facing a gleaming array of pointy appliances, you're forced to endure procedures that may be better suited to the extraction of national security information. Ah, but that daunting recliner next to the small, bubbling sink also puts you front row–center for one of life's great underrated pleasures—the species known as the dental assistant.

She is a vision in white, and every bit the woman: often alluring, frequently intrusive, always intense. Her job is to probe, pinch and tweak—yet what is it about her that can turn a potentially punishing 45 minutes into something more like an afternoon at a spa? Maybe it's the way she presses up against you, her fingers gently trailing over your lips, then slipping into your mouth. Maybe it's the way she sees through you, even as she's X-raying your bicuspids. Maybe it's simply the way she softly commands you to "open."

And, of course, she does it all within kissing range.

So put on your bib, gargle and relax. This won't hurt a bit.



Check out the latest in dental uniforms. Kim Halliday (opposite) is a hygienist from Alabama. When she's not doing the pick-floss-and-polish grind, she spends her time cross-stitching, cooking and (grit those teeth, gentlemen) hanging out with her husband. Our toothcare team doesn't end with Kim. Meet Tammi Slater (top left), a dental office manager from Arlington, Texas; Oklahoma's Tammy Lynn Brewer (top right), a full-fledged D.D.S. who savors French literature; and Cindy Lancaster (above), a surgical assistant from Rockville, Maryland. For more of this toothsome threesome, turn the page.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

LIFORNIA
56
IBR 835
I ♥ YOUR

OK, ladies, time to grin and bare it. Althaugh Tammi Slater (tailgating, opposite) spends her days among X rays, drill bits and spit bawls, she also enjays life's toothless pleasures, such as in-line skating, mountain biking and soaking up spring thundershowers. Dr. Tammy Lynn Brewer (below) began daing volunteer work while in dental schaal. Since then she has taken her skills to homeless shelters and missions, as well as to Mexico and the Amazon. And thaugh Cindy Lancaster (bottom) has a decent pair of hands when it comes ta assisting in oral surgery, her dexterity doesn't stop there. She's also a wicked flower arranger.

Things could be worse thon moking o living in sunny Florido, soys Shory Gouthro (risking covities, below left). Her dentol office digs are close enough to the water to keep her water-skiing and beoch volleyball tolents in top form. For Californio notive Stephonie McDonold (below right), being o dentol ossistont is just o stop before her reol ombition. The U. of Phoenix business student plons to become o big-shot CEO.

Having trouble remembering to brush? Post this picture over the sink and you will be o lean, meon gleom mochine. Dentol ossistont Evo Kweitel (opposite) wos born in Poland, attended high school in Queens ond now studies medicine ot o community college in Miomi. Evo olso ploys tennis, proctices dance ond studies nutrition. "I love to educote myself," she soys. "I want to ochieve the ultimote in heolth and hoppiness."

Billie Jean Aldrich (chilling out, above) is a dental hygienist from Torrance, California who loves hockey (ice and roller), music (rock, not rap) ond the sparkling beaches of Hawaii. Although Sarah Shechtman (right) works for a Florida arthodontist, her true calling is to be "the best mommy ever." (Her one-year-old son is on angel, she brags; we say Mom's heavenly, too.) Lounging on the lips below is Stefanie Caldwell, a water-skier and rafter who assists a dentist in her native Oregon. And San Francisco's Briana Acheson (posing as the prettiest plaque in the West, opposite) stayed on in California to assist a Sonoma County dentist. "I love fast cars, camping and barbecuing," she says. That's fine, Briana—just remember to floss.

HOWARD STERN IS TAKING HIS PRIVATE PARTS ONTO THE BIG SCREEN. WHAT, YOU'RE SHOCKED?

BRACE YOURSELF FOR

HOWIEWOOD

For 13 years you've listened to Howard Stern. You've heard him mock, gripe, ridicule and sneer. You've found him gross, you've found him boring, you've even found him juvenile. But mostly he's made you laugh. You've heard him obsess about his penis and who he'd like to fuck. You've heard him rate the size of his colleague's breasts, and the general level of mendacity of everyone from the coffee boy to Kathie Lee Gifford. You've heard him spar with his wife, haggle with his father and throw himself into a *Butt Bongo Fiesta*. All this makes you think you know him, or at least know him well enough to be on edge. You're about to meet him.

You're driving to the train station and you turn on the radio. Today Howard's guest is Norm MacDonald, the guy who does the wicked Bob Dole impersonation on *Saturday Night Live*. Norm is talking about his dad—respectfully, with affection even. However, Norm does allow that his father was a bit strict. "He'd beat you, Norm?" asks Howard. Norm hesitates before he replies. In that hesitation he betrays fear or perhaps guilt. Maybe it's just exquisite comic timing. Most likely, it's a tiny lump of indignation that he must swallow before he goes along with the joke. Because he does go along, and soon Norm is yakking about how he saw his dad and mom getting it on, and how his dad spanked him, and Howard's gang goes "Ooh!" and Howard asks Norm if he was bare-bottomed when he got it, and if his father was bare-bottomed when he gave it.

Then he asks Norm about strip clubs. Norm is not much into them. He doesn't like girls pretending to like him. Howard, on the other hand, does: "Throw her $20, see her act like a pigeon." Norm discloses that he's an ass man, so much so that one day in the can at NBC he grew so captivated by the thought of a certain ass that he began, well——

"Pleasuring yourself?" submits Howard.

"Yeah," says Norm, who admits that it was, in fact, such a distracting interlude of pleasure that he left the bathroom without wiping. So there you are—leaving your car, about to board the train—remembering something that Len Blum said about Howard. Len is the writer of Howard's new film, and he's been thinking about Howard for the past two years. "Howard," he says, "is the voice of the unconscious." Which explains how he gets normally tongue-tied dental technicians to call in and talk about their experiments in lesbianism, and how once he inspired a perfectly levelheaded woman you worked with to phone up and share the intimate details of her date with Jerry Seinfeld. It's how he got Libby Pataki, wife of the governor of New York State—a Republican, for God's sake!—to allow that there might be something special in the area of marital relations waiting for her hubby the night after his election victory. In the space of ten minutes he gets Norm MacDonald to go from a discussion of his father, a paragon of Canadian rectitude, to confessions of masturbation and ass-wiping neglect.

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In some societies, when people want to open themselves to the voice of the unconscious, they build a bonfire and carve a model of a gigantic erect penis, and then they dance around it until they loosen up. In our society, the voice is on the radio, writes best-selling books and is now starring in a movie about its life.

Quite clearly 1997 is a watershed year for Howard Stern. He's at the top of one game and about to start in another.

PROFILE BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BURNS

His record on radio is unprecedented, and he's written two best-sellers. It's true that he hasn't exactly conquered television: His weekly late-night show never quite found itself, but he did do a $15 million pay-per-view special and the videotaped version of the radio show is going strong on the E! network. All this success has, of course, made him rich and famous.

His successes will be dwarfed if the movie hits. *Private Parts*, starring Howard Stern, based on the book *Private Parts* by Howard Stern, recounting the life of Howard Stern (how he conquered radio and won the love of a good woman), opened in March. The smart money says it is likely to be a hit. Smart people made it. Talented people are behind it. The script is funny and well conceived. It features radio bits to please hard-core fans and a strong personal story that should interest incidental listeners. And, from the few pieces we've seen, Howard is a persuasive actor. Sure, things could happen. The picture could get botched in postproduction, or Ebola virus could break out on Long Island and eradicate Stern's most dedicated fans. But take it from us: We've seen the map, we've seen the car, we've seen the highway. You can get there from here. Howard Stern, the King of All Media, will finally add the cinema to his domain.

Although he may not. And there's a risk in that. We know what sometimes happens when people get what they want. Al Davis wanted the Raiders in Los Angeles so much he sued the NFL. Now he's back in Oakland. Deion Sanders wanted to play both ways. He hasn't made anybody forget Jerry Rice. David Letterman was going great until he hosted the Oscars. A couple "Uma, Oprah" jokes later, he had laid an egg he still hasn't completely cleaned up. Bob Dole really wanted that Republican nomination.

We won't even touch David Caruso.

So there is a risk here, but it's a risk Stern has courted for a long time. The notion of Howard in a movie has been knocking around for five or six years, and in an industry where two seasons on *Saturday Night Live* can make you a leading man, the first question has to be: What took him so long?

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"The problem was that I could never find a movie I wanted to make," Howard says. "I had meetings with every damn studio—Paramount, Universal, whatever. I was wined and dined by them all. They asked me, 'What movie do you want to make?' I said, 'I don't know, do you guys have a good script?' Everything they sent me sucked. They were like *Coneheads III*: Howard's a garbageman and he becomes a rock star. Then the Mafia's after him, so he hides in the Catskills. Shit like that. I mean, *what the fuck?*"

Howard is recalling his odyssey in his office at the studio on Madison Avenue. It combines a small shrine to *Private Parts* (the book) with promotional paraphernalia and amateur drawings of his producer Gary Dell'Abate, the famous Baba Booey. On the radio or on E!, sitting behind his desk, behind his glasses, under his headphones, under his hair, muttering, wisecracking, mouthing off, Howard comes across as the goof-off you knew (or were) in high school. Stern isn't like that in person. He leans forward, he makes eye contact, he plays to you. He is a voluble, energetic storyteller. He is confident and smart and surefooted. He is likable. He has presence. Which is odd, for his career has been built in radio, where physical presence is irrelevant.

"People said, 'Jesus, what's the difference what the movie is? We'll make tons of money.' I said, 'Yeah, but my career will be over. It's not just about making money at this point—it's about doing something decent, too.'"

The project Stern put into development with New Line was *The Adventures of Fartman*. This was decided when Howard guested on *The Tonight Show*. When Jay Leno asked him what movie he was doing, he blurted out "*Fartman*." As it turned out, a screenwriter named J.F. Lawton, who had written *Pretty Woman* and *Under Siege*, saw the show and called New Line to say he'd like to write the screenplay. "New Line was floored," says Stern. "They didn't want to do *Fartman*—I didn't even want to do *Fartman*—but now there's this guy calling who they would give their left nut to work with."

Even though Lawton turned in a script that Stern liked—the opening of it appears in comic-book form in Stern's second book, *Miss America*—the deal with New Line collapsed in an argument over merchandising. "I've always avoided that kind of shit," Stern says. "I don't want to put out a Howard Stern T-shirt or a Fartman doll. It smacks of desperation. It's like Rush Limbaugh. He always reminds me of a guy who thinks his career is going to end any minute, because he's selling his audience neckties! And tape recorders to record the show! At some point, your audience gets fed up."

Stern says they kicked around some terms, but, as we all know, *Fartman* never flew. So he hid himself in his basement and wrote *Private Parts*. The book is, in part, his account of how a nerdy kid from Long Island grew up to achieve astounding success, and how he found true love along the way. The story recounts how he honed his style, conquered the tough New York market at WNBC, battled with station executives and became a national celebrity. The book, of course, became a huge hit, and brought Hollywood back to his door. This time he signed with Rysher ("a new company with shitloads of money"), and two weeks later he had a screenplay.

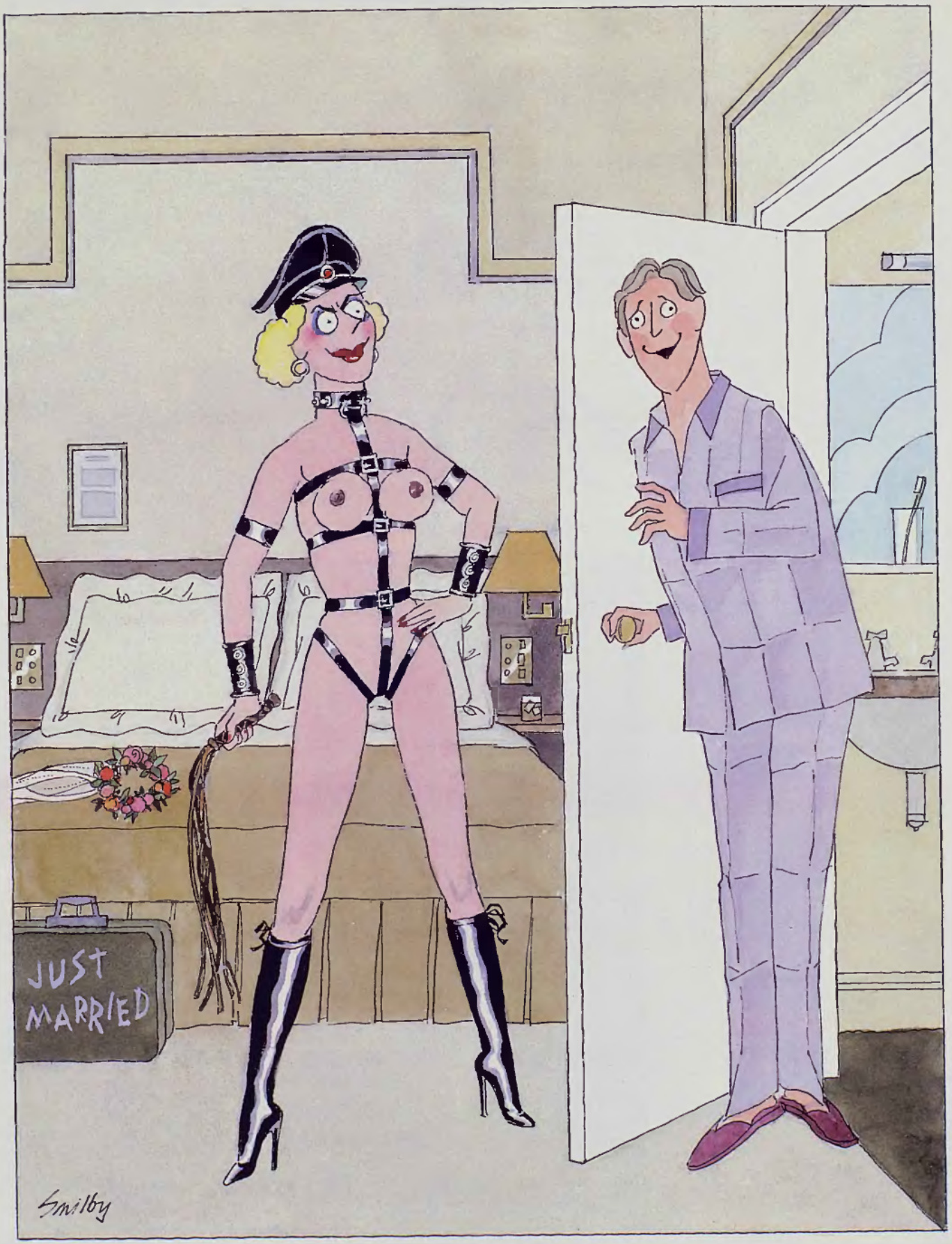
Stern, who had script approval, hated it. "They had Richard Simmons running through my house, babysitting my kids—there was nothing to do with my life." He turned them down, and Rysher sent new screenplays, none of which pleased him.

The juggling of scripts lasted almost two years. Rysher finally told him that the company thought he was afraid to make the movie, and it was thinking of getting Jeff Goldblum to portray Stern in the film. "I said, 'Contractually, I don't know if you have that right—maybe you do—but I'm telling you, the only draw here is that people are going to see me playing me!'" At this point, some behind-the-scenes negotiations took place, and Ivan Reitman, who produced and directed *Ghostbusters*, *Twins* and *Dave*, became the producer of *Private Parts*.

To adapt *Private Parts*, Reitman enlisted Len Blum, who had written or co-written *Meatballs*, *Stripes* and *Beethoven's 2nd* for Reitman. Blum immediately plotted to secure a broad audience—namely women. If the movie was going to take off, figured Blum, he had to pack the house with more than just mail clerks. Some guys had to get their dates to go. And Stern suffered from a gender gap as wide as Newt Gingrich's. "I had to attack them through Alison."

Ah yes, Alison: Stern's wife of more than 20 years, the mother of their children, his tie to normalcy, the Beauty who does not exactly transform the Beast, but at least makes everyone think that maybe he's not so bad. Getting Alison right became a major goal of the whole creative team (which now included director Betty Thomas). Eventually they gave the part to Mary McCormack, who plays the pretty, smart and ever-so-slightly bad Justine on *Murder One*. "My best work has been done with women," says Stern, pointing to Thomas, his sidekick Robin Quivers, his book editor Judith Regan and the producer of his TV show, Fran Shea. "I enjoy working with women. I think most of the women in my life enjoy being around me. The idea that I'm a misogynist or a male chauvinist pig—I get that rap because I talk about sexuality from a guy's point of view. I say I'd like to have sex with a lot of young

(continued on page 164)



"Shall I come in, my sweet? Are you ready for me yet?"

Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution

PART III (1920–1929)

The Jazz Age

ARTICLE BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

AT A SMALL church in Muncie, Indiana, a well-meaning Sunday school teacher talks of the temptation, the spiritual dangers posed by physical comfort, wealth and fame.

"Can you think of any temptation we have today that Jesus didn't have?" he asks.

"Speed!" one boy shouts out.

Speed. Not just the urge to step on the gas in the family Ford, but an entirely new feeling of acceleration and excitement. Thomas Edison tells the readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* that "the automobile has accustomed everyone to speed, to quickness of action and to control, as well as removing the mystery from machinery. The motion picture has increased the quickness of perception to a really remarkable degree. The motion picture—no matter what one may think of the pictures presented—is the greatest quickener of brain action we have ever had." An ad in the same magazine proclaims: "Go to a motion picture and let yourself go. See brilliant men, beautiful jazz babies, champagne baths, midnight revels, petting parties in the purple dawn, all ending in one terrific smashing climax that makes you gasp."

A Muncie judge interviewed for the 1929 study *Middletown* tells Robert and Helen Lynd, two sociologists studying small-town America, that a weekly diet of movies is corrupting youth. The habitual "linking of the taking of long chances

Rolf Armstrong created timeless images of the *American Girl* (left) for a calendar company. But it was the fully clothed flapper and her friend (right) who danced and petted their way into history.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BOSWICK

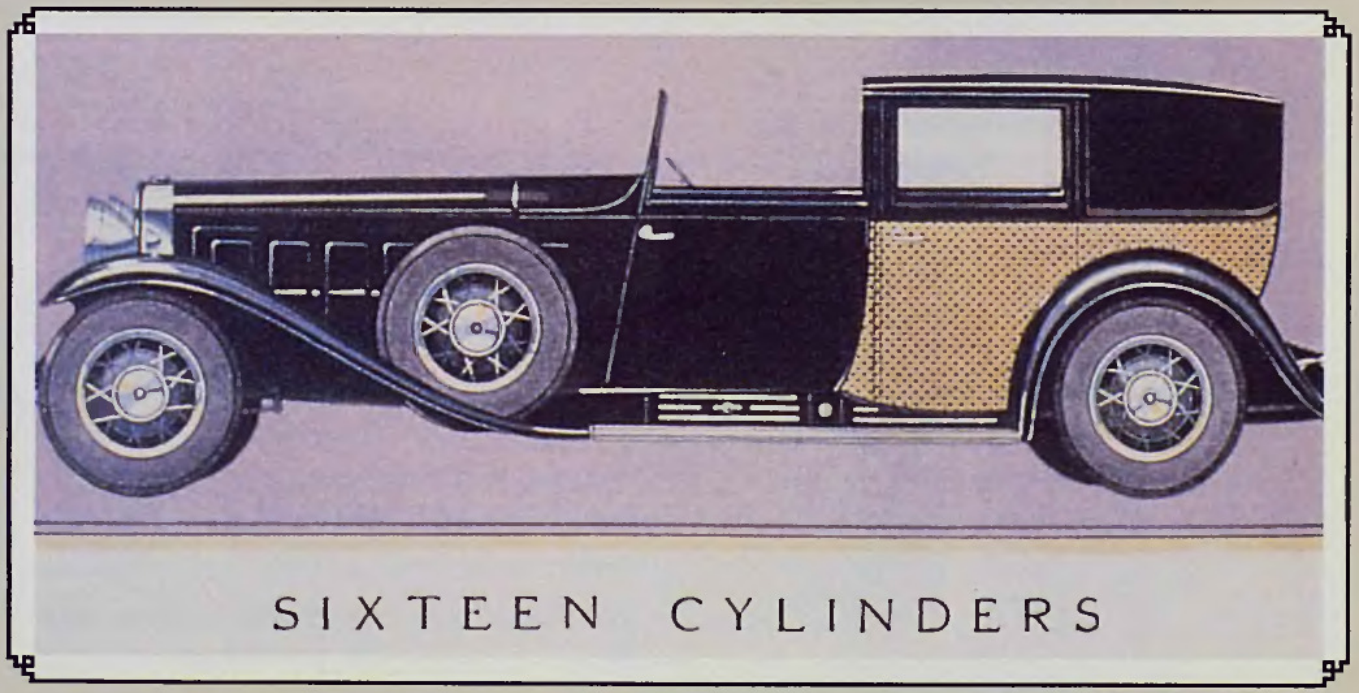
The movies held us spellbound. Clara Bow (left) was the "It" girl, possessor of the "strange magnetism which attracts both sexes." Perhaps it was her bee-stung lips, or her dimpled knees (there is a rumor that a publicity shot gave rise to the phrase the bee's knees). She was the ultimate jazz baby. Movies were a universal art form: The world fell in love with Charlie Chaplin's Little Tramp (right). Actors and actresses became a new royalty, but celebrity did not protect them from romantic fiascos. One of Bow's beaux slashed his wrists; unplanned pregnancies prompted Chaplin's first two marriages—both to underage girls.

and the happy ending," he says, is one of the main causes of delinquency. It is also, one suspects, the very soul of America.

A young writer named F. Scott Fitzgerald captures the spirit of the age in stories about petting parties and daring debutantes, one of whom briefly ponders the nature of her reputation and the series of escapades that led to her nickname "Speed." Fitzgerald's fiction reveals a flickering world of silk hats and fur, jeweled throats, women with tight coiffures and men with slick hair, a kaleidoscope of young people made beautiful by the bright lights of a carnival city. His *Tales of the Jazz Age* names this era of flaming youth, of flappers in short skirts and cloche hats, of college boys in bell-bottoms and raccoon coats, of hip flasks and frivolity, of decadence and debunking, of flagpole sitters and mah-jongg, of sheiks and shebas. Jazz—the music that left behind the score, that wrought sounds from

In the Twenties everyone was sophisticated, or imagined they were. H.L. Mencken, archcurmudgeon and arbiter of taste, railed against the booboisie in the pages of *Smart Set* (below left). Tabloids and the telephone created a world governed by gossip. We were a culture swept by singular events: The Paul Whiteman band (below, upper right) had one of the first million-sellers with *Whispering*. Prohibition brought us boatleggers, portable stills and police raids (below right), bathtub gin and speakeasies.

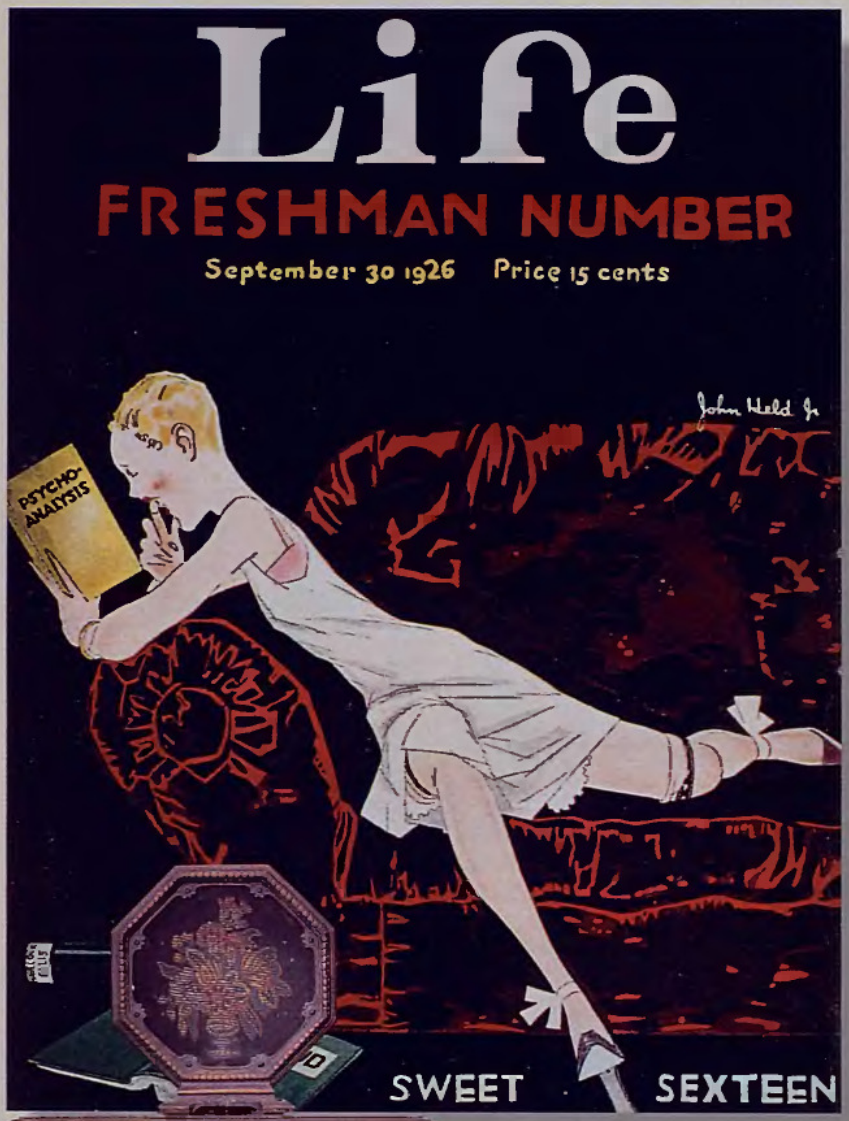
The Twenties gave us F. Scott Fitzgerald (top left), flagpole sitter Shipwreck Kelly (top right) and sheiks and shebas (actress Evelyn Brent in publicity still, far right). Pin-up great Alberto Vargas learned his trade while working with the Ziegfeld Follies (sheet music, above). Less glarifying was the trinket (right)—turn it upside down and cover her face. The Cadillac (below) epitomized the pre–Crash American dream.



SIXTEEN CYLINDERS

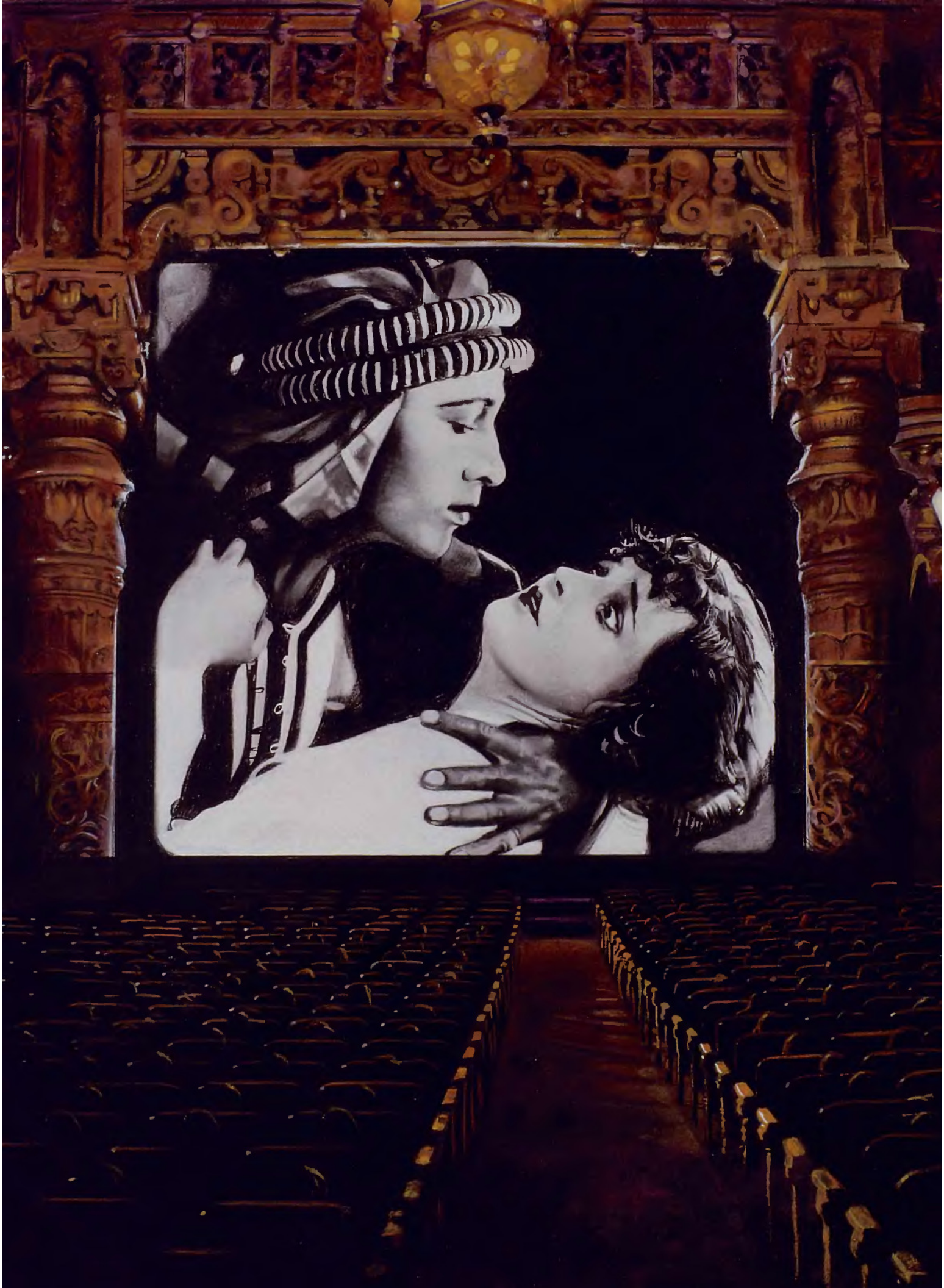
instruments in ways that were never dreamt of by Johann Sebastian Bach. Jazz—a slang word for sex—now connotes all that is new and modern.

The nation seems to be intoxicated by youth. John Held captures the life of the campus crowd in drawings for *Life* and *College Humor*. Joe College and Betty Co-ed set the standard for the decade. Co-eds flatten their breasts with the newfangled brassieres; they not only show a little leg, they draw additional attention to themselves by rolling down their stockings and powdering their knees. They smoke and, if not exactly indulging in sexual escapades themselves, admit



Fitzgerald gave the Jazz Age its name, but artist John Held's cartoons gave the flapper (above left reading Sigmund Freud) lasting immortality. Girls shed their inhibitions and occasionally their clothes (above right—a Ziegfeld girl wonders if she has "It"). We were captivated by flaming youth—be it in magazines (below left) or in movies such as Joan Crawford's *Our Dancing Daughters* (below right). The radio brought us love songs and syncopated jazz rhythms, while Hollywood dream palaces gave us Rudolph Valentino.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN REINGOLD



enough knowledge to enjoy a double entendre.

Dorothy Parker, a formidable member of the Algonquin Round Table, opines that brevity is the soul of lingerie and that if all the girls in the Yale prom were laid end to end, she wouldn't be surprised.

America's precious daughters leave home wearing corsets but check them at the door to dance the shimmy. The dance craze that swirled through the previous decade continues unabated with the Charleston. Despite the efforts of *Ladies' Home Journal* to launch a crusade against "unspeakable jazz," flaming youth sings, dances and falls in love to the music of George Gershwin. Down the same streets that suffragettes marched, flappers conduct Charleston marathons.

The philosophy forged in World War One—"Live for the moment, for tomorrow we die"—flies its banner long after Armistice Day. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald embody the new spirit, riding down Fifth Avenue on the tops of taxicabs, diving into the fountain outside the Plaza Hotel, displaying what their friend Edmund Wilson describes as a remarkable "capacity for carrying things off and carrying people away by their spontaneity, charm and good looks. They have a genius for imaginative improvisations."

Scott Fitzgerald survives by writing articles such as "How to Live on $36,000 a Year" at a time when the average salary in America is less than $1500 a year. The prosperity that gives the Roaring Twenties its name seems to fuel extravagant gestures.

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Life is a joyride, an adventure. What used to take years to unfold happens in an evening. And, it seems, the whole world is watching. Americans turn to magazines such as *True Story* and *True Confessions*, magazines that offer "sex adventure" stories told in the first person which contain glamorous settings, frantic action, high emotion and heavy sentiment. "A moral conclusion," says one editor, "is essential."

Where *Ladies' Home Journal* offers a vision of middle-class America as it wants to be, *True Story* presents life in titillating, tawdry detail. Its circulation grows from 300,000 in 1923 to almost 2 million by 1926.

What the pulps miss, the daily newspapers supply with all the tabloid ballyhoo the press barons can muster. Journalists try to capture the energy and enthusiasm of the age with a whole new language. Everything is keen, copacetic, screwy or the ritz. Walter Winchell gives us: to middle aisle (to marry), on the merge (engaged) and uh-huh (in love), as well as popularizes phooey, giggle water and making whoopee.

When someone draws a crowd—be it a wingwalker or a flagpole sitter—the crowd extends to every breakfast table in the nation. We celebrate the frivolous and the fantastic. Local heroes become legends in their own time: Babe Ruth becomes the Sultan of Swat, Red Grange the Galloping Ghost, and the whole world cheers when Lucky Lindy flies across the Atlantic alone.

The tabloids dispense fame and infamy in equal measure. A sordid lover's triangle in Queens Village, New York—in which Ruth Snyder persuades lover Judd Gray to bash in her husband's head with a sash weight—generates more press coverage, according to one historian, than the sinking of the *Titanic*, Lindbergh's flight, the Armistice and the overthrow of the German Empire. None dare call it journalism: The press has elevated scandal to a national sport. Millions follow the disappearance of evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson, who concocts a tale of a seaside kidnapping to cover a 36-day dalliance with a lover. When fans of the gospel radio star claim to have seen her cavorting in Carmel, she appears in public with seven look-alikes.

Dorothy Dix, a "sob sister" whose column reaches more than a million readers, compares gossip to a moral force:

> A young woman writes me that she considers she has a right to live her own life in her own way and do exactly as she pleases. So she has broken most of the Ten Commandments and snapped her fingers in the face of Mrs. Grundy. And now that she finds her reputation being torn to tatters, she thinks that she is being most unfairly treated. Not at all. Gossip is one of the most powerful influences in the world for good. We can stifle the voice of conscience, but we can't silence the voice of our neighbors. We can dupe ourselves into believing that we have a right to make our own code of conduct, but we cannot force the community in which we live to take our point of view on the matter.

A young agent at the Department of Justice also knows the power of gossip. John Edgar Hoover, the new chief of the General Intelligence Division, takes his experience as a clerk at the Library of Congress and begins an index of radical elements in America. The raw files—which expand to include Hoover's political enemies—contain rumors of sexual impropriety, episodes of adultery and promiscuity, allegations of homosexuality. In 1924 he is appointed head of the Bureau of Investigation, which will soon be known as the FBI.

•

The radio—still an experiment at the beginning of the decade—will become a member of the family. A mere curiosity a few years before, the Victrola becomes a necessity. For the first time in history, the average man makes love to music. Mark Sullivan, author of a six-volume history of the era, devotes 67 pages to music: "Many popular songs," he suggests, "are for humans the equivalents of the love calls of birds and animals." Romantic love songs cram years of courtship into a few verses. "Your lips may say no, no, but there's yes, yes in your eyes." Songs ask and answer the question that is on everyone's mind.

Sullivan valiantly tries to determine the best love song of the age. Is it *Gimme a Little Kiss, Will Ya, Huh?* or the cosmic urge crooned by the featherless biped, *I Gotta Have You?*

A writer suggests that the appeal of women is the same as it has always been, only now there's more showing. The hemlines of skirts rise like the curtain at the Ziegfeld Follies. Lawmakers in Utah try to pass a law to punish women whose skirts are higher than three inches above the ankle. At the other end of the candle, the Virginia legislature tries to prohibit evening gowns that show more than three inches of throat. On Wall Street, statisticians chart the rise and fall of the stock market in terms of skirt hemlines. Another journal charts freedom in terms of the yards of cloth required to clothe a woman: From 1913 to 1928 the figure went from 19½ yards to 7.

It is feared that more women read *Women's Wear Daily* than read the Bible. The Old Testament has given way to testimonials.

Ads warn that a woman who doesn't use Listerine will always be a bridesmaid, never a bride. But ads also foster an atmosphere of romance: A copywriter for a Jordan motor car called the Playboy celebrates a mythical "lass whose face is brown with the sun when the day is done of revel and romp and race."

The word-magic of advertising is infectious: America suffers an epidemic of self-improvement. Millions of 97-pound weaklings turn to Charles Atlas, and become new men after ten weeks of "dynamic tension." Émile Coué, author of *Self-Mastery Through Conscious Auto-Suggestion*, dispenses optimism to millions of disciples who are advised to

(continued on page 112)

"Roger, please don't sit up all night again worrying about your IRS audit!"

ELECTRONICS

SPRING PREVIEW

modern living

By Jonathan Takiff

Above, top to bottom: This trio of home-theater components includes Hitachi's HDS-120S Digital Satellite System receiver and dish (about $500); Pioneer's DVL-700, a dual-sided, combination laser disc, CD and digital versatile disc player (about $1000); and Onkyo's Integra TX-DS838, the first home theater audio-video receiver with Motorola 24-bit processors for decoding both Dolby Pro Logic and Dolby Digital (AC-3) Surround tracks on prerecorded movies (about $1500).

The buzzword in consumer electronics these days is "convergence"—a marriage of television, computer and communication devices. While the ambitions are lofty, the action in the trenches is starting to look ugly. Computer and television interests are in a "war for the eyeballs" of the American consumer, suggests Andy Grove, chief executive officer of Intel. And studies back him up: Increased time spent in front of the computer means less time watching TV. Television makers have responded with new products that deliver some of the most appealing attributes of PCs. And computer makers have built in more of the entertainment value and ease of use that traditionally made television the couch potato's best spud. Playing to both sides is the

FIX '97

home dishes get 200 stations. you can surf the web. television never looked so good

Above: For couch spuds who prefer their picture big—and bright—we like Toshiba's model TW40F80 40-inch projection television, which is perfect for both DVD viewing and Internet surfing. In addition to its wide-screen (16x9) format, this jumbo television has twin tuners that ollow you to split the picture down the middle so you can, say, watch a basketball game on the left and use your TV-based Web browser to pull up stats from nba.com on the right. The price: about $3300.

digital versatile disc, a new entertainment and information format that looks like a compact disc but does much more. Boasting at least seven (to 26) times the storage capacity of a CD or CD-ROM, the DVD uses its resources wisely. Movie discs have twice the clarity of VHS tape. Dolby Digital sound attacks you from all directions, improving analog Dolby Pro Logic Surround sound. (DVDs contain both Dolby Digital and Dolby Pro Logic tracks for those who have yet to upgrade.) With a DVD, you can switch picture formats with the push of a button, from pan-and-scan to wide-screen to letterbox. You can also change the language spoken (or subtitled), or rig the machine so your visiting grandmother will see only the PG parts of an R-rated disc. All DVD players (priced $500

Top left: With Sony's CCD-TRV62 Hi-8mm Handycam camcorder, you can beam your home video footage to the tube via infrared signals from up to 15 feet away ($1300). Middle left: The charcoal gray amplifier, tuner, CD player and cassette player in Revox' madular Evolution system are arranged vertically and etched with decarative musical notes on the sides. You command the stylish gear with an infrared remote control or a touch-screen LCD panel that rests atap the equipment. The price: about $8900 as shown, with an optional surround module to be introduced later this year. Bottom left: LG Electronics' 12-ounce GP40M handheld personal communicator runs Windows CE, an operating system that allows you to easily transfer files from an HPC to a PC running Windows 95. Features include a touch-sensitive LCD and a 28.8-kbps fax modem. The price: about $500. It's pictured with Cross' Metropolis Digital Writer PDA Pen ($30). Oppasite: IBM's sleek Aptiva S line af home computers is powered by Intel's Pentium MMX (multimedia extensian) chips. These muscular machines also boast a 16-speed CD-ROM drive, a 56-kbps modem and a tower that can be stashed up to six feet from the console and monitor. The price: $3000 to $3800, depending on the configuration.

and up from Panasonic, Philips, RCA, Sony, Toshiba and others) spin conventional audio CDs too. And Pioneer's DVL-700 and DVL-90 combination units ($1000 and $1800, respectively) play both DVDs and audio discs plus the 12-inch laser video discs that have been the connoisseur's viewing choice for the past decade. Only a few dozen movie titles will be available this spring for the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

DVD's launch, while there are more than 8000 laser discs to choose from. So Pioneer's new bridge products will see you through until DVD becomes the dominant disc format. A second version of this high-density format, DVD-ROM for computers, should penetrate homes much faster. This spring, Diamond Multimedia Systems and Creative Labs will introduce DVD-ROM upgrade kits priced between $500 and $1000. Built-in DVD-ROM drives (which also read current CD-ROMs at quad speeds) will be a $500 option in most computer lines by fall. To take advantage of DVD-ROM's upgraded audio and video, software developers Activision, Multicom and Tsunami have already reprogrammed such hits as *Spycraft: The Great Game*, *Warren Miller's Ski World '97* and

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

the submarine thriller *Silent Steel*. You'll also be able to play DVD movies and music software through your PC monitor, or feed the audio-video signal to your home-theater system.

UNTANGLED WEB

With the advent of TV-based Internet-access boxes, you no longer need a $2500 computer to send e-mail or tap into Web sites such as CNN Interactive, Espnet or Playboy.

Web TV hit big late last fall, supported by Sony and Philips. Both manufacturers offer similar 33.6 modem browser boxes priced at less than $350 (plus about $100 for an infrared keyboard).

Newer and more sophisticated are Thomson RCA's network computer and Proton's Xavier network computer, both developed in partnership with Oracle's NCI subsidiary. The machines, expected to be priced at $350, will come with a smart card that allows you to activate your account from any NCI computer to check mail, transfer funds from bank accounts or securely purchase merchandise online. Proton will also offer 27-inch, 32-inch and 35-inch TVs with dedicated NCI technology. No prices yet.

TV TRENDSETTERS

A perfect mate for DVD and Internet boxes is Toshiba's 40-inch wide-screen projection TV ($3300). The elongated (16x9) image ratio matches the wide-screen mode on DVD movies. The clarity is extraordinary when you connect the set with Toshiba's SD-3006 DVD player ($700). To surf Web sites while watching TV, you can split Toshiba's twin-tuner wide screen down the middle. You can watch an ESPN game on the left side of the screen while you use a Web browser to pull up stats from Espnet on the right.

For a really big DVD view—up to 40 feet on the diagonal—look no further than the Sharp Vision XV-S55U LCD projector ($7000). Already promising compatibility with high-definition TV broadcasts (coming as soon as mid-1998) are Vidikron's VPF 40 HD and VPF 50 HD video projectors, which are priced between $16,000 and $23,000.

This summer should bring us the first TV sets with built-in Internet capability. Mitsubishi's Diamond Web models in 32- to 40-inch sizes (prices are yet to be announced) treat the Internet as just another channel, with one-button access. Zenith's 27-inch Net Vision ($1095) uses a trackball on the infrared remote or an optional wireless keyboard to control the cursor.

Flat panel televisions could finally materialize. Mitsubishi's professional plasma display monitor, available this spring for $10,000 to $12,000 (sans tuner), offers an impressive 40-inch picture with a wide (160-degree) viewing angle. The device is four inches deep and weighs less than 66 pounds. You should soon be able to purchase a consumer version to hang on your wall for $8000 to $10,000. Fujitsu, Hitachi, NEC, Panasonic, Pioneer and Philips are also gearing up plasma panel production. And Sony is taking special orders in Japan for its $10,000 plasma and liquid crystal Plasmatron TVs.

SOUND ADVICE

Decorative stereo gear makes its mark with the Evolution system by Revox. Designed by the Frogs Group with vertical components, this sculptural system plugs together without visible wiring. All controls for amplifier, tuner, CD player and cassette sections are focused around a backlighted display. The Evolution is available in gray or white for $6800; the cassette module adds $2100.

If you prefer slick styling, there's JVC's Quantum microstereo system ($450). The bronze-toned core with CD, radio, amp and clock is small enough to fit on a nightstand. Its speakers are wrapped in cherry wood.

Sony offers another novel solution for tight quarters. Its SLV-AV100 ($700) combines a surround-sound receiver and VCR in a single cabinet. Just add speakers, TV and tape, and serve.

Onkyo's Integra receiver ($1500) may look conventional, but it stands out on technical merit: It's the first home-theater control center to offer high-resolution, 24-bit Motorola processors for decoding Dolby Pro Logic and Dolby Digital Surround tracks. Too steep for your budget? Technics' SA-AX910 and SA-AX710 Dolby Pro Logic receivers ($500 and $400) can be upgraded to Dolby Digital later with the SH-AC300 companion decoder ($300).

VIDEO FREEZE-FRAME

Sony's new line of 8mm camcorders offers Laser Link, an infrared transmitter that can zap your home videos to an optional infrared receiver and TV up to 15 feet away. The top Hi-8 CCD-TRV62 ($1300) and conventional 8mm CCD-TRV52 ($1100) also loom large, with their 3.5-inch flip-out liquid-crystal screens, five-head tracking, 30x digital zoom and five-hour tapes.

Sony and JVC have introduced spy-sized digital video camcorders with color LCD monitors and $3000 price tags.

Sharp combines the pleasures of digital still and sound recordings in the novel MD Data Camera MD-PS1 (price to be announced). Use it to preserve up to 2000 images on a single disc, or as a conventional minidisc audio player and recorder. You can blend still images with sound bites too.

Hitachi recently unveiled a prototype camcorder that will store video on a PC card rather than on tape. Recordings up to 20 minutes long can be booted easily to a computer drive for editing to your Web page. This product could be real by year's end.

HIGH-WATER MARKS

Newly fired up for fun are PCs with Intel's Pentium MMX (short for multimedia extension) chips. The modular Aptiva S, the most stylish of IBM personal computers, improves its graphics and sound skills with MMX chips running at 166 or 200 MHz and 16-speed CD-ROM drives. Aptivas are now enabled for videophone and voice. A wireless remote control offers one-button access to the Internet. The price: $3000 to $3800, including monitor. The MMX chip is also in new models from Compaq, Packard Bell NEC, Sony and others.

For the first time, portable computers are keeping pace with desktops in speed and performance. Hitachi's best MX 166TX notebook ($3600 to $5600) runs the show with a 166 MHz Pentium MMX, a high-resolution 12.1-inch active matrix screen, a ten-speed CD-ROM drive, a 33.6 modem and an Altec Lansing sound system.

Two Web pages or applications can be viewed side by side on Sharp's innovative wide-screen–format notebook PCs, which offer a theater-proportion 16x9 liquid crystal display. The $3500 W-100T is an active matrix model; the W-100D ($3000) is an LCD version.

PALMTOP COMPUTERS REVISITED

For those who swore off personal digital assistants after a bout with a Newton or Magic Link, take a look at the handheld personal computer. Co-developed by Microsoft with seven other companies, this computer is less intimidating and more affordable (starting at $500) than the old digital assistants.

HPCs offer both a keyboard and a touch-sensitive screen, and are the first product to use the Windows CE operating system—a compact edition of Windows 95. Info can be swapped between HPC and PC—you can even do it wirelessly on some handhelds with infrared transmitters. Plug in a modem or a wireless two-way pager card, and an HPC will send and receive e-mail, stock quotes, sports updates and more, directly over the Internet. Delivery partners include Sky Tel Messenger and the GTE pager network.

"I wish he'd spend as much time on me as he does on the Internet!"

POOL
CLOSED
IFEGUARD

Kelly Girl

she has grace and a famous name, but ms. monaco is very much her own person

PENNSYLVANIA'S Pocono Mountains, with their resort hotels, have the reputation of being a honeymoon paradise. Growing up there, Kelly Monaco knew another part of paradise—the great outdoors. With a home on the boundary of a state game preserve, Kelly and her four sisters put in plenty of time hiking, climbing trees, fishing, camping and swimming. They were taught to skate by their mother, a former Olympic hopeful and figure-skating instructor. They even helped their father, an avid hunter, build tree stands. As a result, Miss April developed into tip-top shape. And when Kelly did resort to working at a resort, she obtained a job as a lifeguard.

Her duties involved more than merely working on her tan, though she also did an excellent job of that. "One night, I

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

had to make three saves," she says. "There's this adrenaline rush that I can't explain." One of her rescues was a boy who had lost consciousness. "It's an amazing feeling to know that if you hadn't been there, this person may have died," she says. And what an amazing feeling it must have been for the kid to wake up and find Kelly reviving him. Perhaps he thought he had died and gone to heaven.

A middle child, Kelly says she enjoys being the center of attention. "I've always wanted to be a star. Growing up, I wanted to be an actress." With four years of high school drama classes and five years of lifeguarding under her bikini, might Kelly be destined to follow the path of Playmate predecessors Pamela Anderson and Donna D'Errico to the set of *Baywatch*? Kelly would like that very much. But if it doesn't happen, we're sure she'll find a way to make waves on her own.

LIFEGUARD

Kelly believes that she was destined to become a Playmate, and her family has been extremely supportive. "When I told my mother I had sent in pictures, she surprised me by saying, 'Excellent! It's about time.'" Her 89-year-old great-grandmother said: "Kelly, if this happened 40 years ago I might have felt different. But today, I'm so proud of you, I only wish my friends were still alive so I could tell them."

MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kelly Marie Monaco

BUST: 34 D WAIST: 21 1/2 HIPS: 31 1/2

HEIGHT: 5' 3" WEIGHT: 95 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 5-23-76 BIRTHPLACE: Philadelphia Pennsylvania

AMBITIONS: Stay determined, always try 110%, To succeed in "The land of make believe."

TURN-ONS: Contagious smile, sense of adventure, inner strength, and the maintain six.

TURNOFFS: "Politically Correct." A man with more hair on his back than his head

MY SISTERS: are there to pick me up, put me down and be my very best friends.

PEOPLE DON'T KNOW I'M: Very daring. You don't have to ask me twice. Success comes with bold and creative moves.

WORDS TO LIVE BY: The straight paved road won't always get you farther than the winding dirt road.

My studious side.

wet and mild.

mugsey, "My dad's only son."

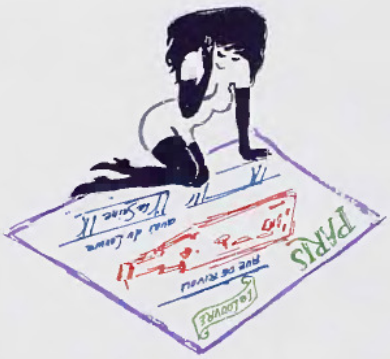
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A country girl moved to the city and soon fell in love with a man she met at a party. After one late night out, they checked into a hotel. As she was about to climb into bed, she spotted a used condom on the floor. "Oh, yuck," she said.

"Don't they use those things where you're from?" he asked.

"Of course they do," she replied, "but we don't skin 'em!"

Why do men like women in leather pants? Because they smell like a new car.



When the concerned wife called about her ailing husband for the third time, the doctor lost his patience. "There isn't a damn thing wrong with your husband," he said. "I checked him out thoroughly. He only thinks he's sick."

A week later the physician ran into the woman on the street. "So how's your husband?" he asked.

"Terrible. Now he thinks he's dead."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Paddy had just arrived in New York from Ireland and was invited by one of his American cousins to go to his first baseball game. Seated in the Yankee Stadium bleachers, he watched as a man swung a stick, hit a ball and started toward a white bag down the line. Everyone stood up and yelled, "Run, run!"

Then a second guy came up to the plate, whacked the ball and started down toward the white bag. Everyone stood again and yelled, "Run, run!"

A third batter came up, but this one didn't hit the ball. He didn't even swing. Four times the pitcher pitched, four times the catcher caught. Paddy was completely confused when the batter dropped the stick and started strolling toward the white bag. "Run, run!" Paddy shouted.

"No, he doesn't have to run," his cousin informed him. "He's got four balls."

Paddy's eyes widened as he stood. "Walk with pride, man!" he shouted. "Walk with pride!"

While testing a newly installed computer, an Army officer asked the machine to predict the probability of World War Three and promptly received a one-word answer: "Yes."

Annoyed at the lack of detail, the officer barked, "Yes, what?" Instantly the machine replied, "Yes, sir!"

The last five things a man would say:

(1) While I'm up, can I get you a beer?
(2) Her tits are just too big.
(3) Sometimes I just want to be held.
(4) Sure, I'd love to wear a condom.
(5) Fuck the Stanley Cup, let's watch *Murphy Brown*.

The last five things a woman would say:

(1) Could our relationship be more physical? I'm tired of being just friends.
(2) This diamond is way too big!
(3) I won't even put my lips on that thing unless I get to swallow.
(4) Sure, let's watch *Baywatch*!
(5) My mistake. You must be right again.

Why did the blonde snort Nutrasweet? She thought it was diet coke.

Foster, a compulsive gambler, was hanging around the practice green looking for a mark when a man in golf gear, carrying a white cane and led by a guide dog, walked by. Practically drooling with anticipation, Foster stopped him. "I hear you're a damn good golfer," he said. "Could I interest you in playing a round for a small wager? Say, a thousand dollars?"

"Yes, that would be fine," the blind man replied. "Pick a day."

"Tomorrow," Foster answered with a smirk. "What time?"

"Midnight."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: After a night of heavy drinking, Gary was scared silly to see two rings around his penis—one red, the other brown. He rushed to his doctor. "There's good news and bad news," the medic said after completing his examination. "The good news is that the red ring is lipstick."

"And the bad news?"

"The brown ring is Skoal."

How do you know you've been kidnapped by a redneck? He's demanding $2 million in unmarked million-dollar bills.

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"Pull my finger!"

SPRING PREVIEW

A TOAST TO TASTE

Sharp Ciders, Boutique Brews, Funky Lounges— Who Could Ask for Anything More?

BY GARY REGAN AND MARDEE HAIDIN REGAN

Simply put, history not only repeats itself but also seems to do so at exactly the right moment. Here we are, rushing toward the millennium, and—just in time—a new age of sophisticated nightclubs, swank lounges and fine cocktails is in full swing. The drinking scene hasn't been this much fun since the Roaring Twenties. And now it's legal! In the Nineties, drinking establishments have opened faster than you can say "shaken, not stirred." There are more and more connoisseurs of single-malt scotches, small-batch bourbons, pure vodkas, well-aged rums, handcrafted cognacs and fine tequilas. If you prefer something tall and frosty, there are exceptional full-bodied brews to try. Or sample the latest campus craze—hard cider. At night, everybody's stepping out to funky lounges where the decor is decadent and the drinking is fun. Or if you would rather belly up to your own home bar, start with some of the must-have accoutrements pictured at right and the great new liquors pictured on the overleaf. We've sampled all six of the liquors and give them a big thumbs-up. Stocking the cheapest liquors in your home bar is tantamount to offering your guests a lukewarm manhattan in a jelly jar. In other words, go first-class in what you sip and serve. Furthermore, half the fun of playing host is displaying your mixological expertise. (For example, don't store your martini gin or vodka in the freezer. A martini tastes best when it has about 25 percent melted ice in it.) So grab a jigger and perfect your pour—the good times are back in style.

Here are some elegant accessories for the perfect home bar. Right, top to bottom: Crystal and sterling-silver decanter ($355), and a sterling-silver decanter label ($95) that's ready for engraving, both from Asprey. Cut crystal old fashioned glass from Cartier ($80). Three-piece sterling-silver bar set with horse-head handles, from Fortunaff ($275). Roaring Twenties silver-plated cocktail shaker featuring etched golf scenes and three matching shot glasses, from Faces of Time ($2860). Sterling-silver Victorian-style ice tongs from Asprey ($625). An antique silver-plated ice bucket made of English oak with an engraved shield, from Faces of Time ($475). Nestled inside the ice bucket is a split of Taittinger Brut champagne (about $20).

JUST SAY CHEERS Here's a drink cart of new liquors that are perfect far spring sipping. Far left to right: Appleton Estate's new 21-year-old Jamaican rum ($50) is particularly smooth. Serve it in a snifter, not with Cake. Cigaré Blend Cognac ($100) from A. de Fussigny is a blend af 15- to 40-year-old cognacs that perfectly complements the flavor of a fine cigar. Teton Glacier vadka ($20) is an 80-proof, ultrasmooth product that is distilled from Idaho potatoes and Rocky Mountain well water. Tangle Ridge ($20) is a ten-year-old Canadian whiskey that's "double-casked"—i.e., returned ta oak barrels after initial aging and blending to further develap its flavor. Jack Daniel's Single Barrel Tennessee whiskey ($35) is a new 94-praof liquar from the bays in Lynchburg. Each bottle is hand-labeled with its rick, barrel number and individual bottling date. Jose Cuervo's delicious Reserva de la Familia 100 percent blue agave tequila ($75) is back in stores after selling out two years ago.

TRENDSETTING TIPPLES Far left: Downing a half-ounce shooter of Green Chartreuse VEP, Germain-Robin Pinat Nair brandy, Grand Marnier Centcinquantenaire ar Patrón Añejo tequila is a new way to enjay expensive spirits. In Taiwan, for example, Johnnie Walker Blue Label is the favored firewater ta take in diminutive doses. At $165 a bottle, it shauld be. Near left: Hard cider is currently the hottest drink on campuses. Fermented, just like beer, it's nowhere near as sweet as the stuff that's sold at farm stands. Try it straight or mixed with ale ar staut. Waodpecker leads the pecking order, followed by Woodchuck, Harnsby's, Ace and Dry Blackthorne.

WHATEVER ALES YOU Six imported brews you must try. Below, left to right: Radenbach Grand Cru, a classic red ale from Belgium, has a fruity taste and a tart, acidic body with hints of chacalate. Although there's a trace of sweet fruits in Newcastle Brown Ale, it's the brew's dry nuttiness and clean, crisp finish that make it a standaut. A classic strong ale from Belgium, Duvel is fermented three times, the last taking place in the bottle. The result: a beer that's surprisingly light-badied with a long, ultradry finish. Thomas Hardy's Vintage Ale is currently available for the years 1994 through 1996. It's strong (12 percent alcohol) and has a sherry taste. You can enjoy it at room temperature naw or store it in your wine cellar to age. Boddingtons Pub Ale is a British brew with a creamy head and a light, bitter body. It's perfect for summer. Blanche de Bruges is a white Belgian beer that's soft and spicy with a honey-and-nut finish.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

THE MARTINI HOUR

With its stuffed-olive barstools and stiletto-heel chairs, Lola's Club Roulette on North Wells Street in Chicago is the quintessential martini lounge—swank and sexy. Later, after dinner, you can dance the night away. On Saturdays, Lola's swings until three in the morning. In San Francisco, Harry Denton's Starlight Room in the Sir Francis Drake Hotel is a sophisticated art deco nightclub with spectacular views—and great silver bullets.

THE Jazz AGE (continued from page 86)

The telephone became love's ally. Advice columns replaced pulpits as the arbiters of courtship.

recite: "Every day, in every way, I'm getting better and better."

Fitzgerald, whose *This Side of Paradise* launched the decade, creates another character, Jay Gatsby, who reinvents himself by following a simple blueprint: "Rise from bed. Dumbbell exercise and wall scaling. Study electricity. Practice elocution, poise and how to attain it. Study needed inventions. Bathe every other day. Read one improving book or magazine per week." In one such magazine, *Physical Culture*, an ad asks: "Are you shackled by repressed desires? Psychoanalysis, the new miracle science, proves that most people live only half-power lives because of repressed sex instincts."

Novelist Elinor Glyn celebrates a certain quality: "It." "To have 'It,'" she writes, "the fortunate possessor must have that strange magnetism which attracts both sexes. There must be physical attraction, but beauty is unnecessary." Americans start looking for that magical trait in one another.

It is an atmosphere saturated with romance. It is a world, says Fitzgerald, where "the biography of every woman begins with the first kiss that counts," where a man finds that "after half a dozen kisses a proposal is expected."

The YMCA issues a warning: "Pet and die young."

Words to live by.

DATING

"Question: Do you think your son will soon forget all he learned at college? Answer: I hope so. He can't make a living necking."

—JOKE IN *Columbia Jester*

The change in courtship rituals that began with the turn of the century was almost complete. Instead of suitors and proper daughters, America had created two new creatures: boyfriends and girlfriends. No longer would men sit in parlors, under the scrutiny of parents, while the object of their affection played the piano. Now, hats in hands, they were met at the door by girls who expected to be taken out—a *Harper's* article in 1924 bemoaned the fate of one boy caught in such an expectation, who ended up spending a month's salary on his date. The word date entered the vocabulary, having changed from its original meaning. No longer only the assignation of a prostitute and client, it denoted a day spent behind a six-cylinder engine, driving to parties halfway across the state, or an evening in a half-lit dancehall, knocking bare knees to the beat of a local band.

A poster from a dancehall of the Twenties suggests some of the thrills available to attendees. These were the sort of activities the chief of police of Lansing, Michigan tried to prevent: "No shadow or spotlight dances allowed. Moonlight dances not allowed where a single light is used to illuminate the hall. All unnecessary shoulder or body movement or gratusque [sic] dances positively prohibited. All unnecessary hesitation, rocking from one foot to the other and seesawing back and forth of the dancers will be prohibited. No beating of drum to produce jazz effect will be allowed."

A survey of boys and girls in *Middletown* revealed that the new forms of dating caused disagreement with parents. Almost half cited the number of times they went out on school nights as a source of friction. Almost as many mentioned fighting over the family car and the hour they got in at night. The telephone became love's ally. Advice columns, replacing pulpits as the arbiters of courtship, answered queries about the new technology. "Ought a girl to give a man her telephone number after only brief acquaintance?" The answer was a firm no. But millions of girls did.

The telephone created instant intimacy: "As it was, a girl lying in bed could hear the voice of her boyfriend on her pillow, a voluptuous thrill which would have been regarded as wildly improper in days of prudery," wrote E.S. Turner in *A History of Courting*. "The man might be standing in a drafty telephone box, but in fancy he was right there on the pillow with his voice."

The new forms of courtship were perplexing. One teenager wrote to *American Magazine* in September 1924 to complain that he had spent about $5000 over the past five years on dating, an average of nearly $20 a week. "I must say that the conversation, entertainment and mental companionship that I have received in return for this $1000 a year seem to me to be priced beyond their real value." His father had managed a three-year courtship on a mere $60.

Turner elaborates: "The entire cost of wooing, marriage license, preacher's fee and honeymoon was less than $200. One disillusioned writer complained that girls appeared to think it sufficient just to be girls, in return for which the world owed them a living: 'A whole lot of girls are making the mistake of giving too little and asking too much. They have a very good business and they are killing it.' The writer called for a buyers' strike, but he clearly did not expect to enlist any recruits."

Women who played the courtship game for high stakes were called gold diggers—a label that covered both stage girls who married millionaires and young girls who made boys spend money while giving nothing in return. Feminists said that since nothing was fair in the workplace (men made more money), then all was fair in love.

The cover of *Life* pictured the flapper as a butterfly. Beauty—a creation of the gods—had returned to the world, wrote Fitzgerald, as "a ragtime kid, a flapper, a jazz baby and a baby vamp." And when women change, everything changes.

THE NEW RULES

The Twenties saw the abandonment of the ideal Victorian woman, that angelic being free from the taint of sexual desire. Theodore Dreiser had complained in an essay published in 1920 that "women are now so good, the sex relationship so vile a thing, that to think of the two at once is not to be thought of." But one looked at the flapper and thought of all sorts of things. "The emancipated flapper is just plain female under her paint and outside her cocktails," wrote Gertrude Atherton in her novel *Black Oxen*. "More so for she's more stimulated. Where girls used to be merely romantic, she's romantic, plus sex instinct rampant."

Historian Frederick Lewis Allen described the flapper this way: "In effect the woman of the postwar decade said to man, 'You are tired and disillusioned, you do not want the cares of a family or the companionship of mature wisdom, you want exciting play, you want the thrills of sex without their fruition, and I will give them to you.' And to herself she added, 'But I will be free.'"

Women developed a code. According to Peter Ling, author of a treatise on sex and the automobile in the Twenties, "each of the phases of petting came to be associated with a corresponding emotional stage in a couple's relationship. Kissing, while not automatic, was all right if the two merely liked each other: deep or French kissing indicated romantic attachment; breast-touching through the clothing heralded that things were becoming serious, and continued under the brassiere if the feelings intensified. Finally,

ORO
TEQUIL
John
Dempsey

explorations below the waist were reserved only for couples who considered themselves truly in love. The culmination of this logic was intercourse with one's fiancé."

The youth of the Twenties were the first American generation to embrace sex as the central adventure in life. As one writer noted: "One is tempted to picture investigators hunting for that special morning between 1919 and 1929 when 51 percent of the young unmarried in America awoke to find that they were no longer virgins."

It's not that this generation discovered premarital intercourse—it discovered erotic play. Characters in Fitzgerald's stories endlessly discussed the politics of the kiss. Gloria, the heroine of *The Beautiful and Damned*, could tell a suitor: "A woman should be able to kiss a man beautifully and romantically without any desire to be either his wife or his mistress." She had kissed dozens of men and expected to kiss dozens more. Zelda Fitzgerald would tell a friend: "I only like men who kiss as a means to an end. I never know how to treat the other kind." Americans read her husband's descriptions of petting parties and diligently sought out darkened rooms or country club greens to savor the new freedom. Fitzgerald even wrote about kissing for the *New York American*: "Why Blame It on the Poor Kiss If the Girl Veteran of Many Petting Parties Is Prone to Affairs After Marriage?" (On the other hand, an Englishman writing about the Twenties asked bluntly, "What did Scott Fitzgerald precisely mean by 'kissing'?" Was it code for intercourse, or was the whole nation in high school?)

The Twenties saw the loss of the vocabulary of sin, of the scarlet letter that said any woman who sampled sex outside marriage was doomed to a life of prostitution and white slavery. Sex was no longer absolutely equated with ruination.

The chaperone, that Victorian relic, became extinct, to be replaced by a new moral guardian, Mrs. Manners. In 1925 Anna Steese Richardson's *Standard Etiquette* addressed the modern woman. "The bachelor girl is a new figure in the social world. She is not even mentioned in etiquette books written as recently as two years ago. The girl who drove an ambulance in France is apt to think she can live her own life in America." Emily Post wrote *Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage* for an upwardly mobile America. The book went through 17 printings before the author discovered that the world had changed. Not all of her readers were interested in proper conduct at the opera. In 1927 Post would add a chapter that warned girls against the temptations of the Jazz Age: "Continuous pursuit of thrill and consequent craving for greater and greater excitement gradually produce the same result as that which a drug produces in an addict; or to change the metaphor, promiscuous crowding and shoving, petting and cuddling, have the same cheapening effect as that produced on merchandise which has through constant handling become faded and rumpled, smudged or frayed and thrown out on the bargain counter in a marked-down lot."

The advice givers accepted that dating was an exchange. The new standard for moral decline, articulated by Post, was economic: "The typical meaning of the word cheapness is exemplified in the girl or woman who puts no value on herself; who shows no reserves mentally, morally or physically, who does not mind being nudged or pushed or shoved, is willing to be kissed and petted—in other words, to put herself in a class with the food on a free lunch counter."

Clearly a change was sweeping across America, if not the whole world. Overseeing his own cultural revolution in Russia, no less a personage than Lenin dealt with the problems posed by free love. "Of course thirst must be satisfied," he wrote, "but will the normal man lie down in the gutter and drink out of a puddle or out of a glass with a rim greasy from many lips?"

Gloria of *The Beautiful and Damned* recounts that one of her many suitors, a man she had kissed, had the audacity to compare her to "a public drinking glass."

SCIENCE AND SEDUCTION

In the Twenties, psychoanalysis was as popular a phenomenon as crossword puzzles or mah-jongg. Not that anyone bothered to read Freud. (Indeed, by 1927 there were only nine practicing psychoanalysts in New York City.) But even if few Americans fully understood Freud's theories of the unconscious, everyone was familiar with them. Interpreting dreams was a parlor game based on a simple principle: Everything could be traced to sex. Science—an authority challenging that of the church—had given its stamp of approval to lust, proclaiming that desire was a drive equal to hunger or thirst.

It is hard to conceive of the level of sexual ignorance at the beginning of the century, but one example will suffice. An Englishwoman, Marie Carmichael Stopes, obtained a doctor of science degree in London and a doctor of philosophy degree in Munich. Yet she remained a virgin for the first six months of her marriage without realizing that the union had not been consummated. (Her husband was impotent.) One of the most highly educated women of her time did not know the first thing about sexual intercourse.

She resolved to correct the oversight. She wrote *Married Love: A New Contribution to the Solution of Sex Difficulties*. Unable to find a publisher in England, she had the work printed in America. By 1924 the book was in its 16th edition, having sold almost half a million copies in the U.S. and abroad.

The decade witnessed the birth of a pro-sex crusade. Magazines published the essays of Havelock Ellis, who introduced most of Freud's sexual theory to America. (One observer called Freud's work "foreign propaganda" as though linking sex with Marxism and communism.) A few American physicians took over the task of spreading the word, writing "doctor's books," sex manuals that were supposedly restricted to members of the medical profession.

Young swells took to reading the works of one Dr. Robie to impressionable young women. This pioneer guidebook, wrote Edmund Wilson, "aimed to remove inhibitions by giving you permission to do anything you liked."

W.F. Robie, a doctor in Baldwinville, Massachusetts and a "sometime fellow" at Clark University (where Freud delivered his only American lectures), argued for *Rational Sex Ethics* and celebrated *The Art of Love*. Sex might be perfectly natural, but it was almost never naturally perfect. Robie not only gave permission but also brought a can-do attitude to the nuts and bolts of lovemaking.

Dr. Robie told the man to stimulate the clitoris, the woman to "follow her inclinations as to the force, distance or rapidity of the in-and-out motion." He recommended positions other than the customary "husband above and astride." He counseled both partners to pause before orgasm to allow the other partner to catch up. He claimed that sex was "invigorating, stimulating and tending to a concentration of the best energy before an intellectual or physical effort."

If reading Robie aloud would not do the job, there was always the work of Samuel Schmalhausen.

Schmalhausen, another popularizer of Freud, wrote an enthusiastic treatise in 1928 called *Why We Misbehave*. (Reviewers thought the title should be *Why We Should Misbehave*.) In this work, he notes the transformation in American mores: "Static morality has been repudiated in favor of dynamic experience. Fear yields its sovereignty reluctantly to fun. Passion's coming of age heralds the dawn of a new orientation in the

(continued on page 144)

PLAYMATE REVISITED: DOLLY READ

the british bunny who made a splash in america

Where have the years gone? "The other day someone asked about my centerfold," Dolly says. "I'd been saying the photo was taken 25 years ago, then suddenly I realized it's been 30 years!" Here's to 30 more.

When a PLAYBOY photographer asked Dolly Read if she'd like to pose for the May 1966 issue, she thought it was "a smashing good idea." A Bunny-in-training who was living at the Chicago Mansion, Dolly had been one of six British beauties flown to the U.S. in preparation for the opening of the London Playboy Club. The Bristol native was at the door when the first English keyholders arrived, but something about the States had caught her spirit and she jetted back across the Atlantic at the first opportunity. She's lived in Los Angeles ever since, where she has acted in movies (*Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*) and on TV. She also married comedian Dick Martin. Now it's mostly golf and looking after her poodle and three cats. "I'm happy," she says. "I'd love to go on exactly like this."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Dolly has been married for 25 funny years to Dick Martin (above). "When we met, he asked for my phone number, then went on tour for eight weeks. When he finally called, he said, 'Dolly, I think I love you.' It mode me laugh, so I forgove him."

POWER GROOMING

so many goos and gels, so little time. here's a guide to the latest potions and lotions

By DONALD CHARLES RICHARDSON

GROOMING used to be simpler. You just shaved, slapped on some Old Spice or Aqua Velva, ran a comb through your hair and that was it. Ten minutes at the most. But things have changed. Now there are hundreds of men's grooming products to consider, and the whole process can be confusing. Is it necessary to dry your hair before adding gel? What's centella asiatica? Is Michael Jordan's new line of men's cosmetics a three-pointer or an air ball? To make your time in front of the mirror and under the shower count, we've combed through everything from extrabody hair goo to a mustache trimmer with one-handed speed shifting. And, of course, we've included advice on how to use the products you buy.

GETTING GREAT FACE

The basics of facial skin care are simple: If your skin feels dry, you need a moisturizer. If it's oily, use an astringent. However, it's important to remember that skin changes along with the weather, the environment, your diet and your stress level. What you need one day might not work the next. So be aware of your skin's immediate condition and feed it only what's required. Aramis offers A+ Foaming Face Wash, a three-in-one formula that cleans, exfoliates and helps prevent ingrown hairs while setting up your beard for shaving. If oily skin is a problem, Aramis' Lab Series includes Stop Shine Oil Control Formula, which helps normalize the surface of your skin.

THE CUTTING EDGE

Shaving tools keep getting slicker. The new Norelco Reflex Action Men's Electric Razor, for example, has a suspension system that adapts to the contours of the face and an adjustable shave band for greater sensitivity. Panasonic has introduced the first wet-and-dry linear electric shaver, which features an electromagnetic system that moves the blade in a linear motion across lathered or dry skin. If you're traveling light, slip a Bic in your pocket. These disposable razors can now be used by men with tough beards or sensitive skin.

Phyto has a product that will make your safety razor glide more easily over your face: Phytomen Softening Shaving Gel for Sensitive Skin. Just out on the market, it contains centella asiatica, an Asian plant extract that helps soften and repair your skin. Phyto also markets an oil-free

ILLUSTRATION BY JASON SCHNEIDER

BUZZZ

Soothing Aftershave Balm. Guerlain will introduce citrus-scented Habit Rouge Aftershave Balm. The Polo Sport Skin Fitness Collection's Shave Fitness Skin Protecting Foam protects against nicks and cuts by providing a layer of lubrication that reduces razor drag. Dermalogica's Perfect Shave offers the same protection, using organic silicon and antiseptic essential oils. Floris of London will reintroduce its classic Gentlemen's Shaving Cream to the American market. American Crew, the hair-care company, has entered the shaving game with two new products: Herbal Shave Cream, made with natural oils and moisturizers, and Essential Shave Oil, a vitamin-infused fatty acid preparation that's applied as a beard softener before shaving cream.

Keep facial hair trimmed with Sunbeam's Oster Powerplay Mustache and Beard Trimmer, which features a speed switch that allows you to change settings with one hand while you're shaving. And Braun has just introduced Shave & Shape, a combination shaver and facial-hair trimmer.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

"The process of becoming clean should be a relaxing and stimulating experience. Products that feel good, smell good and last long are what I had in mind when we developed the Active Body Collection," says basketball superstar Michael Jordan. His new line of grooming aids, based on his cologne, includes body soap, shower gel, after-shower dry oil spray and deodorant. Another athlete heading for the showers is Scott Azgarino. The former pro triathlete and Ironman competitor has created Pro for Athletes, a skin-care collection that includes bath-and-shower gel enriched with herbal extracts and vitamins. Nautica by David Chu sails into stores with its Competition Collection, which includes deodorant, body wash, moisturizer and talc-free body powder. Tommy body wash is a fresh gel from Tommy Hilfiger. And Guerlain has just introduced Habit Rouge All-Over Shampoo, for the body and the hair.

After your shower, apply a clear deodorant, such as one from Gillette or Right Guard. These products offer great protection without flaking. Mennen's clear antiperspirant and deodorant gel drys fast. Tommy Hilfiger has a new deodorant stick scented with the popular Tommy fragrance. Davidoff Cool Water offers a sharp-scented deodorant stick and talc.

THE SMELL OF SUCCESS

Today's fragrances reflect casual attitudes and athletic lifestyles. Davidoff Cool Water is a spicy scent, while Paco Rabanne is more mysterious and sexy. The unisex Paco from Paco Rabanne has a younger appeal, as does Geoffrey Beene's Eau de Grey Flannel. Also directed toward a young crowd are Façonnable for Men's Face a Face, made from juniper and angelica, and Liz Claiborne's Curve, a warm, sensuous fragrance. The scent that's launching the Nautica Competition body-care collection is a combination of musk and oak moss with touches of green apple, nutmeg and seaweed. Clarins Fragrance Group's Chrome is a fresh, sharp scent designed by Loris Azzaro. And due on the market this fall is Giorgio Armani's second fragrance, a woody scent called Acqua di Gió for Men.

HAIR SUITABLE

To get shiny, great-looking hair, try Cat Polishing Shine from Redken. Use Paul Mitchell's Extra-Body Sculpting Gel for maximum volume and brilliant shine, and Extra-Body Sculpting Foam if you want every hair to stay in place.

Clairol's Frizz Control is a new line of products for dry hair. Dryness can also be helped by Calvin Klein Escape Collection's conditioning shampoo. Matrix' new line, Icon for Men, smells masculine and includes two shampoos, a light conditioner, hair spray, gel and a grooming cream for manageability and shine. Desert Essence offers a chemical-free, sulfate-free Moisture Management System, a collection of cleansing and conditioning products for dry or oily hair. And from Australia comes Fudge, a line for the young at heart. A product called Licorice delivers texture and shine to hair; one called Putty locks hair in place. Gum provides firm hold, and Varnish creates a slick look.

New York stylist Stephen Knoll has just presented his own line of hair products, including Obedient, a sculpting gel that provides excellent control. Knoll, whose clients include Arnold Schwarzenegger, gave us the basics of using gel: "After shampooing, blot the excess water off your head. Take a small amount of gel—dime-sized if you don't have much hair, nickel-sized if you do—and rub it between your palms and fingers. Beginning at the hairline, work the gel through the hair from the roots up, moving the product evenly along each strand."

Going gray? No sweat. These days a lot of men color their hair. Just for Men has recently added lighter shades to its hair-color collection. These products consist of an easy-to-use brush-in gel. Clairol Men's Choice colors the hair on your head and face in one easy step.

To help prevent hair loss, use Rogaine with two percent minoxidil, which is now available over the counter. A five percent solution may be available by prescription in the near future.

Nioxin is a hair-enhancement treatment that combines cleansers, conditioners, stimulants and nutrients to improve the quality and health of hair. After great success with mature men, the company developed Nioxin Fit, a treatment to help younger guys keep their hair healthy and looking sharp.

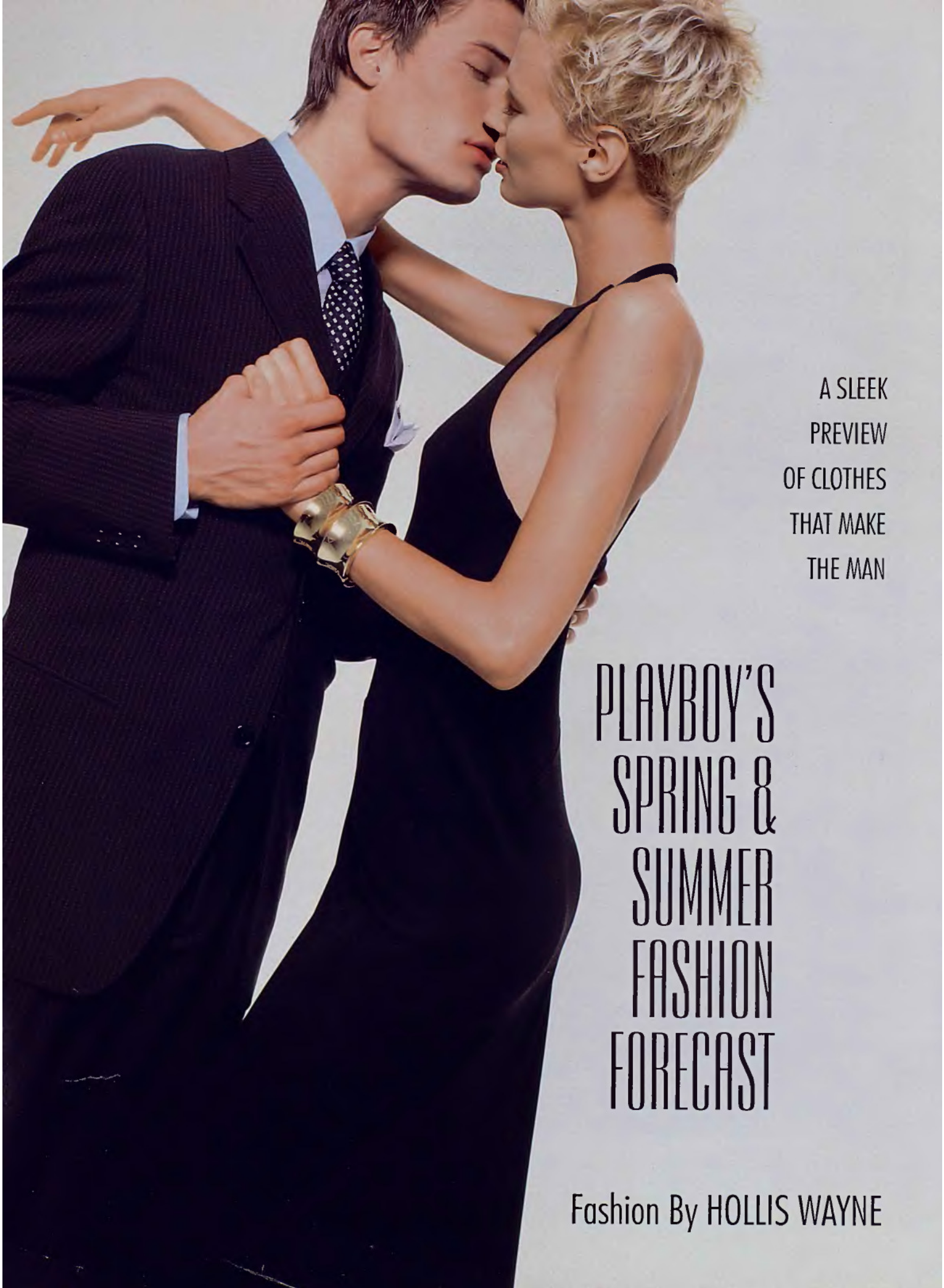
WHEN THE SUN COMES OUT

While winning a third of the 300 triathlons he's entered, Scott Tinley exposed his skin to virtually every climate. These days he doesn't leave the house without applying a lotion with a sun protection factor of at least 15. Protecting your skin from the sun is the best way to keep it looking young. Lab Series from Aramis has a waterproof, sweatproof Sun Protection Spray with 15 SPF. Aubrey Organics offers shelter with a range of products, including Titania Herbal Sunblock, SPF 25. Beach volleyball champion Karch Kiraly and former water polo Olympian Terry Schroeder are among the athletes who use Aloe Up Pro Sport products, which protect for eight hours with either 15 or 30 SPFs. The Body Shop gets into summer with the Watermelon Sun Care collection. Its products have SPFs ranging from 6 to 20 and protect against UVA and UVB rays. Zirh Skin Nutrition, a new men's grooming collection, will introduce a 25 SPF Sport Sunscreen, a waterproof product with vitamins A, C, E and B_3. Kiehl's has a complete sun-protection collection with lotions for individual skin types. Its water-based sunscreen with 16 or 24 SPF is excellent if you have oily skin, and Sunshield Sunblock with SPF 15 is for people who are sensitive to sunscreens. Heliotherapy Sport SPF 20 by California Tan contains vitatan, which supplies the skin with nutrients, and melanin to increase bronzing.

Self-tanning products give you a glow without the burn. The Body Shop offers Watermelon Self-Tan Lotion. Neutrogena has Glow Sunless Tanning Lotion and Spray, which dry in five minutes without streaking. Aloe Up offers Sunless Tanning Lotion. Aramis Lab Series has several tanning products—Tan on Demand and Sunless Tanning Spray. All are fragrance-free. Acapulco Sun offers Immediate Self-Tanning Lotion and Spray and a gel for the face only.

Getting groomed may have been simpler years ago, but with all the products and procedures, it's actually a lot easier today to achieve the look you want. And once you get the hang of it, chances are you can still get it together and be out in ten minutes.

Casting for the tragic tale of 1980 Playmate of the Year Dorothy Stratten, director Bob Fosse picked Mariel Hemingway, who had campaigned vigorously for the part. The resultant *Star 80* proved another testament to Stratten's unique sensuality—and to Hemingway's acting. In critiquing the film we noted, the killer's "evil does not seem as interesting to us as Dorothy's light." This shot, by PLAYBOY veteran Mario Casilli, is from our January 1984 pictorial.



A SLEEK PREVIEW OF CLOTHES THAT MAKE THE MAN

PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

Fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

THERE ARE new rules to this game," she said, sauntering into the studio. "Show me what you got." We reached for this year's model, one with wide shoulders, a tapered waist and smooth lines. "You like?" we asked in our strongest editorial voice. "I suppose he'll do," she said. "He looks pretty enough in those Calvins. But what else can he wear besides boxers?" She was a long tall glass of Evian, this one. A bit chilly, too—as if she had jumped out of *Vogue* and onto our pages. So we brought out some clothes that count: lightweight suits that move well on the street, on the job and on the man. And the kind of jacket that makes a fashionable girl sit up and say, "Excuse me, Jean-Paul, there's a guy over there I'd like to meet." We had military support, too—a field jacket with a classic feel. As they say, all's fair in love and fashion, and nothing's as seriously casual as this year's khaki. "Hey, Brad Pitt," we shouted. "Try this on for size." Done. He glanced in the mirror. "Thanks, guys," he said. "I can take it from here." He turned to the fox on the runway. "You were wondering what I got? How about this?" he asked her. "It speaks for itself," she replied. "I think I'm falling in love," he said. "Really? Me too. Your change of clothes has given me a change of heart," she confessed. "No!" he said, a bit dense. "I meant my outfit. How did I ever get along without this jacket?" The camera's shutter was clicking, the film drive whirring. OK, we thought, this one's a wrap.

Overheard, left: "Slow down," she said, "the first photo is never the best." "But it shows us what we can look forward to." "You think?" "Sure," he said and leaned in to give her a feel of his wool three-piece suit by Vestimento ($1195). (Silk tie by Vestimento [$80], shirt by Boss Hugo Boss [$95].) Continued, right: "Wait. I need to know what your priorities are." "Comfort—my Calvin Klein khaki suit is stretch cotton, which gives it a slim fit. Ease—the jacket [$650] and pants [$315] can be worn separately. Style—add a shirt from Joop [about $145] and a tie from Vestimento [$80], and here I am." "Mmm," she agreed, "you got me prepped."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROGER NEVE

Clockwise from top left, the wallet with chain is by Donna Karan ($210). The Donna Karan shirt is canvas suede ($1125). Nikon made the aviator shades ($110). For $265 you can get a pair of moccasins from J.P. Tod's. The leather safari shoulder bag is by Donna Karan ($1295). Industria's knit pullover ($145) goes nicely with the chamois field jacket by Salvatore Ferragamo ($1500). The wraparounds are Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb ($99), the leather datebook is from Emporio Armani ($260) and the fountain pen is a Montblanc ($650). The chronograph is by Bulgari ($5300). Try the saddle-leather belt by Polo Jeans ($30) or the belt with gold buckle by Donna Karan ($140). The carry-on bag by Granello ($1050) is leather. And the calfskin keycase is by Donna Karan ($115).

Her, above: "Talk dirty to me." Him: "Seersucker." Her: "Ooh. You're so earth-toned." Him: "Hey, I'm trying to keep cool here. This three-button jacket [about $695] puts a spin on the predictable blue-and-white suit. You know who made the jacket and pants [about $185]?" "Who?" "Joop." "Grrr. I love it when you speak German. Tell me more." "This camp shirt [$125] by Gene Meyer with the collar worn outside the jacket lapel? It's a herring-bone." "Naughty boy." "These glasses [$198] are by Christian Roth for Optical Affairs." "Cute." "The leather belt is by Donna Karan." "Don't get too obscene." "I'm not—it's only $210." "Talk about coming on strong," she whispered. "Who, me?" he said. "No, this style—I think I'll see a lot of it."

There's nothing like fabric with an elegant low luster to set a girl's heort racing. Particularly when it's a single-breasted suit by Boss Hugo Boss ($895). "I think I like you more in this suit and tie [silk and linen, by Calvin Klein ($85)] than in your underwear," she confessed. "But maybe that iridescent shirt [by Gene Meyer ($135)] is getting to me. Perhaps I just need a second look." "Well, I like what I'm seeing through. Who's it by?" She paused: "Donna Karan, I believe." "Let me help you find the label," he said. "Ahem, love?" she said quickly. "That's not my label—that's my navel." He looked up dreamily. "Who cares?"

WOMAN'S STYLING BY ANTONIO BRANCO FOR TRILISE INC.
HAIR BY MATTHEW WILLIAMS FOR TRILISE INC.
MAKEUP BY GARETH GREEN FOR ZOLI ILLUSIONS

Military maneuvers, left: "Don't say it," he warned. "I love a man in uniform," she said on cue, giggling. "Really? This works?" he asked, pointing to his coated-cotton field jacket by Katharine Hamnett Denim ($775). (Note the bellows pockets.) "Oh yeah," she replied. "I want to make like a wild WAC on V-E Day. But first you better show me your papers." He reached past his tie by Vestimenta ($80) into the pocket of his matching shirt (Holland & Holland, $130). "I have only 50 minutes before I'm AWOL," he said. "You know how they get about long lunch breaks." "You packing heat under that jacket?" she asked. "Nah," he said. "Just my Nicole Farhi flat-front pants [$135]."

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

zero minus ten

(continued from page 66)

The Vanguard took the head and dipped it into the bowl, mixing the blood with the other ingredients.

fraternity in a union to overthrow Ching—to bring an end to the decadent Ching Dynasty and restore the rivers and mountains to Ming."

Next, the Incense Master placed the dishes of fruit and flowers and a cup of wine in front of the memorial tablet on the wall. He recited a similar poem, then poured the cup of wine onto the floor.

The recruits knelt before the Incense Master and rolled up their trouser legs. The left trouser leg was rolled three times outward to signify the resurgence of Ming, and the right was rolled three times inward to signify the disappearance of Ching. Then each removed his shoes and put a straw sandal on his left foot. The Incense Master said, "Straw sandals were originally of five strands. In a battle at Wu Lung River they were lost. Only one was saved and retrieved at Chung Chau."

He poured more wine into cups and emptied these onto the floor. "Wine is offered to the souls of our ancestors and to those who died for our cause. Our fraternal spirit will last forever. The heroes in heaven will protect us. We swear we will kill all traitors so that Hung brothers can enjoy happiness and peace."

At this point, two officials in black robes brought in three life-size paper figures, which were in a kneeling position. They were placed on the floor, and a label bearing one of the names of three historical Triad traitors was attached to each figure. An official known as the Sin Fung, or Vanguard, took a long sword from the Tau and approached the figures. He placed the five elemental flags around them and said, "A big flag is erected in the Lodge. All heroes come here to worship. When our troops move out onto the plain, this sword will first stab Ma Ning Yee." With that, he swiftly cut off the head of the first figure.

"When the sword is turned back, it is used to stab Chan Man Yiu." He then cut off the head of the second figure.

"On the third occasion, it stabs the bad emperor of Ching." He then cut off the head of the third figure and called out, "Brothers assembled here, will you give help when the need arises?"

Everyone in the room shouted "We will!" so loudly that it startled Bond.

At this point, the Incense Master took each item in the Tau and recited a short poem about it. Following this was a long question-and-answer session between the Incense Master and the Vanguard, to "prove" the identity and validity of the Vanguard and his role in the ceremony.

It was time for the initiation of the recruits. The Vanguard asked, "Which is harder, the sword or your neck?"

The recruits answered, "My neck." Bond deduced that this was an indication that even the threat of death would not cause them to reveal society secrets. Then the Vanguard began to read the 36 Oaths of the Society. As each oath was proclaimed, a new joss stick was snuffed out on the ground in front of the recruits, symbolizing that they would be similarly extinguished if they broke the oath.

"When Hung brothers visit my house, I shall provide them with board and lodging. I shall be killed by myriads of swords if I treat them as strangers.

"I will always acknowledge my Hung brothers when they identify themselves. If I ignore them I will be killed by myriads of swords.

"I shall never betray my sworn brothers. If, through a misunderstanding, I have caused the arrest of one of my brothers, I must release him immediately. If I break this oath I will be killed by five thunderbolts."

The oaths continued in this fashion, most dealing with honor, betrayal, loyalty and defending fellow members. Several of the oaths were promises not to commit adultery or harm the brothers' family members. Finally, the Vanguard reached the last two oaths.

"I must never reveal Hung secrets or signs when speaking to outsiders. If I do so, I will be killed by myriads of swords.

"After entering the Hung gates I shall be loyal and faithful and shall endeavor to overthrow Ching and restore Ming by coordinating my efforts with those of my sworn brethren, even though my brethren and I may not be in the same profession. Our common aim is to avenge our Five Ancestors."

The Vanguard called out, "Will you swear to obey the oath?"

"We swear to obey!" the recruits replied.

"Those who obey will be prosperous to the end. Those who do not will die as laid down in the oaths."

During this recitation, the large piece of yellow paper above the altar was set on fire. The ashes were placed in the large bowl, to which was added rice wine, sugar and cinnabar.

An official entered the room carrying a live chicken and a china bowl. He passed in front of each recruit, allowing them to touch the chicken's head and the bowl. The Vanguard, who was holding the long sword from the Tau, said, "The lotus flower signifies wealth and nobility. Loyally and faithfully we perpetuate the Hung family. The wicked and treacherous will be broken into pieces, in the same manner as this lotus flower." That said, the Vanguard tossed the china bowl into the air and deftly smashed it to pieces with the sword. The official handed the chicken to the Vanguard and helped him tie its legs together. They placed the chicken on a chopping block, and the bowl of ashes, wine, sugar and cinnabar on the floor, next to the block.

"The chicken's head sheds fresh blood. Here there is loyalty and righteousness. We will all live long lives."

With great show, the Vanguard cut off the chicken's head with one swift blow of the sword. There was an immense amount of blood, and the headless body jerked grotesquely, as if it were struggling to get away. The Vanguard took the head and dipped it into the bowl, mixing the blood with the other ingredients. The carcass was taken away, and the recruits held up their left hands, palms out. The Incense Master approached them, holding a needle and red thread.

He said, "The silver needle brings blood from the finger. Do not reveal our secrets to others. If any secrets are disclosed, blood will be shed from the five holes of your body."

The Incense Master pricked the middle finger of each recruit's left hand and added their blood to the bowl's mixture. Each recruit touched the mixture with the pricked finger, then placed the finger in his mouth to taste the substance. "It is sweet," they said, one by one. Next, the Incense Master poured the mixture into cups and handed one to each recruit.

"After drinking the Red Flower wine, you will live for 99 years."

Bond's stomach turned as the recruits drank from their cups.

The Incense Master formed a signal with his left hand, designating the recruits' rank in the society. The recruits stood and bowed to the Incense Master, to the Dragon Head, to the Vanguard and to one another.

The entire assembly stood and recited, "Old and new brothers gather here tonight. Loyalty and faithfulness will ensure us longevity. The wicked and the treacherous will perish like joss

(continued on page 168)

has the fbi found new ways to make the crime fit the punishment? an agent turns whistle-blower

BAD BLOOD AT THE FBI

article By Jeff Stein

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN

By the time TWA flight 800 exploded off the coast of Long Island this past summer, the travel office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation headquarters in Washington, D.C. had begun to look like a ticket counter at La Guardia Airport. A two-year wave of bombings and terrorist attacks had kept the FBI's explosives experts circling the globe, hopping from one pile of smoking rubble to the next. One day they were rummaging through the charred garage of Manhattan's World Trade Center, the next they were flying off to the Philippines to pick through clues left by a terrorist who plotted to blow up U.S.-owned airlines.

Then, in nearly staccato fashion, came the monstrous blast in Oklahoma City, the 1996 car-bombing attack on a U.S. Army base in Saudi Arabia, the torching of churches in the South, the bombing of abortion clinics and a ragtag onslaught of domestic militias that seemed to compete with one another to attack federal installations. When an unattended bag exploded in Atlanta's Centennial Park during the Olympic Games, it indeed seemed that America was "under attack," as FBI Director Louis Freeh had put it.

Another kind of bomb, though, was ticking away beneath Freeh's office on Pennsylvania Avenue: Supervisory Special Agent Frederic Whitehurst, once the FBI's top bomb expert, had raised charges that agents in the bureau's vaunted crime lab routinely slanted evidence and even committed perjury in the pursuit of various cases. If Whitehurst's claims were true—and there were those who believed that they *(continued on page 138)*

PAL Joey

Sixties sex kitten, television tigress, Las Vegas headliner—when you're Joey Heatherton, the music never stops. Davenie Johanna Heatherton grew up with her name in lights. As a teen she was a sassy, gum-chewing star on Broadway and in Hollywood, and she hasn't slowed down since. Stop having fun? As Joey herself would say, fahgeddaboutit. Flash back a few moons

ms. heatherton is a perfect example of why dancing is the best revenge

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

to Vegas in its heyday: sexy, a little sinful, with no flume rides. Frank's at the Sands, Dino's at the Riviera, Joey's headlining at Caesars. "The place was jumping. Electric. We'd do our shows, give our all to knock out an audience, then get together after," she says. Dinner was at midnight. Joey was the brassiest dame at Sinatra's table, the one crooning and clowning as Frank, Dino and Sammy cheered. "I never laughed harder. Every night was new. I met great artists, great writers and great thieves." In a "dangerously exciting" life she worked and played with Richard Burton, Perry Como, Bob Fosse and other masters. As a favorite guest on Dean Martin's TV show she often sang in bed. "It worked so well they wanted me to do it every time. I'd be out there singing when a bed would roll up behind me. I don't mind being a sexpot, but please!" When Joey laughs she sounds like the Long Island girl she was not long ago. Today, still high-kicking,

she splits her time between New York and Los Angeles. "This is my legacy," says Joey of her first PLAYBOY appearance. "I wanted to look pretty—for the men in my life and for me." She was as bold as usual the day she auditioned for this starring role. "I was nervous, of course, going to see a PLAYBOY photographer. But I walked up to Steve Wayda and pulled up my shirt: *Ta-daa*!" The rest is this story: Joey in "a new kind of performance." That very day she went with Wayda into what Joey calls "the magic room," a private space at Playboy Studio West. She insisted on bringing her own music. Sinatra, of course. The tune was *For Once in My Life*. And Joey gave her all, as she does for every performance—this time for fans, friends and "my men," a select group of swains who keep her datebook full. Who are they? She's not naming names,

only occupations. "Writers, actors and dangerous men," says Joey with a sly smile. "I hope they like seeing this, because I want to make my men proud of me." After half a lifetime in the spotlight, what's a girl to do for an encore? Joey is finishing an autobiography. There may soon be a movie. She has a CD in the works. The best news of all may be plans for a new stage show, for if you want the Joey Heatherton experience, her full Joey de vivre, you have to see her in person. "I always try to knock 'em out, every time out," Joey says. Hers is the old-fashioned kick-out-all-the-stops-and-leave-them-gasping-for-more sort of talent. See for yourself.

 (continued from page 129)

"Who's going to police us if we don't police ourselves?" Whitehurst would routinely ask.

were—the verdicts in thousands of cases, spanning a decade, could possibly be at stake.

In the wake of his allegations, Whitehurst, a mustachioed Vietnam veteran with a Ph.D. in chemistry from Duke University, had been reassigned to a trainee slot in the bureau's paint analysis division in May 1994. It was clear to Whitehurst that he'd been demoted as a result of his criticism of the FBI's internal affairs. This was nothing new to him. For years he'd been dismissed as too much of a perfectionist—even a crank—by many of his FBI colleagues.

Then again, his performance reviews had been consistently outstanding. In fact, one report, written on the eve of the Oklahoma City bombing in April 1995, described his explosives analysis as "rivaled by no one else in the laboratory."

Still, Whitehurst had stayed put when other agents rushed to the wreckage of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City. He wasn't even permitted to work on the case. Instead, he was assigned to analyze paint and hazardous materials. When he criticized lab procedures there, he was transferred to the lab that evaluates bomb-removal robots.

"Fred, you can't work on high-profile incidents," a colleague once joked. "You *are* a high-profile incident."

Whitehurst had earned his reputation. Late at night, tapping away on a laptop in his suburban Maryland home, he had churned out stacks of numbingly detailed and often emotional complaints—to his bosses, to FBI lawyers, to congressmen and to officials at the Justice Department—more than 100 memos in all. Although Whitehurst's grievances addressed a variety of cases, employees and procedures, they all had the same subtext: Something was seriously wrong in the laboratories of the FBI building.

In the aftermath of the World Trade Center bombing, Whitehurst leveled his most serious charge: A senior lab official, he claimed in an internal memo, had fabricated evidence in pursuit of the case. So meticulous was Whitehurst's paper trail that when O.J. Simpson criminal trial attorney Johnnie Cochran learned of it, he enlisted Whitehurst as the defense's "mystery witness," the agent who would supposedly destroy the FBI's blood analysis of the prosecution's evidence.

Judge Lance Ito, however, ruled that Whitehurst had no "direct or specific knowledge relating to" the FBI's testimony and kept him from the stand. Whitehurst's moment seemed over. He returned to the lab and his dead-end job. But a funny thing happened on the way to Whitehurst's oblivion: An outside panel, assembled by Attorney General Janet Reno, began to examine Whitehurst's charges more closely. And slowly, people began wondering if the scientist had something to say after all.

•

When Fred Whitehurst joined the FBI in 1982 he took its motto seriously.

"Fidelity, bravery, integrity" carried a lot of weight with the ex–Army sergeant, a torpedo-like man with intense black eyes. During three combat tours in Vietnam, virtues such as "fighting for freedom" evaporated with every burning hamlet. From the Gulf of Tonkin to Watergate, Whitehurst believed, all the big crises of his generation had begun with little lies.

So when the circulars appeared with regularity from the directors of the FBI ("report all instances of waste, fraud and abuse"), Whitehurst, then a rookie agent with the bureau, followed them to the letter. He refused to tolerate even casual cheating—agents' phony time cards, inflated expense reports, the personal use of bureau cars.

He also stopped tolerating office humor about blacks and women. "Who's going to police us if we don't police ourselves?" Whitehurst would routinely ask colleagues.

Naturally, most agents didn't understand Whitehurst's fastidiousness. Many thought he was a jerk. But Whitehurst hoped—indeed, he expected—that things would be different in 1986, when he was promoted to the crime lab. Assigned to a unit that analyzed bomb-blast residues, Whitehurst looked forward to being able to concentrate on pure science.

That wasn't to be. Whitehurst found himself apprenticed to Terry Rudolph, a lab agent he considered dangerously sloppy. Hazardous chemicals were left out in the open, and work areas were contaminated, he charged in an internal memo. In fact, he said, a piece of missing evidence had turned up one day in a trash can. And to add to the confusion, agent Rudolph's case notes and data were chaotic and downright incomprehensible.

Whitehurst speculated that Rudolph's documentation was untidy for a reason. According to another Whitehurst memo, Rudolph supposedly once told him, "The more cryptic the [lab] notes, the less chance the defense counsel has to question the results." According to a statement Whitehurst later gave to FBI investigators, Rudolph also commented that "all the examiners in the FBI laboratory perjured themselves and he himself had."

The way Whitehurst went after Rudolph—relentlessly—would set a pattern of conflict that would continue through numerous cases over the next ten years.

His first concentrated assault concerned the 1989 trial in San Francisco of Steve Psinakis, a man charged with participating in a terrorist plot against Philippine president Ferdinand Marcos in 1981. At first blush, the FBI seemed to have a strong case against Psinakis, based partly on detonation cord that agents said they found in Psinakis' trash, and partly on tools agents had found in his house.

But that wasn't good enough for Whitehurst, who concluded that agent Rudolph had contaminated the evidence and poorly documented his case data. Whitehurst outlined his charges to supervisors; then, convinced that the warning was falling on deaf ears, he flew to San Francisco to present his opinions directly to Psinakis' attorneys. As a result, Psinakis was acquitted.

Whitehurst felt vindicated. The federal prosecutor in the case, Charles Burch, blasted Rudolph's "fundamentally unsound procedure" in a letter to William Sessions, who was then director of the FBI. "I believe," said the letter, "that sufficiently serious questions were raised in this prosecution about the FBI laboratory's procedures."

Whitehurst's superiors were not pleased—and he was censured, fined a week's pay and placed on probation for six months for having gone outside of proper channels. Nevertheless, the mercurial agent's career resumed, promotions came regularly and his job performance reviews were glowing. In fact, one internal report filed after the World Trade Center bombing praised Whitehurst's "exceptional dedication, perseverance and analytical abilities."

"No other matter than the World Trade Center investigation," said the report, "offers a better example of Whitehurst's exceptional ability to get the job done under the most extreme, stressful, high-visibility circumstances."

Despite such praise, the agent could not get Rudolph out of his teeth. He wanted every case that Rudolph had

(continued on page 170)

"You see why it's called head? Because you're on your way to becoming a headliner!"

2 0 Q U E S T I O N S

VANESSA WILLIAMS

When Vanessa Williams won the Miss America title in 1983, the nation expected her to glide through the following year on parade floats, Bob Hope specials and her best behavior. But she was forced to resign ten months later amid a scandal involving nude photos that had been taken when she worked as a photographer's assistant.

Rather than fade away, Williams, now 34, has engineered a remarkable career as a gifted singer, dancer and actress—which is what she intended to do in the first place. Raised in Millwood, New York by parents who taught music, she trained for several years on piano, French horn and mellophone while studying acting, voice and dance. She took classes in musical theater for two years at Syracuse University before entering a local beauty pageant at the urging of talent scouts. That led to her coronation as the first black Miss America four months later.

Her recording career has produced three albums—"The Right Stuff," "The Comfort Zone" and "The Sweetest Days"—with combined sales of 4 million copies, as well as nine Grammy nominations. Her fourth album will be released next month. On Broadway, she was a showstopper in "Kiss of the Spider Woman." Williams landed her first major film role last year, as a corporate whistle-blower who is protected by a federal agent, played by Arnold Schwarzenegger, in "Eraser." Since then, she has completed roles in two films that will open this year: as a gangster's girlfriend in "Hoodlum" with Laurence Fishburne, Andy Garcia and Tim Roth; and in the family drama "Soul Food."

this drop-dead beauty explains the appeal of cigars, the thrill of handguns and which grammatical errors drive her crazy

Writer Richard Lalich managed to catch up with Williams on the set of "Soul Food." He reports: "In addition to Vanessa's many other talents, she does a startlingly accurate impression of Schwarzenegger."

1.

PLAYBOY: Schwarzenegger has said that he was impressed with your acting because your part in *Eraser* was originally written for a white woman. Because there are so few good parts written with black women in mind, did his comment touch a nerve?
WILLIAMS: No, I was there when he said it, and Arnold was just being honest, the way Arnold is. I was happy that the two other actresses they were considering are white. I thought it was great that I got a chance to do the role successfully, especially when I found out that the script was co-written by a black person. So I certainly am not offended by what Arnold said. It's fantastic, the amount of work that's been happening for black actresses. Also, being only a damsel in distress, or playing the whore, or the maid—those days are gone. People—and it's more than just black people—are coming to see black stars. And it's just going to get better.

2.

PLAYBOY: When you arrived at the *Eraser* premiere, you were smoking a cigar. Was it a gift from Schwarzenegger?
WILLIAMS: No, I requested it from my agent, as homage to Arnold. He was surprised, very happy. By the time I got to where he was, it had gone out, so he said, "Ah, vat are you doing, smoking a cigar that's not even lit? Give me that." He lit it and gave it back to me. That was one of those great nights. I felt like I was on fire. I have a big movie with Arnold, and, sure, there'll be other premieres, but they'll never be as big as the first one. I felt great.

3.

PLAYBOY: Did the cigar have anything to do with that feeling?
WILLIAMS: I think so. You feel tremendous power when you're holding a cigar, smoking it and enjoying it. It's one thing to be trendy and do something because you want people to think, Oh, she's cool. But it's something else when you can really enjoy the taste of a cigar and notice the different tastes of various cigars, when you find a taste you really like and look forward to it. My favorites are Monte Cristo Torpedoes Number Two. I got a box of those from somebody who had seen me smoking at the premiere. They're smooth, they have a lot of body, they give you a little buzz and they're great after a meal. My girlfriends and I smoke once a month when I'm home. We have dinner, and we have cigars after dinner, have some great after-dinner drinks and just talk. Now we know what all the guys were doing and enjoying for so long.

4.

PLAYBOY: The term blue-eyed soul is often a pejorative. You have fabulous blue-green eyes. Are you responsible for giving blue-eyed soul a good name?
WILLIAMS: I don't think I'm real soulful. I'm more of a storyteller. I don't have a gospel background, so when I express myself and share my heart, it's more in telling a story. I think that's been my appeal. If that's what people perceive as soul, hey, that's great.

5.

PLAYBOY: You played French horn and piano in your high school orchestra. Is there an instrument that is the musical equivalent of right field, where the tone deaf are hidden?
WILLIAMS: [*Laughs*] Percussion. Triangle. There are always a few guys back in the corner—you never know quite what they're doing. I was in the back, in the brass section, with mostly guys. We would tell jokes and try to disturb what was going on with the orchestra.

6.

PLAYBOY: Would Arnold make a good bodyguard in real life?
WILLIAMS: Absolutely. His body is as solid as a rock. And he's always very aware.

7.

PLAYBOY: Imagine that when you check your voice mail you've received calls from Bill Clinton, the Pope, Spike Lee, Michael Eisner and Oprah Winfrey. Whose call do you return first? Is there anyone whose call you wouldn't return?
WILLIAMS: I'd return the Pope's call first. I'm Catholic. I would call Oprah next, because she's a friend of mine, and I'd be curious to hear what she wanted. I'd call Bill Clinton next, since I don't know him as well as I know Oprah. [*Laughs*] Then I'd need time to settle my nerves, because that would certainly get me frazzled. Spike was at my wedding, so I'd call him next, and I'd hope we would talk about a new project. I've never met Michael Eisner, but I'm sure it would be something Disney-related. The only time I've worked with Disney was on *Pocahontas*.

Someone whose call I would never return? For a while it was Joan Rivers, because she had it in for me. I don't know what her vendetta was, but she had it going for a good ten years. Obviously, the last person would be Bob Guccione. He's lower than Rivers is.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB FRAME

8.

PLAYBOY: Critics have sometimes confused you with the other actress named Vanessa Williams, who has had roles in *New Jack City* and on *Melrose Place*. Is this the equivalent of having an evil twin who is out there getting you reviews for work you haven't done?
WILLIAMS: I've never met her, though I have known about her since high school, when we both got accepted to NYU. When I called to see if I had been accepted, the admissions office said, "Which Vanessa Williams are you?" I said, "Vanessa L. Williams." They said they had a Vanessa Williams from Brooklyn. I was from Westchester. So I knew there was somebody of the same age, who was an actress. And then when I did a Macy's parade as Miss America in 1983, she got my check—but she returned it. Is it like having an evil twin? Well, she made a catty remark in her bio when she was on Broadway in *Sarafina!* It was basically, "I'm not the beauty queen. I'm the real, legitimate actress on Broadway." My mom went to see it and was not pleased. I said, "Mom, it's just a matter of time before I'm on Broadway."

9.

PLAYBOY: You practiced shooting a gun for *Eraser* and said that you found it thrilling. What was the appeal?
WILLIAMS: The power of the kick, plus squeezing off a round and hearing it fire, and hitting a target and being good at it. As I finished the first take, I had to squeeze off three rounds and jump out of the way, and the guy said, "You look kind of good doing that. I see a career in action-adventure movies for you." It was tremendously empowering, which is kind of scary. Now I know why people love having guns, because you feel like you're the mack, the king, the ruler of your destiny.

10.

PLAYBOY: If it were legal, would you carry a handgun?
WILLIAMS: No, never. I know people who have guns in their houses, and I think it's ridiculous. These people have kids. The kids are going to find the guns. If someone's going to break in, he is going to break in. There's a phone—call 911. You can get out of the house. Having a gun in the home is a mistake; it's a time bomb waiting to explode. You can keep it unloaded, but what's the point of that if something happens?

11.

PLAYBOY: With the Miss America title, you received a $25,000 scholarship. How did you use the money?
WILLIAMS: I was going to buy a condo in New York. That was after I had resigned and was moving into the city. It was on the West Side, and I got turned down by the board. After they rejected me, I think I used the money for lawyers' fees and some other stuff. The board thought I wouldn't have a future, that I wouldn't be able to pay for the condo, and they probably didn't want the press hanging out at the building. Every time I drive by it, I say, "That's the building they wouldn't let me into in 1984." It's on 64th, right across from Lincoln Center, between Broadway and Amsterdam.

12.

PLAYBOY: If you had used the money to further your education, what would you have studied?
WILLIAMS: More English literature. I read a lot. I definitely coasted through high school and college, because I was experiencing so many other things. That's what you do when you're a teenager. I would have loved to take French. I took Latin for three years, and I took Spanish for two. I'd love to study Italian and political science.

13.

PLAYBOY: People use hyphens when they describe someone's versatility. You are a singer-dancer-actress–former Miss America. What hyphenate will never appear along with your name?
WILLIAMS: There's one title I'd like to get rid of: "former Miss America." That beauty stigma negates talent and intellect, especially in this business, where you're trying to get legitimate roles and be known for your talent. They'll never say "politician" after my name. I have no desire to run for anything. But I'm interested in politics, and I'm passionate about certain issues that affect my life. For instance, my grandmother used to run a Head Start program. She lived in the projects in Buffalo. So when I hear people say, "Poor people want to stay poor. They don't want to work and they don't want to get themselves out of their situation," I know that's bullshit. My grandmother had a master's degree, lived in the projects because she chose to, taught inner-city kids and gave them a head start. She was loved by the community because she stayed there and she gave back to it. And she raised great kids. My mom is a teacher with a master's. When something strikes a chord, I want to move into action. That includes anything to do with children, or day care situations, or abuse. Why do we give child molesters preferential treatment in prison so they don't get their asses kicked? Throw them in with the big boys and let them see how it hurts!

14.

PLAYBOY: Considering your experience, should there be a statute of limitations on the things people do when they're under the age of 21?
WILLIAMS: [*Laughs*] Oh, wouldn't that be lovely. That's a dreamworld. That would be nice, but those are also the things that give you character.

15.

PLAYBOY: You've said that James Caan confessed to fulfilling his fantasy of "backhanding a Miss America" during the filming of a scene in *Eraser*. What fantasy of yours remains unrealized? And does it involve James Caan?
WILLIAMS: No, it does not involve James Caan, in any manner. I've done almost everything I've wanted to do. I sang at the Academy Awards, I sang the national anthem at the Super Bowl, I'm starring in films. I just rode in a national horse show in Madison Square Garden. I've always wanted a horse, and I've always loved riding. That was one of those great situations that just came up and was kind of a dream come true. In terms of fantasies, I'd like to do a Western. Acting and riding a horse. Maybe I'd do a dance number in a saloon and sing a song. It doesn't have to be a Western, but it would be great if it were shot in Spain or Morocco, with an exotic spin on it. My character's name could be Salonge, which is provocative and mysterious and alluring. It's got bite to it. *Salonge Rides Again*.

16.

PLAYBOY: Your friends describe you as an incredible cook. What does a man have to do to be worthy of your talents?
WILLIAMS: He has to be a good friend. I love a sense of humor. So someone who can make me laugh has me immediately. I'm definitely a pushover for somebody who's funny.

17.

PLAYBOY: If your children didn't like someone you were thinking of dating, would he be automatically disqualified?
WILLIAMS: It would be a consideration. Kids are perceptive, and if there's something they don't like in a person, then I should pick up on the same cue. So I'd probably blow him off.

18.

PLAYBOY: Which malapropisms drive you nuts?
WILLIAMS: Someone will say, "There's an Irish settler." No, the dog is an Irish setter. I know one person who puts "to" in front of every verb. Like, "I'll have Isaac to drive you to the airport." No, just have Isaac drive me to the airport, OK? My parents were always on us

"There's nothing in the script about a headache!"

about speaking correctly; if it's something you grow up with, you just assume that everyone had the same experience. Which is also interesting, because when you're black and you speak correctly, it's almost like, "Oh, you think you're white," or you're a sellout. What does that have to do with anything? I was blessed with parents who made sure I spoke right, so I could be in any situation and be considered intelligent, which helps you achieve more in life. But grammatical errors, man, they bug me. Double negatives—"ain't nobody gonna," "can't do no"—I can't even do them.

19.

PLAYBOY: To create the right mood, you recorded your *Sweetest Days* album in a room lit by Lava lamps. Please explain their appeal.

WILLIAMS: I like them because they're sensual. They make you focus on something that's ever-changing, something that's kind of cosmic and cool. It's also great to see two different forces, the color and the water, flowing through the light and dark.

20.

PLAYBOY: Give those of us who are not multitalented some consolation: Name one discipline in which you are below average.

WILLIAMS: Accounting. I cannot stand numbers.

"As a matter of fact, I do mind paying more taxes, whether the burden is distributed fairly or not."

THE Jazz AGE

(continued from page 114)

life of the sexes. We may sum up the quintessence of the sexual revolution by saying that the center of gravity has shifted from procreation to recreation." Schmalhausen extolled the virtue of playful sex: "Sexual love as happy recreation is the clean new ideal of a younger generation sick of duplicity and moral sham and marital insincerity and general erotic emptiness. Sex as recreation is the most exquisite conception of lovers who have learned to look with frank delighted eyes upon the wonder in their own stirred bodies."

Down boy.

In 1929 James Thurber and E.B. White would look at the literature and ask, rhetorically, *Is Sex Necessary?*:

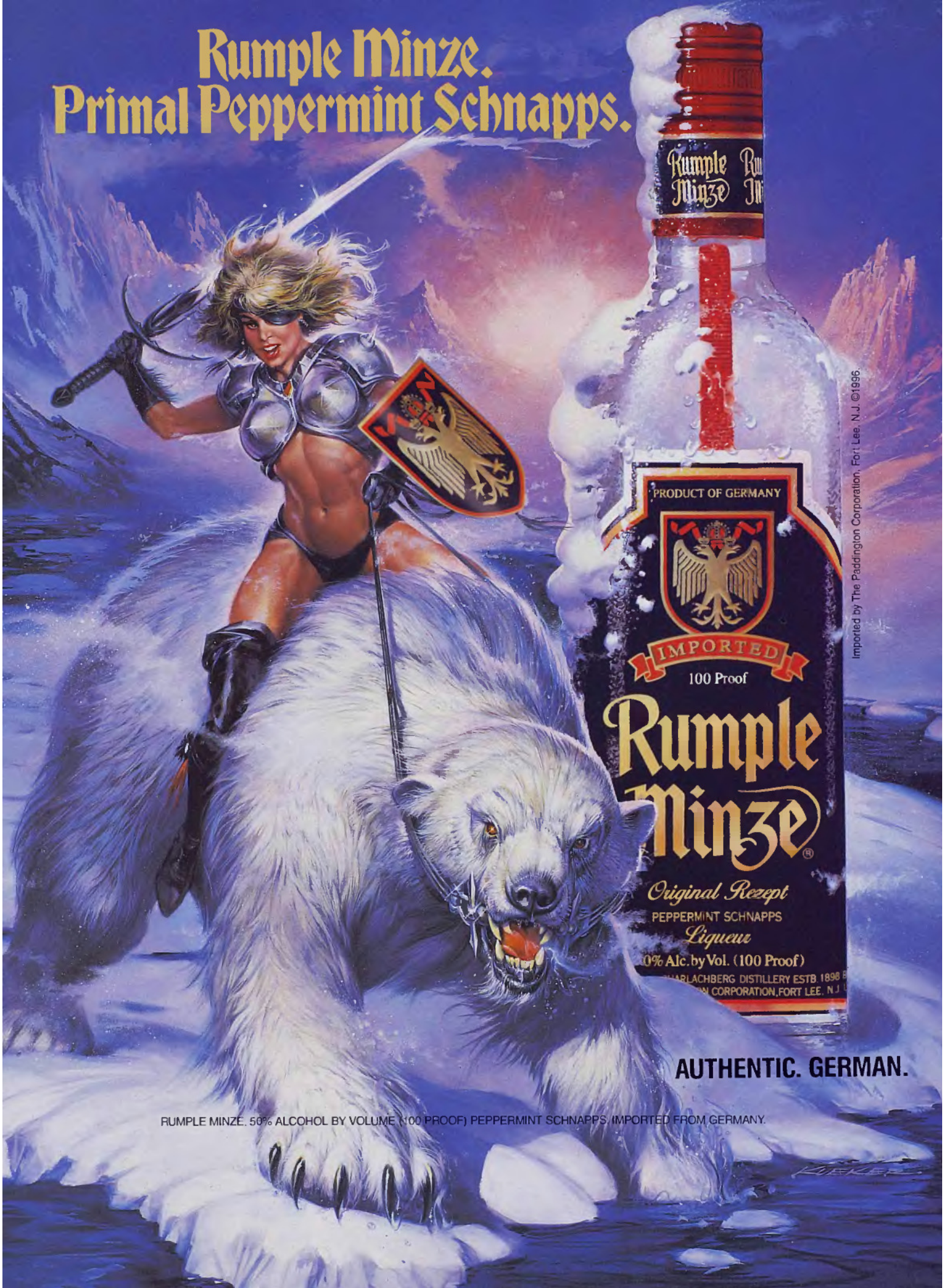
> During the past year, two factors in our civilization have been greatly overemphasized. One is aviation, the other is sex. Looked at calmly, neither diversion is entitled to the space it has been accorded. Each has been deliberately promoted. In the case of aviation, persons interested in the sport saw that the problem was to simplify it and make it seem safer. With sex, the opposite was true. Everybody was fitted for it, but there was a lack of general interest. The problem in this case was to make sex seem more complex and dangerous. This task was taken up by sociologists, analysts, gynecologists, psychologists and authors; they approached it with a good deal of scientific knowledge and an immense zeal. They joined forces and made the whole matter of sex complicated beyond the wildest dreams of our fathers. The country became flooded with books. Sex, which had hitherto been a physical expression, became largely mental. The whole order of things changed. To prepare for marriage, young girls no longer assembled a hope chest—they read books on abnormal psychology. If they finally did marry they found themselves with a large number of sex books on hand, but almost no pretty underwear.

THE LOST GENERATION

The generation that came of age in the decade after World War One was the first of the moderns. Born and raised in the era of mass culture, with movies, magazines and advertising—new ideas could reach millions overnight—they had little or no sense of the values that had shaped America. Theirs was the first generation, the first peer group since the founding fathers, that had to come up with its own rules.

Writing in 1931, Frederick Lewis Allen explained the transformation:

Rumple Minze.
Primal Peppermint Schnapps.



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AUTHENTIC. GERMAN.

RUMPLE MINZE. 50% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (100 PROOF) PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS. IMPORTED FROM GERMANY.

The NATURE Of MAN

During the Twenties, America debated the nature of man and woman—in drugstores, speakeasies, classrooms and courtrooms.

Were we descended from apes, as Charles Darwin maintained? Did the animal instinct—lust—govern all aspects of our life, as Sigmund Freud suggested? Science challenged the fundamentalist vision of a higher order.

Wasn't man created by God, in God's image? To teach that he was descended from apes was nothing short of blasphemy. In 1925 Tennessee passed a law forbidding the teaching of evolution in public schools.

The newly emergent American Civil Liberties Union decided to test this statute. John Scopes, a high school science teacher in Dayton, Tennessee, volunteered. He read from *Civic Biology*, a textbook approved by the state board of education: "We have now learned that animal forms may be arranged so as to begin with the simple one-celled forms and culminate with a group which includes man himself." Scopes was arrested.

Clarence Darrow, one of the nation's leading defense lawyers (he had earned the title the Great Defender for his work on the trial of thrill killers Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb), represented the schoolteacher; William Jennings Bryan, thrice a candidate for president and a popular speaker at revival meetings, was the chosen champion of fundamentalists. The two had debated the issue of evolution in the *Chicago Tribune*. Now they rolled up their shirtsleeves and went for the kill.

The small town of Dayton found itself host to a media circus. Fundamentalists of every denomination arrived to hand out pamphlets on the courthouse lawn: *Evolution a Menace, Hell and the High Schools, God or Gorilla*. Sideshow barkers displayed apes in cages on Main Street. Holy rollers spoke in tongues on the fringe of the crowds; men claiming to represent armies of true believers held forth on the dangers of education. The police kept atheists under surveillance for their own protection.

The trial was indicative of the crisis facing America. For years church and state had rejected the animal nature of man; laws equated desire with sin and bestial behavior. If we embraced Darwin, we would have to embrace our sexual nature.

The great orator William Jennings Bryan ponders his ancestors in a political cartoon from the Twenties.

Bryan rose to argue incredulously that man was not a mammal, that evolution would destroy morality and promote infidelity (both in the heretical and sexual sense, though he seemed more concerned with the latter). H.L. Mencken, covering the trial for *The Baltimore Evening Sun*, described Bryan as a "tinpot pope in the Coca-Cola belt" who ranted that "learning is dangerous, that nothing is true that is not in the Bible, that a yokel who goes to church regularly knows more than any scientist ever heard of."

Darrow demolished Bryan in a cross-examination that was held in the sweltering heat on the courthouse lawn. It was a Pyrrhic victory: Scopes was found guilty and fined $100. The law remained on the books in Tennessee until 1967. But for once the media circus served the forces of logic and reason: America paused and considered the consequences of handing the nation over to fundamentalists.

At the same time, society pondered Freud's message that civilization, in seeking to control man's sexual instinct, had created an enveloping web of repression.

If culture had destroyed the natural, was it still possible to find a primitive culture, a Garden of Eden, where we could glimpse sexual paradise?

By 1929 two works attempted to answer these questions. Bronislaw Malinowski returned from the Trobriand Islands to give us *The Sexual Life of Savages*, and Margaret Mead wrote *Coming of Age in Samoa*.

Their messages were simple: Primitive cultures were permissive—and because they were permissive, the people were free of neuroses.

Mead described a culture in which children grew up completely at ease with both nakedness and the details of sex. They masturbated (sometimes in groups) and experimented with members of their own sex without penalty.

Mead summarized the difference between the cultures: "Our children are faced with half a dozen standards of morality: a double sex standard for men and women, a single standard for men and women, and groups which advocate that the single standard should be freedom while others argue that the single standard should be absolute monogamy. Trial marriage, companionate marriage, contract marriage—all these possible solutions of a social impasse are paraded before growing children while the actual conditions in their own communities and the moving pictures and magazines inform them of mass violations of every code, violations which march under no banners of social reform."

In contrast, she wrote, "The Samoan child faces no such dilemma. Sex is a natural, pleasurable thing. . . . From the Samoans' complete knowledge of sex, its possibilities and its rewards, they are able to count it at its true value. And if they have no preference for reserving sex activity for important relationships, neither do they regard relationships as important because they are productive of sex satisfaction. The Samoan girl who shrugs her shoulder over the excellent technique of some young lothario is nearer to the recognition of sex as an impersonal force without any intrinsic validity than is the sheltered American girl who falls in love with the first man who kisses her. From their familiarity with the reverberations which accompany sex excitement comes this recognition of the essential impersonality of sex attraction which we may well envy them." We still do.

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An upheaval in values was taking place. Modesty, reticence and chivalry were going out of style; women no longer wanted to be ladylike or could appeal to their daughters to be wholesome; it was not too widely suspected that the old-fashioned lady had been a sham and that the wholesome girl was merely inhibiting a nasty mind and would come to no good end. Victorian and puritan were becoming terms of opprobrium: Up-to-date people thought of Victorians as old ladies with bustles and inhibitions and of puritans as bluenosed, ranting spoilsports. It was better to be modern. Everybody wanted to be modern—and sophisticated, and smart, to smash the conventions and to be devastatingly frank. And with a cocktail glass in one's hand it was easy at least to be frank.

Writers in Greenwich Village supplied the credo for the new generation. According to the critic Malcolm Cowley, self-expression was all. In *Exile's Return* he spelled out the new values. Each man should "realize his full individuality through creative work and beautiful living in beautiful surroundings." The Greenwich Village man and woman were pagans who believed that "the body is a temple in which there is nothing unclean, a shrine to be adorned for the ritual of love." Above all else was the idea of living for the moment. "Better to seize the moment as it comes, to dwell in it intensely, even at the cost of future suffering."

Villagers and their kindred spirits across America believed in "the idea of liberty—every law, convention or rule of art that prevents self-expression or the full enjoyment of the moment should be shattered and abolished."

Edmund Wilson would describe meeting and falling in love with poet Edna St. Vincent Millay—she would go to his apartment to take hot baths (perfectly understandable in an era of cold-water flats). Millay was a disciple of sex. One of her poems describes her years in the Village simply: "Lust was there/and nights not spent alone." She became the apex of a ménage à trois—Wilson writes obliquely of an evening spent on the daybed. Millay told John Peale Bishop to attend to her upper half, Wilson to the lower half, then wondered aloud who had the better share.

Millay was a modern Sappho, famous for having had 18 affairs within years of moving to the Village. Her friends read a great deal into another Millay poem:

> My candle burns at both ends;
> It will not last the night;
> But ah, my foes, and oh, my
> friends—,
> It gives a lovely light!

Allen saw the limits of the revolutionary zeal. The youth of the Jazz Age "believed in a greater degree of sex freedom than had been permitted by the strict American code; and as for discussion of sex, not only did they believe it should be free but some of them appeared to believe it should be continuous. They read about sex, talked about sex, thought about sex and defied anybody to say no."

To a large part, the values of the Lost Generation were shaped by the great American fiasco, Prohibition.

PROHIBITION

On January 16, 1920 the country went dry. John F. Kramer, the first Prohibition Commissioner, described the Volstead Act: "This law will be obeyed in cities, large and small; and where it is not obeyed, it will be enforced. The law says that liquor to be used as a beverage must not be manufactured. We shall see that it is not manufactured. Nor sold, nor given away, nor hauled in anything on the surface of the earth or under the earth or in the air."

Prohibition was the noble experiment. Since its origins following the Civil War, the dry crusade had sought to mandate "clear thinking and clean living" by legislation. The movement subsequently exploited the war effort in World War One. The military had embraced prohibition. (The country's survival depended on straight-thinking soldiers and sober workers back home.) Now the whole country would. The Anti-Saloon League and the Women's Christian Temperance Union waltzed the 18th Amendment through the Senate and House and through the necessary state legislatures with surprising ease. (A few observers noted that the Amendment passed while some 3 million men were out of the country, having fought a war to make the world safe for democracy.) President Woodrow Wilson vetoed the insanity, but Congress overrode the veto with more than enough votes.

Prohibition was unenforceable. A handful of agents set about policing the drinking habits of millions. The great experiment created almost immediately a generation of lawlessness. The Jazz Age, with its speakeasies and hip flasks, bathtub gin and home stills, was nothing short of a counterculture.

Gangsters were local heroes. Small-time hoodlums who had previously trafficked in prostitution, extortion and gambling became big-time mobsters. Prohibition marked the ascension of organized crime in America. Where the original robber barons made their fortunes by controlling a single resource such as coal or steel, the new elite controlled alcohol. Lucrative? A Chicago gangster went into business with a formerly legit brewer and raked in more than $50 million in the first four years of Prohibition. Just like the robber barons, gangsters built mansions and bought governments. At the height of his power Al Capone made $105 million a year. His lifestyle was somewhat more ostentatious than that of a Boston blue-blood. Greed begat gun battles. Newspapers covered gangland politics in more detail than

"It's a penis, lady . . . it's supposed to get hard."

TIME CAPSULE

RAW DATA FROM THE TWENTIES

FIRST APPEARANCES

Trojan condoms. The tommy gun. Legal abortion (in the U.S.S.R.). American Civil Liberties Union. Plastic surgery. Rorschach inkblot test. Miss America. Rubber diaphragms. Maidenform bras. The Charleston. Art deco. Penicillin. Motels. The electric jukebox. Ford's Model A. Academy Awards. Nudist colonies. Wheaties. Kleenex. The gas chamber. Miniature golf. Talkies. Broadcast radio. *Reader's Digest*. *Time*. *The New Yorker*. Mickey Mouse. Bubblegum.

PROHIBITION

Number of people who die in one year from bad booze: 1565. Number of people arrested per year for violating the Volstead Act: 75,000. Name of popular cocktail: between the sheets.

Number of alcohol stills seized in 1921: 96,000. In 1925: 173,000. Cost of a portable still: $6. Average amount of beer prescribed in 1926 by doctors for a variety of ailments: 2.5 gallons. Amount of whiskey that could be medically prescribed, according to the Supreme Court: one pint every ten days.

Number of speakeasies in Chicago controlled by Al Capone in 1929: 10,000.

THERE SHE IS

Number of entrants in the first Miss America contest, in 1921: 8. Number of entrants in 1924: 83. Number of contestants in 1924 who were blonde: 7. Most telling review: "These contests lack the wholesomeness of almost any kind of athletic contest, as victory is given for something which has no relation to achievement or skill."

MOVIE MADNESS

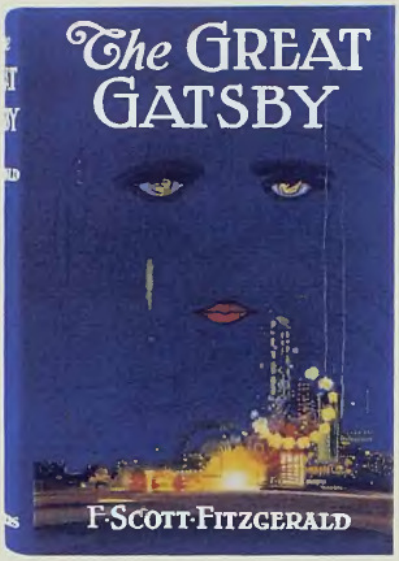
Weekly movie attendance in 1920: 35 million. In 1930: 90 million. For every $10 spent on movies, the amount spent on cosmetics: $7. Amount spent on the Protestant church: nine cents.

BIRTH CONTROL

Number of condoms produced in one year by Youngs Rubber Corp.: 20 million. Number of the 2200 women in a Bureau of Social Hygiene study who approved of birth control: 734. Number who used birth control: 730.

BY THE NUMBERS

Percentage of women who have sexual intercourse before marriage: 7. Percentage of wives who have sex once or twice a week: 40. Percentage who believe a man is justified in having sex with a woman other than his wife: 24. Percentage who think a woman is justified in sleeping with a man other than her husband: 21.



Number of divorces per 100 marriages in 1920: 13.4. In 1928: 16.5.

SEX AND THE LAW

Number of alleged Mann Act violations investigated by the FBI between June 30, 1922 and June 30, 1937: 50,500. Number of written complaints received by the bureau in 1921: 9949. Number of convictions from 1920 to 1928: 3756.

Of the 515 persons convicted in 1924, percentage involved in prostitution: 10. In seduction or false promise of marriage: 7. In interstate adultery or fornication: 70.

MONEY MATTERS

Gross national product in 1920: $91.5 billion. Gross national product in 1929: $103.9 billion.

Total amount spent on advertising in 1919: $1.4 billion. In 1929: $2.9 billion.

Average yearly salary in 1920: $1236. In 1930: $1368.

WE THE PEOPLE

Population in 1920: 106 million. In 1930: 123 million. Average life expectancy of males in years: 53.6. Of females: 54.6. In 1920, percentage of males over the age of 15 who are single: 35. Percentage of females over the age of 15 who are single: 27.

DEFINING DEVIANCE

Percentage of *The Doctor Looks at Love and Life* (a 1926 best-seller) devoted to homosexuality: 33. How the book defined a gay man: "A man of broad hips and mincing gait, who vocalizes like a lady and articulates like a chatterbox, who likes to sew and knit, to ornament his clothing and decorate his face."

ON THE ROAD

Cars sold in 1920: 1.9 million. In 1930: 2.7 million. In 1919, percentage of cars fully enclosed: 10. In 1924: 43. By 1927: 83. Date of first car radio: May 1922. Of first commercially available car radio: 1927. Of 26 families surveyed in 1925, number of car owners who live in homes without a bathtub: 21.

WHO'S HOT

Charles Lindbergh, Louis Armstrong, Cole Porter, George Gershwin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Rudolph Valentino, Clara Bow, Lon Chaney, Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin, Greta Garbo, Pola Negri, Florenz Ziegfeld, Al Jolson, Paul Whiteman ("The King of Jazz"), Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Red Grange, Bill Tilden, Bobby Jones, Man O' War, Mae West, Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald.

FINAL APPEARANCES

1921: Virginia Rappe. Sunbonnet Girl dies after party thrown by Fatty Arbuckle.

1925: William Jennings Bryan. Dies after defending fundamentalist beliefs at Scopes Monkey Trial.

1926: Rudolph Valentino. Sex symbol's death launches cult.

1927: The Model T. After 15 million Tin Lizzies, America is ready for a change.

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Washington politics. Every week there were stories of frame-ups and fall guys, gun molls and torpedoes, diamond stickpins and stickup artists.

The crime lords created a new and exciting underworld. Limousines and taxis lined up outside nightclubs and speakeasies. Elegantly dressed men and women whispered passwords through peepholes. Men and women drank side by side at the bar, or in candlelit booths or alcoves. Privacy plus intimacy, the thrill of rebellion, the sauce of secrecy—a heady recipe.

Prohibition was the creation of well-intentioned women whose lips had never touched lips that touched liquor. But now the flappers' lips were touching alcohol. On a regular basis, American women were getting "spifflicated." Collegians crashed parties and automobiles, in roughly that order. The culture broke through other barriers as well: White customers drove to the Cotton Club in Harlem to see Duke Ellington and drink the night away. Drinking was sophisticated and sexy.

People began to drink at home as well, with not-unexpected results. It seemed that everybody had a favorite bootlegger. Malcolm Cowley wrote: "The party conceived as a gathering together of men and women to drink gin cocktails, flirt, dance to the phonograph or radio and gossip about their absent friends had in fact become one of the most popular American institutions; nobody stopped to think how short its history had been in this country."

Fitzgerald described the role of alcohol this way: "It became less and less an affair of youth. The sequel was like a children's party taken over by the elders. By 1923 their elders, tired of watching the carnival with ill-concealed envy, had discovered that young liquor will take the place of young blood, and with a whoop the orgy began. A whole race going hedonistic, deciding on pleasure, the whole upper tenth of a nation living with the insouciance of grand ducs and the casualness of chorus girls."

Frederick Lewis Allen also notes the spread of petting parties from youngsters in their teens and 20s to older men and women: "When the gin flask was passed about the hotel bedroom during a dance, or the musicians stilled their saxophones during the Saturday night party at the country club, men of affairs and women with half-grown children had their little taste of raw sex. One began to hear of young girls, intelligent and wellborn, who had spent weekends with men before marriage and had told their prospective husbands everything and had been not merely forgiven, but told that there was nothing to forgive; a little experience, these men felt, was all to the good for any girl. Millions of people were moving toward acceptance of what a bon vivant of earlier days had said was his idea of the proper state of morality—'A single standard, and that a low one.'"

In combination with the automobile, the hip flask made seduction a certainty. Judge Ben Lindsey, a liberal from Denver, would say of the delinquents brought before him: "No petting party, no roadhouse toot, no joyride far from the prying eye of Main Street is complete unless the boys carry flasks. There are no actual statistics to be had on these matters, but it is very clear in my mind that practically all of the cases where these girls and boys lose their judgment in Folly Lane involve the use of drink."

LITERATURE AND LUST

Into this world came authors who believed that Victorian repression had crippled mankind. Writers such as Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Eugene O'Neill and Ernest Hemingway refused to accept or spread what one literary historian called "the lying gospel that sexuality is somehow degrading."

Sherwood Anderson said simply: "We wanted the flesh back in our literature, wanted directly in our literature the fact of men and women in bed together, babies being born. We wanted the terrible importance of the flesh in human relations also revealed again."

The call to lust would not go unnoticed. Leaders of the dry crusade turned their energies to sex and literature. Robert Woods, a Boston social worker with his own grasp of Freud, believed that Prohibition would "profoundly stimulate a vast process of national purification" by hastening "the sublimation of the sex instinct upon which the next stage of progress for the human race so largely depends."

The *Christian Century* asserted: "Prohibition is the censorship of beverages, and censorship is the prohibition of harmful literature and spectacles. In general principle, the two problems are one. Both undertake to protect individuals against their own unwise or vicious choices." Harlan Fiske Stone, dean of the Columbia University School of Law, saw the impending clash. "The whole country is in danger of being ruined by a smug puritanism," he wrote a young lawyer, "and intelligent people with liberal ideas, especially lawyers, ought to fight this tendency."

And fight they did. Freedom and the future of America went on the block in numerous courtrooms.

The censors targeted Broadway plays, closing Mae West's *Sex* after 375 performances. They seized the printing plates for *The President's Daughter*—a memoir written by Warren Harding's mistress (she alleged that the president had had sex with her in a closet at the White House). They ignored steamy best-sellers such as Warner Fabian's *Flaming Youth* and *Unforbidden Fruit* and instead

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In New York John Sumner—Anthony Comstock's successor at the Society for the Suppression of Vice—swore out a complaint against Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, editors of *The Little Review*. The magazine had published excerpts of James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

Lawyers for the defendants tried to have the offending passages read into the record. The three-judge panel refused "out of consideration for the ladies present"—the same ladies who had published the erotic musings. The work was judged obscene.

In 1928 D.H. Lawrence had 1000 copies of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, his final novel, privately printed in Italy. He sold the unexpurgated text by subscription to readers in England and America. Almost immediately, pirated editions began to circulate, making the story of an English aristocrat and her gamekeeper the world's most famous dirty book.

In Boston an agent of the Watch and Ward Society had James DeLacey, proprietor of the Dunster House Bookshop, arrested for selling one of the unexpurgated first-edition copies. He was sentenced to four months in jail and fined $800. The society also targeted Donald Friede, publisher of Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*. Dreiser himself was no stranger to controversy. His first novel, *Sister Carrie*, had been suppressed and bowdlerized by Doubleday, its publisher; another novel, *The Genius*, outraged moralists with its suggestion that a man could not be tied to a single woman.

At Friede's obscenity trial, the district attorney read offending passages of *An American Tragedy* to the jury. One concerned the visit of the book's protagonist to a brothel:

> And now, seated here, she had drawn very close to him and touched his hands and finally linking an arm in his and pressing close to him, inquired if he didn't want to see how pretty some of the rooms on the second floor were furnished. And he allowed himself to be led up that curtained back stair and into a small pink and blue furnished room. This interestingly well-rounded and graceful Venus turned the moment they were within and held him to her, then calmly and before a tall mirror which revealed her fully to herself and him, began to disrobe.

In his closing arguments, the district attorney defended community standards, and then tried to impose them on the entire nation: "Perhaps where the gentleman who published this book comes from it is not considered obscene, indecent and impure for a woman to start disrobing before a man, but it happens to be out in Roxbury, where I come from."

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JAZZ AGE *Glossary*

ALL WET—Describes an erroneous idea or individual, as in, "He's all wet."
APPLESAUCE—A term of derision for nonsense, lies; same as baloney, banana oil, bullshit, buncombe, bunk, hokum and horsefeathers.
BALL AND CHAIN—One's wife, especially if she is domineering.
BEE'S KNEES—An extraordinary person, thing, idea; the ultimate.
BERRIES—That which is attractive or pleasing; similar to bee's knees. As in, "It's the berries."
BIBLE BELT—Area in the South and Midwest where Fundamentalism flourishes.
BIG CHEESE—The most important or influential person; boss. Same as big shot.
BLUENOSE—An excessively puritanical person, a prude. Creator of "the Blue Nozzle Curse."
BRONX CHEER—A loud spluttering noise, used to indicate disapproval. Same as raspberry.
BULL SESSION—Male talkfest, gossip, stories of sexual exploits.
BUMP OFF—To murder.
CAKE-EATER—An effete ladies' man, or someone who attends tea parties.
CARRY A TORCH—To suffer from unrequited love.
CAT'S MEOW—Something splendid or stylish; similar to bee's knees.
CAT'S PAJAMAS—Same as cat's meow.
CHEATERS—Eyeglasses.
COPACETIC—Wonderful, fine, all right.
CRUSH—An infatuation.
DARB—An excellent person or thing (as in "the Darb"—a person with money who can be relied on to pay the check).
DRUGSTORE COWBOY—A fashionable idler who hangs around public places trying to pick up women.
FALL GUY—Victim of a frame.
FLAPPER—A stylish, brash, hedonistic young woman with short skirts and shorter hair.
FLAT TIRE—A dull-witted, insipid, disappointing date. Same as pill, pickle, drag, rag, oilcan.
FRAME—To give false evidence, to set up someone.
GAMS—A woman's legs.
GIGGLE WATER—An intoxicating beverage.
GIN MILL—An establishment where hard liquor is sold.
GOLD DIGGER—A woman who associates with or marries a man for his wealth.
HEEBIE-JEEBIES—The jitters.
HIGH-HAT—To snub.
HOOCH—Bootleg liquor.
HOOFER—Dancer.
HOTSY-TOTSY—Pleasing.
IT—Sex appeal.
JAKE—OK, as in, "Everything is jake."
JALOPY—Old car.
KEEN—Attractive or appealing.
KISSER—Mouth.
LINE—Insincere flattery.
LOUNGE LIZARD—A ladies' man; a social parasite; a ne'er-do-well.
MIDDLE AISLE—To marry.
MOLL—A gangster's girl.
MRS. GRUNDY—A priggish or extremely tight-laced person.
NECK—Kissing with passion.
NOBODY HOME—Describes someone who is dumb.
PET—Same as neck, but more so.
PINCH—To arrest.
PUSHOVER—A person easily convinced or seduced.
REAL MCCOY—The genuine article.
RITZY—Elegant (from the hotel).
SHEBA—A woman with sex appeal (from the movie *Queen of Sheba*).
SHEIK—A man with sex appeal (from the Valentino movie).
SPEAKEASY—An illicit bar that sells bootleg liquor.
SPIFFLICATED—Drunk. The same as canned, corked, tanked, primed, scrooched, jazzed, zozzled, plastered, owled, embalmed, lit, potted, ossified or fried to the hat.
SPIFFY—An elegant appearance.
STRUGGLE-BUGGY—A car in which men try to seduce women.
STUCK ON—Having a crush on.
SWANKY—Ritzy.
SWELL—Wonderful. Also: a rich man.
TORPEDO—A hired gun.
WHOOPEE—To have a good time, especially with sex included (as in, "making whoopee").

The jury found the publisher guilty. The phrase banned in Boston thus entered the American language.

H.L. Mencken, a columnist for *The Baltimore Sun* and editor of *Smart Set* and the *American Mercury*, was the most vocal opponent of the old order. Vowing to "combat, chiefly by ridicule, American piety, stupidity, tin-pot morality and cheap chauvinism in all their forms," he attacked reformers, moralists, the KKK, preachers, fundamentalists, patriots, politicians, poltroons and censors.

In a brilliant essay published just after World War One, Mencken tracked the impact of puritanism as a literary force. What began on the mourner's bench in New England churches—the spectacle of an individual solemnly confronting his own sinfulness—had become a sport of tormenting "the happy rascal across the street." Mencken noted that prosperity created the purge; that following the Civil War, newly minted "Christian millionaires" bankrolled everything from vice crusades to Prohibition: "Wealth, discovering its power, has reached out its long arms to grab the distant and innumerable sinner; it has gone down into its deep pockets to pay for his costly pursuit and flaying; it has created the puritan entrepreneur, the daring and imaginative organizer of puritanism, the baron of moral endeavor."

The American puritan, noted the sage of Baltimore, "was not content with the rescue of his own soul. He felt an irresistible impulse to hand salvation on, to disperse and multiply it, to ram it down reluctant throats, to make it free, universal and compulsory." Puritans had instituted "a campaign of repression and punishment perhaps unequaled in the history of the world."

Elsewhere, he ridiculed the "intolerable prudishness and dirty-mindedness of puritanism" and its "theory that the enforcement of chastity by a huge force of spies, stool pigeons and police would convert the republic into a nation of moral esthetes. All this, of course, is simply pious fudge. If the notion were actually sound, then all the great artists of the world would come from the ranks of the hermetically repressed, i.e., from the ranks of old maids, male and female. But the truth is, as everyone knows, that the great artists of the world are never puritans and seldom even ordinarily respectable. No moral man—that is moral in the YMCA sense—has ever painted a picture worth looking at, or written a symphony worth hearing, or a book worth reading, and it is highly improbable that the thing has ever been done by a virtuous woman."

Mencken directly challenged the Boston branch of the bluenoses: He sold a copy of the *American Mercury* to the spokesman of the Watch and Ward Society, knowing that it would lead to his arrest.

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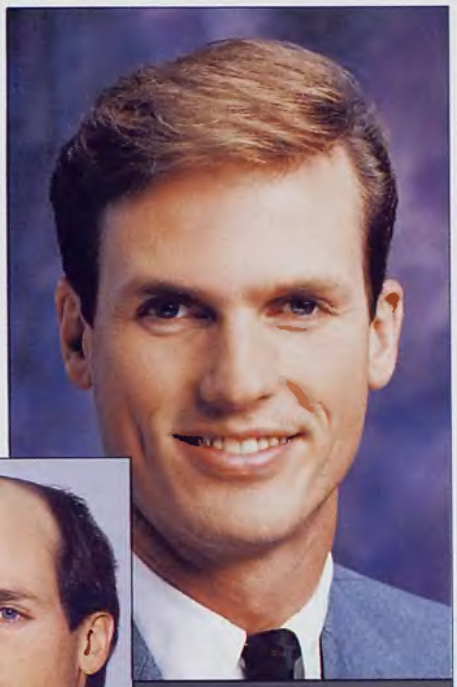

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RANDY REASON
BOSLEY MEDICAL PATIENT, AGE 29, BEFORE (LEFT) AND AFTER (ABOVE) NATURAL HAIR RESTORATION

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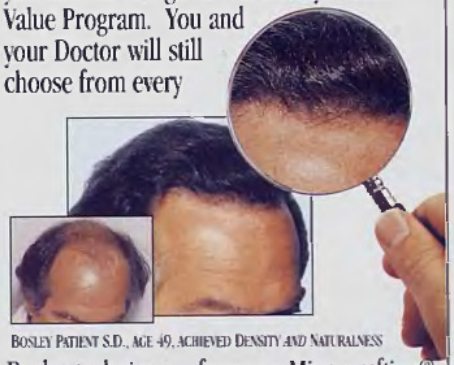

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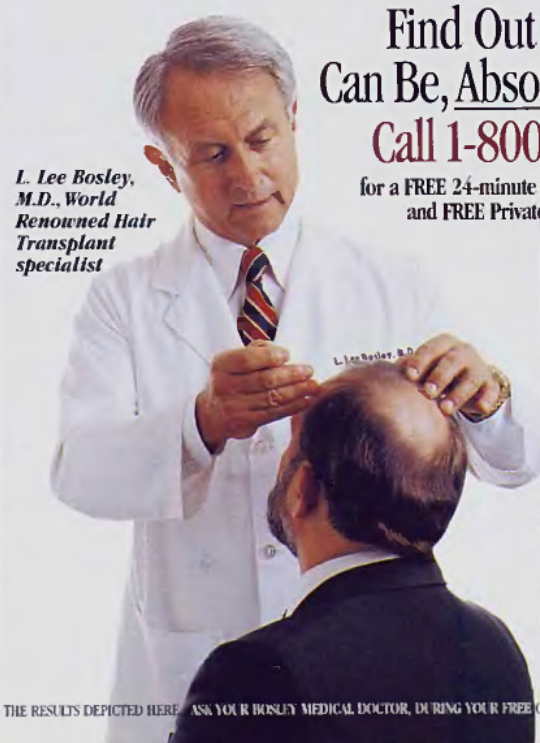

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When the man paid 50 cents, Mencken—deliberately and in full view of the gathered crowd—bit the coin to see if it was genuine.

THE FACTS OF LIFE

The times had changed since Margaret Sanger opened the first U.S. birth control clinic in 1916—an act for which she had gone to jail. Her lawyer had challenged the law and won. A New York court declared it legal to dispense birth control information to women whose health demanded it. But obtaining the devices was a problem.

Sanger opened a two-room office on Fifth Avenue. In the first two months of operation, 2700 women came to the office for advice. The clinic dispensed at least 900 diaphragms.

The diaphragms came from Holland. An Italian neighbor smuggled in the birth control devices in liquor bottles—along with Dutch gin—from ships anchored beyond the 12-mile limit. Sanger's second husband, J. Noah Slee, later brought in contraband items on trainloads of 3-in-1 Oil from Canada. Late in the decade an American company, Holland Rantos, would begin to produce rubber diaphragms, but one doubts the American product had the novelty of those brought in by smugglers.

Condoms were more available. The health lectures from World War One had introduced an entire generation to their usefulness. Trojan, the first brand of latex condoms, debuted in 1920. The condoms were sold in gas stations, tobacco shops, barbershops and drugstores—for the prevention of disease only. Proponents of birth control still faced legal obstacles. In 1918, 18 states had laws that prohibited the dissemination of contraceptive information. Another 23 had laws stating that "contraceptive information is immoral or obscene and therefore criminal." Only five states—Georgia, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina and Washington—did not restrict birth control information.

The church still controlled the debate: At the beginning of the decade the archbishop of New York personally dispatched city police to prevent Sanger from delivering a lecture on birth control at Town Hall.

Two separate organizations—Sanger's American Birth Control League and Mary Ware Dennett's Voluntary Parenthood League—turned their attentions to Washington. If family limitation was to be a reality, the law drafted by Anthony Comstock in 1873 that forbade "mailing obscene or crime-inciting matter" would have to be changed. The two groups began to work their way through the *Congressional Directory*, trying to find sponsors for a law that would remove the words equating "prevention of conception" with "obscenity." Then, the individual states would fall in line. Doctors would have no fear of meddlesome vice agents; women returning from Europe with the latest contraceptive technology would not fall prey to Customs agents.

The two groups differed on one vital point: Sanger wanted doctors to dispense birth control information to female patients (viewing it as a woman's issue), while Dennett wanted the information available to all (viewing birth control as a concern for both sexes—and none of the doctor's business).

Doctors were not comfortable with family limitation or birth control: For years, the profession had battled to distinguish itself from the quacks, dispensers of patent medicine and herbalists who dealt with "women's problems." Birth control supposedly threatened their respectability. Robert Latou Dickinson, a New York obstetrician, headed a committee to look into the matter. The group tried to work with Sanger and Dennett, but the alliance failed.

The birth control crusade was met with ambivalence among politicians as well. Few congressmen committed to a revision of the Comstock Act. Dr. Hubert Work, assistant postmaster general and former president of the AMA, told Dennett that the purpose of the Voluntary Parenthood League was to "instruct everybody how to have illicit intercourse without the danger of pregnancy."

Dr. Work was promoted to postmaster general in 1922 when his predecessor, Will Hays, left to monitor the morals of Hollywood. Work posted a bulletin in all post offices stating that it was a criminal offense to send or receive matter relating to the prevention of conception.

When Dennett ridiculed the decision in an editorial, she received notice: "My Dear Madam: According to advice from the solicitor for the Post Office, the pamphlet entitled *The Sex Side of Life: An Explanation for Young People*, by Mary Ware Dennett, is unmailable under Section 211 of the Penal Code. As copies of this pamphlet bearing your name as the sender have been found in the mails, the decision is communicated for your information and guidance."

It was intimidation, pure and simple. In 1915 Dennett had written a pamphlet on the facts of life for her two sons. Far from being obscene, it had been endorsed by the YMCA (the same organization that had funded Comstock).

Dennett continued to lobby Congress to change the law, and she distributed more than 30,000 copies of *The Sex Side of Life*. In 1929 Mrs. Carl A. Miles—supposedly a member in good standing of the Daughters of the American Revolution—filed a formal complaint. (Mrs.

"But you're talking about money I obtained through fraud and deception. Surely that can't be considered taxable income."

Miles, it turned out, was the creation of the Post Office.) Dennett was charged with mailing a "pamphlet, booklet and certain printed matter, which were obscene, lewd, lascivious and filthy, vile and indecent, against the peace and dignity of the U.S."

Dennett chose to fight. She hired Morris Ernst, a young lawyer with the recently formed American Civil Liberties Union, to defend her.

It became clear immediately that the law was being used to force a particular moral view on the women of America. On the day of the open hearing, Dennett discovered that Judge Grover Moscowitz had invited three Brooklyn clergymen to share the bench with him "to aid the conscience of the court."

Warren Booth Burrows, the eventual trial judge, was no improvement. The judge refused to hear any of the witnesses—including YMCA representatives and Dr. Dickinson—who found value in the pamphlet. The judge also refused to allow letters from supporters to be read into the record.

The prosecutor selected the members of the jury with great care. "Have any of you ever read anything by Havelock Ellis or H.L. Mencken?" he asked. Those who admitted they had were dismissed. The prosecutor then went on the attack, claiming Dennett was a defiler of youth: "Not one word in this about chastity! Not one word about self-control! Not one word to distinguish simple lust from lawful passion! It describes the act as being accompanied by the greatest pleasure and enjoyment. Why, there's nothing a boy could see, on reading this book, except a darkened room and a woman! Where does the institution of honor and family come off if we let a gospel like that go out to the world?"

Dennett was found guilty and, like Sanger more than a decade earlier, became a heroine overnight. Senators promised to pass the bill to amend the Comstock Act (but once again found inactivity to be the best political course). On March 3, 1930 Justice Augustus Hand delivered a reversal: "The defendant's discussion of the phenomenon of sex is written with sincerity of feeling and with an idealization of the marriage relation and sex emotion. We think it tends to rationalize and dignify such emotions rather than to arouse lust. We hold that an accurate exposition of the relevant facts of the sex side of life in decent language and in manifesting serious and disinterested spirit cannot ordinarily be regarded as obscene."

HOLLYWOOD BABYLON

The Twenties revolved around three almost mythic centers: Greenwich Village, Paris and Hollywood. Greenwich Village supplied the ideas (of underpaid writers and struggling artists whose free love and experimental styles provided the inspiration for the Jazz Age), Paris was the playground (where expatriates got to experience a Continental lifestyle away from Mrs. Grundy and enjoy a good drink in the cafés of Montparnasse) and Hollywood provided the fantasies (the imagination made visible).

Hollywood was as free and unfettered as Greenwich Village or Paris, only everyone was rich and beautiful. The film colony vied with the original colonies for control of the American dream. In 1920, 35 million people attended the movies each week. In 1920 Mary Pickford earned $1 million a year, more than ten times the salary of the president. Hollywood stars were the most famous people on the planet.

Douglas Fairbanks played characters who tumbled, boxed, fenced and played golf and tennis. He was a bare-chested swashbuckler, the thief of Baghdad, Zorro. He fairly leaped from the screen. When he opened a string of gyms, he taught men to perfect and enjoy their bodies, insisting that athleticism was an "antidote to too much civilization" and an alternative to the "sea of sensuousness." The proper response to temptation, it seemed, was a quick jog around the park or a few rounds in the gym.

Pickford was America's sweetheart, a resourceful, independent woman who in

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film after film tackled problems with her sleeves rolled to the elbows, who danced with Gypsies and workers, who gave advice to the young women of the day.

In 1920 these two perfect symbols of American manhood and womanhood divorced their respective spouses and married. Their home—Pickfair—became a gathering place for royalty, both real and of the sort created in Hollywood.

If Doug and Mary represented an all-American kind of sex appeal, an exotic new matinee idol who represented a different sort of sex appeal, more controversial and forbidden, soon took center stage.

Rodolpho Alfonzo Raffaele Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla, an Italian gardener and dancer by way of Long Island, a.k.a. Rudolph Valentino, did more to raise the sexual temperature of the nation than any other single individual. In *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, he appeared painting three nudes in a studio, then went on to dance a smoldering tango. The *Horsemen* grossed $4.5 million. *The Sheik* established him as the sex symbol of the decade.

The movie poster for *The Sheik* proclaimed: "See: The auction of beautiful girls to the lords of Algerian harems. The barbaric gambling fete in the glittering casino of Biskra. The heroine, disguised, invade the bedouin's secret slave rites. Sheik Ahmed raid her caravan and carry her off to his tent. Her stampede his Arabian horses and dash away to freedom. The sheik's vengeance. The storm in the desert. A proud girl's heart surrendered."

At first American men were put off by this pomaded, smoldering Latin lover. But they noticed the effect he had on their wives and girlfriends. Valentino was a he-vamp.

American men began to call themselves sheiks, their girlfriends shebas. When Valentino kissed the palm of a lover, men copied the move and hoped for the same result. Those who couldn't flare their nostrils or make their eyes flash with sparks were doomed to failure. When a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune* blamed Valentino for the effeminization of American men, he challenged the writer to a duel.

When Valentino died unexpectedly of a perforated ulcer in 1926, more than 30,000 mourners visited the funeral home where he lay in state. For decades, an unidentified fan, the Lady in Black, visited his tomb on the anniversary of his death.

Clara Bow became a sex star when she starred in a spunky 1927 comedy called *It*. Novelist Elinor Glyn had converted her novel into the definitive flapper film. The movie begins with a man reading a story in *Cosmopolitan* (authored by Glyn) that describes whether or not a given person has sex appeal, that magical quality called "It." Bow portrayed a shopgirl who sets her sights on the owner of the department store in which she works. Finding herself with nothing to wear on the big date, she takes a pair of scissors to her work dress, cuts a neckline almost to her navel and whips up a perfect evening dress. She gets the guy.

Offscreen she got the guy as well, being linked with everyone from Gary Cooper to the USC football team. She had "It," and knew how to use "It"—until the advent of talkies at the end of the decade revealed she also had a strong Brooklyn accent. Her career as a sex symbol ended soon after.

The culture depicted in films was singularly sexy. America watched a young Joan Crawford cut loose on a tabletop in *Our Dancing Daughters*, a heart-stopping Gloria Swanson emerge from a luxurious bath in a Cecil B. De Mille epic, a smoldering Greta Garbo seduce and abandon John Gilbert.

E.S. Turner claims in *A History of Courting* that movies changed the mating dance forever: "The cinema taught girls the peculiar potency of the female eye, how to halt or dismiss a man with a look; how to search his eyes at close quarters. It taught girls to recognize the symptoms of a kiss coming on, how to parry it, how to encourage it while apparently avoiding it, or how to return it with interest. There is evidence in more than one quarter that the cinema taught girls the trick of closing their eyes when kissed, which one had always supposed to be a natural instinct of women. It encouraged them to kick up one heel (or even two heels) when embraced. It also taught them how and when to slap."

On-screen, anything was possible. It was what happened offscreen that changed Hollywood.

ROSCOE "FATTY" ARBUCKLE

In 1913 a self-described "funny man and acrobat" walked onto a movie lot in Los Angeles. Something about the fat man caught Mack Sennett's eye: Within a year Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle was writing, directing and acting in short comedies. Teamed with Mabel Normand (Sennett's girlfriend), Fatty was the victim of filmdom's first custard pie. He elevated the pratfall to a multistory art. His output was extraordinary: at least 50 titles the first year alone. Over the next three years his salary rose from $25 a week to more than $1 million a year. In 1920 Arbuckle starred in a feature called *The Life of the Party*. In 1921 he made *Brewster's Millions*, the first of six features he would film in seven months. He had recently signed a three-year contract worth $3 million and decided it was time to take a break. "I'm taking a little trip to the city," he said.

In those days, the city was San Francisco. Los Angeles was a studio town, with a lot of open spaces, orange groves, sagebrush-filled back lots and a few expensive mansions.

Arbuckle and friends drove a custom $25,000 Pierce Arrow up the coast to San Francisco and checked into three rooms in the St. Francis Hotel. A local bootlegger provided gin and whiskey. The front desk supplied setups. Another

"Aren't you carrying this safe sex thing a bit far?"

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My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was $31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Bel Air is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a Rolls Royce and a Mercedes Benz. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at $100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing—shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from—Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or maybe even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all—peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you $20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend $20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made $45,000 *in one year.*

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and *is making all the money she needs* with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success:
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

Money Making Opportunities:
John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

California Political Week:
...The politics of high finance made easy.

The Tolucan:
You'll love...*The Royal Road to Riches.* It's filled with valuable information...only wish I'd known about it years ago!

Hollywood Citizen News:
He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used In order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

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A. F., Providence. RI

'$9,800 In 24 Hours'

"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the *next morning.* Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches.* On the basis of your advice, $9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"

J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

'Made $15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

"I was able to earn over $15,000 with your plan—in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."

Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made $126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did—but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made $126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made $203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories...never believed I would be one of them...using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over $203,000...made over $20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared but simple, easy, fast...John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!"*

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

'$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made $500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember—I guarantee it.

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Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

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SWORN STATEMENT:

"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars." Mark Davis

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TUNES Of The TIMES

OPTIMISM
*Ain't We Got Fun? * I'm Sitting on Top of the World * I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover * Look for the Silver Lining * Looking at the World Through Rose Colored Glasses * Good News * The Best Things in Life Are Free * When You're Smiling (the Whole World Smiles at You) * Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella * Singin' in the Rain*

NONSENSE
*Yes! We Have No Bananas * Does the Spearmint Lose Its Flavor on the Bedpost Overnight? * Barney Google * I Scream, You Scream (We All Scream for Ice Cream)*

GUYS
*Lucky Lindy! * Clap Hands! Here Comes Charley! * I'm Just Wild About Harry * The Sheik of Araby * My Man * The Man I Love * I Must Have That Man * Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man * Those Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine*

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS
*Baby Face * Girl of My Dreams * Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue * Yes Sir! That's My Baby * Ain't She Sweet? * Sweet Georgia Brown * Sweet Sue—Just You * Sweet Lorraine * Sugar * Cherry * My Greenwich Village Sue * Rose of Washington Square * Secondhand Rose * My Little Bimbo Down on the Bamboo Isle * Sleepy Time Gal * Coquette * Mandy, Make Up Your Mind * Somebody Stole My Gal * She's Everybody's Sweetheart * Hard-Hearted Hannah*

ALONE AND LONELY
*All Alone * I'm Nobody's Baby * Somebody Loves Me * Are You Lonesome Tonight? * Red Lips, Kiss My Blues Away*

LOVE, LOVE, LOVE
*You're the Cream in My Coffee * You Do Something to Me * You Were Meant for Me * My Heart Stood Still * In a Mist * 'S Wonderful * Thou Swell * It Had to Be You * Always * My Kinda Love * I Can't Believe That You're in Love With Me * My Baby Just Cares for Me * Angry * Mean to Me * Baby, Won't You Please Come Home * You Took Advantage of Me * I Cried for You (Now It's Your Turn to Cry Over Me) * I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan * How Come You Do Me Like You Do? * You've Got to See Mama Ev'ry Night or You Can't See Mama at All * There'll Be Some Changes Made*

NAUGHTY BUT NICE
*I'm a Vamp From East Broadway * Flamin' Mamie Roll 'Em Girls—(Roll 'Em Down and Show Your Pretty Knees) * Ma—He's Making Eyes at Me * (Your Lips Say No, No, But) There's Yes, Yes in Your Eyes * Gimme a Little Kiss, Will Ya, Huh? * Let's Misbehave * Let's Do It * Do It Again * How Long Has This Been Going On? * After You Get What You Want, You Don't Want It * Makin' Whoopee*

BLUES
*Jazz Me Blues * Wang Wang Blues * Sugar Blues * Wabash Blues * Down Hearted Blues * Farewell Blues * Lonesome Mama Blues * Weary Blues * Limehouse Blues * Wolverine Blues * Davenport Blues * Basin Street Blues * Big City Blues*

DANCING
*Fidgety Feet * Fascinating Rhythm * I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate * Crazy Rhythm * Black Bottom * Muskrat Ramble * The Varsity Drag*

DRINKING
*Prohibition Blues * Show Me the Way to Go Home*

MOVIES
*At the Moving Picture Ball * Oh Those Charley Chaplin Feet * Sweet Little Mary Pickford * If I Had a Talking Picture of You*

TRAVELING
*Toot, Toot, Tootsie! (Good Bye) * California, Here I Come * Chicago (That Toddling Town) * Manhattan * I'm Gonna Charleston Back to Charleston * I'm Coming, Virginia*

THE CRASH
*I Can't Give You Anything but Love * Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out*

call produced a Victrola. The party was under way.

Shortly after noon on Labor Day, two guests arrived: Virginia Rappe, a sometime actress and party girl, and Bambina Maude Delmont, an occasional "dress model" and a provider of party girls. (She ran a badger game, putting rich victims in compromising positions.)

After some drinking, Rappe apparently wandered into one of the bedrooms. Arbuckle followed.

Arbuckle said he found Rappe on the floor of the bathroom; he gave her a glass of water and placed her on a bed, then returned to the bathroom. When he emerged Rappe was tearing at her clothes and screaming, "I'm dying, I'm dying." Other partygoers flocked into the room and tried to calm Rappe, putting her in a cold bath, applying ice packs, finally calling the hotel manager to get the distraught woman her own room. A house doctor treated her for excessive drinking.

The party wound down. Arbuckle and friends checked out of the hotel and returned to Los Angeles. Four days after the party Rappe died in a hospital of peritonitis, the result of a burst bladder.

Delmont surfaced with a wild story. Arbuckle, she said, had dragged Rappe to the bedroom and ravaged her. Delmont claimed she had pounded on the door, trying to rescue her friend, and had found Rappe with her clothing torn to shreds, moaning on the bed: "I'm dying, I'm dying. He killed me."

Delmont told this story to the police, the press and a grand jury and Arbuckle was arrested for murder. William Randolph Hearst and the tabloids exploited the tragedy. America's funniest fat man became a monster. Arbuckle, it was said, raped the actress with a Coke bottle, a champagne bottle, a jagged piece of ice.

Rappe, whose portrait had graced the sheet music to *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* (earning her the title Sunbonnet Girl), was portrayed as purity incarnate, Arbuckle as everything corrupt about Hollywood.

The city of San Francisco rose to defend the honor of American womanhood. The Women's Vigilant Committee took over the courtroom: When Arbuckle arrived they stood and spat at him. An ambitious prosecutor played to the crowd, bullying or hiding witnesses and ignoring evidence, turning the judicial process into a show trial.

The facts? An autopsy showed that there had been no rape. A nurse said Rappe had confided in her that she suffered from syphilis. A doctor testified that syphilis can cause a bladder to burst. It appeared that Rappe had had a number of abortions; some argued that the peritonitis resulted from a botched one.

Delmont, the only person who claimed that Rappe had been abused by Arbuckle, never took the stand. It seems the

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(2). This Sweepstakes begins 2-1-97. All mail-in entries must be received by 5-9-97 to be eligible. No responsibility is assumed for lost, late, misdirected, damaged or postage due mail, or for printing or other errors.

(3). A grand-prize winner will be selected by random drawing of all entries on or about 5-30-97.

(4). Potential winner must follow the directions contained in any required Affidavit of Eligibility/Release of Liability/Prize Acceptance form/skill-testing notification or any correspondence attached therewith and return all forms correctly filled out, so that the forms are received within 21 days of the date of correspondence. Noncompliance within this time period may result in disqualification and an alternate winner may be selected.

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(8). 2nd chance drawing for unclaimed prize. In the event of an unclaimed prize an alternate winner will be selected by random drawing. The grand prize will be awarded on or about 5-30-97.

(9). For a copy of the rules or the name of the winner (available 6-30-97) send a self-addressed stamped envelope marked U.S. Adventure Sweepstakes Winner to Central U.S. Enterprises Corporation, P.O. Box 292, 1506 Carroll Ave., Caruthersville, Missouri 63830. Indicate "Rule Request" or "Winners List". Washington and California need not affix return postage. U.S. Adventure Sweepstakes is a division of and is sponsored by Central U.S. Enterprise Corp.

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WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 20, 88–92, 108–111, 122–127 and 183, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Page 20: "Man: The Machine": **Personal area network** by *IBM*, www.almaden.ibm.com. "All Talk and Action": **Modems:** By *Diamond Multimedia*, 800-727-8772. By *Hayes Microcomputer Co.*, 770-441-1617. "Gamers U.": **Video game programming and design** from *Digipen Applied Computer Graphics School*, 604-682-0300. "Wild Things": **Speakers** by *Altec Lansing*, 800-648-6663. **The Perfect Connection** from *XLO Electric Co.*, 800-956-8721. **Personal post office** by *Pitney Bowes*, 800-672-6937.

ELECTRONICS FIX '97

Pages 88–92: **DSS receiver and dish** by *Hitachi*, 800-241-6558. **Laser disc, CD and DVD player** by *Pioneer Electronics*, 800-746-6337. **Home-theater receiver** by *Onkyo*, 800-225-1946. **Projection TV** by *Toshiba*, 800-631-3811. **Camcorder** by *Sony Electronics Corp.*, 800-222-7669. **Stereo system** by *Revox*, from BTS, Inc., 708-343-1524. **Handheld personal computer** by *LG Electronics*, 800-243-0000. **PDA pen** by *A.T. Cross*, 800-510-9660. **Home computer** by *IBM*, 800-426-1735, ext. 4340.

A TOAST TO TASTE

Pages 108–111: **Decanter, label and tongs** from *Asprey*, 212-688-1811. **Cocktail glasses** from *Cartier*, 312-266-7440. **Three-piece bar set** from *Fortunoff*, 212-758-6660. **Cocktail shaker, shot glasses and ice bucket** from *Faces of Time*, 212-291-0822. **Brut champagne** by *Taittinger*, at fine liquor stores. **Jamaican rum** from *J. Wray and Newphew Ltd.*, 809-923-4917. **Cognac and Canadian whiskey** by *Jim Beam Brands Co.*, 847-948-8888, ext. 2618. **Vodka** from *World Wide Wine and Spirits Imports*, 888-707-7789. **Tennessee whiskey** by *Jack Daniel's Distillery*, 615-340-1033. **Tequila** from *Corbin and Associates Ltd.*, 800-837-8452. **Hard ciders:** Woodpecker, Hornsby's, Ace and Dry Blackthorne, at fine liquor stores. **Ales and beer:** Rodenbach Grand Cru, Duvel and Blanche de Bruges from *Van Berg and De Wulf*, 800-656-1212. **Newcastle Brown Ale** from *Newcastle Importers*, at fine liquor stores. **Thomas Hardy's Ale** from *Phoenix Importers*, 800-700-4253. **Boddingtons Pub Ale**, at fine liquor stores.

FASHION FORECAST

Pages 122 and 123: **Suit** by *Vestimenta*, at Sami Dinar, 310-275-2957. **Ties** by *Vestimenta*, at fine specialty stores. **Shirt** by *Boss Hugo Boss*, 610-992-1400. **Suit** by *Calvin Klein*, 212-292-9000. **Shirt** by *Joop*, at Barneys New York, 212-826-8900. Page 124: **Wallet, shoulder bag, belt** and **keycase** by *Donna Karan*, at select Neiman Marcus stores. **Shirt** by *Donna Karan*, at Allure, 215-561-4242. **Sunglasses** by *Nikon*, 800-NIKON-US. **Moccasins** by *J.P. Tod's*, 800-457-8637. **Pullover** by *Industria*, at Wilkes Bashford, 415-986-4380. **Field jacket** by *Salvatore Ferragamo*, 212-759-7990. **Sunglasses** by *Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb*, 800-472-9226. **Datebook** by *Emporio Armani*, at Emporio Armani stores. **Fountain pen** by *Montblanc*, 800-388-4810. **Chronograph** by *Bulgari*, 800-285-4274. **Belt** by *Polo Jeans*, 800-494-7656. **Carry-on bag** by *Granello*, at Neiman Marcus stores. Page 125: **Jacket and pants** by *Joop*, at Barneys New York, 212-826-8900. **Shirt** by *Gene Meyer*, at Citizen Clothing, 415-558-9429 or 415-575-3560. **Glasses** by *Christian Roth for Optical Affairs* and **belt** by *Donna Karan*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 212-753-7300. Pages 126 and 127: **Field jacket** by *Katharine Hamnett Denim*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000 and Beverly Hills, 310-275-4211. **Tie** by *Vestimenta*, at fine specialty stores. **Shirt** by *Holland & Holland*, 212-752-7755. **Pants** by *Nicole Farhi*, at Charivari, 212-333-4040. **Suit** by *Boss Hugo Boss*, 610-992-1400. **Tie** by *Calvin Klein*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 212-753-4000. **Shirt** by *Gene Meyer*, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores.

ON THE SCENE

Page 183: **Ashtray, flask, wine pull, money clip and ID bracelet** from the *John Hardy Collection*, 800-254-2739. **Playboy cigars** by *Don Diego*, at tobacco stores.

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prosecution realized that its star witness was a blackmailer, a bigamist and, in all probability, a panderer.

After two inconclusive trials, a third jury acquitted Arbuckle, asking that the following be entered into the record: "Acquittal is not enough for Roscoe Arbuckle. We feel that a great injustice has been done him, for there was not the slightest proof adduced to connect him in any way with the commission of a crime."

The acquittal did not help. Arbuckle had already been convicted in the media and in the minds of the American public. The dream factory was caught in a nightmare.

On February 1, 1922, in the middle of Arbuckle's second trial, William Desmond Taylor, a director for Paramount, was found dead in his bungalow, two bullets through his heart. The surrounding scandal tainted the careers of some of Hollywood's most beloved actresses. Mabel Normand was the last to see Taylor alive (he'd given her a volume of Freud to read). Mary Pickford had to explain why her picture was hung prominently in the bachelor's apartment. Investigators found a scented love letter written by Mary Miles Minter in the director's bedroom. The murder was never solved, but, as in the Arbuckle case, the flurry of rumors showed that demons loomed large in America's sexual imagination. Taylor, it was said, dabbled in witchcraft, adultery and sexual perversion. Former friends claimed that in the months before his death, Taylor had "visited the queer places in Los Angeles, where guests are served with marijuana and opium and morphine, where the drugs are wheeled in on tea carts and strange things happen."

The nation saw Hollywood as a modern Sodom, capable of seducing and destroying American daughters. One minister, inspired by the Arbuckle trial, proclaimed it time to cleanse the country of "movies, dancing, jazz, evolution, Jews and Catholics."

In 1921, 37 state legislatures had introduced 100 separate censorship bills. The General Federation of Women's Clubs reviewed 1765 films and decreed that 59 percent were "not morally worthwhile" and another 21 percent were simply "bad."

THE ARRIVAL OF WILL HAYS

To avoid congressional intervention, Hollywood studio heads hired Will Hays, postmaster general and former head of the Republican National Committee, to head the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America. A darling of the purity movements, Hays knew which buttons to push. "Above all is our duty to youth," he announced within months of taking office. "We must have toward that sacred thing, the mind of a child, toward that clean and virgin

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thing, that unmarked slate—we must have toward that the same responsibility, the same care about the impression made upon it, that the best teacher or the best clergyman, the most inspired teacher of youth, would have."

Within days of Arbuckle's acquittal, Hays announced that the actor would not work in Hollywood again.

Hays demanded that morals clauses be put into every contract; henceforth, actors "would conduct themselves with due regard to public conventions and morals and will not do anything tending to degrade him or her in society, or bring him or her into public hatred, contempt, scorn or ridicule, or tending to shock, insult or offend the community or outrage public morals or decency, or tending to prejudice the company or the motion picture industry." Private detectives ferreted out 117 Hollywood names considered unsafe—be it because of drug use, roadhouse orgies, a taste for members of the same sex or too-flagrant affairs. The list was called "the doom book."

One of the first victims was Wallace Reid, a dashing action hero with a drug habit. He was spirited away to a sanitarium, where he eventually died.

Hays also created a list of dos and don'ts for film. The members of the MPPDA struck a gentlemen's agreement to eliminate movies that dealt with sex in an "improper" manner, were based on white slavery, made vice attractive, exhibited nakedness, had prolonged passionate love scenes, were predominantly concerned with the underworld, made gambling and drunkenness attractive, might instruct the weak in methods of committing crime, ridiculed public officials, offended religious beliefs, emphasized violence, portrayed vulgar postures and gestures or used salacious subtitles or advertising.

The list of forbidden topics was to be further refined by Hays. There would be—among two dozen or so potentially morally offensive topics—no profanity, no licentious or suggestive nudity (in fact or in silhouette), no inference of sexual perversion or white slavery, no scenes of actual childbirth, no mention of sex hygiene or venereal disease, no display of children's sex organs. Producers would be careful when dealing with the sale of women, rape or attempted rape, first-night scenes, men and women together in bed, deliberate seduction of girls and the use of drugs.

Hollywood adapted to the new code with a simple formula: six reels of sin, one of condemnation. Directors such as Cecil B. De Mille became famous for showing women in sumptuous bathrooms, disrobing, sinking into oiled baths. He joked that cleanliness was next to godliness, and he created a sensuality that did not exist outside of Hollywood. De Mille's lurid epics could show

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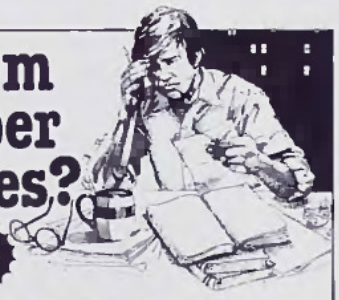

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all of the sins of the Old Testament by cloaking them in the plain blue wrapper of religion.

The Hays code held out a promise to America—if we can control the make-believe, we can ignore the reality. It was, at first, pure posturing. Studio heads hung signs welcoming Hays to Hollywood. Charlie Chaplin, it is said, placed his over the bathroom door.

THE LITTLE TRAMP

By the Twenties, Charlie Chaplin was the most recognized actor in the world. There were songs about the Little Tramp, Chaplin dolls—and a partnership in United Artists (a film company founded in 1919 by Chaplin, director D.W. Griffith, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford).

When it came to his personal life, Chaplin was the most silent of the silent-film stars.

Chaplin's autobiography deals with one of his marriages with a single paragraph: "During the filming of *The Gold Rush* in 1925 I married for the second time. Because we have two grown sons of whom I am very fond, I will not go into any details. For two years we were married and tried to make a go of it, but it was hopeless and ended in a great deal of bitterness."

The woman, Lita Grey, was the original Lolita. She first met Chaplin when she was seven. By the age of 15 she was working as an extra. When she discovered she was pregnant, Chaplin and Grey were married. Her mother came along to run the house.

The divorce papers, widely circulated at the time, still make great reading.

Lawyers alleged:

- That Chaplin had "solicited, urged and demanded that plaintiff submit to, perform and commit such acts and things for the gratification of defendant's said abnormal, unnatural, perverted and degenerate sexual desires, as to be too revolting, indecent and immoral to set forth in detail in this complaint."
- That Chaplin's demands of sex acts were a "shock to her refined sensibilities, repulsive to her moral instincts and abhorrent to her conception of moral and personal decency."
- That Chaplin recounted "to her in detail his personal experience with five prominent moving-picture women involving such practices."
- That Chaplin attempted to "undermine and distort plaintiff's normal sexual impulses and desires, demoralize her standards of decency and degrade her conception of morals for the gratification of the defendant's aforesaid unnatural desires."

The unnatural desire was for oral sex.

The divorce papers claimed that Chaplin demanded his wife "commit the act of sex perversion defined by Section 288a of the Penal Code of California. That defendant became enraged at plaintiff's refusal and said to her: 'All married people do those kinds of things. You are my wife and you have to do what I want you to do. I can get a divorce from you for refusing to do this.'"

Rather than face the kind of public wrath that had ended Arbuckle's career, Chaplin settled the divorce for $625,000. His little Lolita split the money with her mother.

Years later, Grey would write her own account of life with Chaplin, one far more earthy than the legalistic description of the divorce papers.

The loss of her virginity reads like a four-act play. The seduction took place in a hotel, at a beach, in the back of a limousine. Finally, in a steam room, she surrendered her maidenhood:

"The foglike mist billowed, grew thicker and thicker, finally filled every inch of the room. I couldn't see anything. The steam, gently caressing me, was making me drowsy, and I lay down on the marble slab and closed my eyes. Every picture and movie I'd ever seen of queens and princesses bathing in royal tubs, with slave girls drying them and anointing their bodies with perfumed oils, danced in front of me. I draped my arm over my forehead and crossed my ankles, wondering what was to happen next." What happened next was Charlie.

"Then there was a sharp piercing pain inside me and I cried out, but I did not release my grip. The pain blinded me far more than the encircling steam, but I writhed wildly, as though in ecstasy, to let him know I belonged to him—and then I received all of him. I was supposed to be a woman now. I was 15.

"I felt I had surpassed Pola Negri and the other human sex symbols Charlie had known. And winning the contest exhilarated me."

The sad tale contains all of the elements of sex in the Twenties. The law was used to force marriage. (Lita's mom pointed out that sex with a minor was a jailable offense.) Law was used to leverage a divorce. (Oral sex was a punishable offense and sex appetite itself was grounds for a mental-cruelty charge.) Sex was considered to be a competition against other women. And even in Hollywood, women came to sex with images from the silver screen swirling through their heads.

PROSPERITY AND PASSION

Thomas Edison may have been optimistic about America's love affair with speed, the quickness of action and its control. Control was definitely hard to find in the Jazz Age. Prosperity—the roar of the Twenties—offered the fantasy that anything was possible.

Dan Caswell, scion of a wealthy Cleveland family, boarded a train one day and saw Jessica Reed, a Titian-haired star of the Ziegfeld Follies. He followed her to the hotel where Ziegfeld's chorus was staying. Marjorie Farnsworth, in her chronicle of the Follies, writes: "That night Caswell called all the Follies beauties down to the lobby and with a gesture that he hoped reeked of sophistication, opened a chamois bag of diamonds that belonged to his mother—diamonds worth $30,000—and sprinkled them

"As a matter of fact, I do come here often. I'm your waitress."

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over the marble floor. An instant later the floor was covered with scrambling girls, pulling, pushing and grabbing. It was at that moment that he asked the Titian-haired beauty to marry him, and, pausing only to remove a diamond from her mouth where she'd put it for safekeeping, she softly murmured 'Yes.'"

The diamonds—the family jewels—were to have been made into a necklace for his blue-blooded Boston fiancée.

As for the Fitzgeralds, the couple used heaps of cash to "add polish to their life." As Zelda would later explain, in a novel written within the walls of an asylum, "It costs more to ride on the tops of taxis than on the inside."

Once, when Scott told her they were broke, she answered, "Well, let's go to the movies."

THE CRASH

With the same speed that characterized every other aspect of the decade, the prosperity came to an abrupt end. On October 24, 1929 the stock market crashed. Polly Adler, madam of an exclusive brothel in New York, told the effect of the crash on her customers:

> I had thought my business would fall off, but it was just the opposite—I had almost more customers than I could take care of. Men wanted to go out and forget their troubles, blot out, at least temporarily, those headlines which each day told of more bankruptcies and suicides. The easiest escape, of course, was alcohol, and in the months immediately after the crash I had my biggest profits at the bar. Some men who had been terrific womanizers now came to the house solely to drink, and no longer showed the slightest interest in my girls. Others who had been separated from their wives for years, or steadily unfaithful to them, stayed home and turned into model husbands. And still others, who had been casual customers, now came in nightly and behaved like satyrs. The atmosphere, at times, was more that of an insane asylum than a bordello. One man told me he came there night after night because "a whorehouse is the only place I can cry without being ashamed."
>
> A man whom I had always liked and considered a gentleman appeared one evening, requested the company of a certain girl and then proceeded to practice the most vile, cruel and inhuman acts until the girl was a physical wreck. The following morning the man went to his office and shot himself.

The party was over. What would follow would be the longest hangover in American history.

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HOWARD STERN (continued from page 78)

"I talk about sex from a guy's point of view. I say I'd like to have sex with a lot of broads. I'm being honest."

broads. I'm just being honest. I say broads because it's"—and here, oddly, he hesitates—"a highly descriptive word, and not because I hate women."

Blum worked on the first draft for six months. It opens with Howard's famous Fartman appearance on MTV. The next day, Howard finds himself on an airplane next to a beautiful woman played by Carol Alt. ("Her husband, the former New York Ranger Ron Greschner, is a fucking great guy. I want to believe that they suck in bed.") Alt greets Fartman with no small amount of revulsion. To explain himself he launches into the story of his life.

The filming, by all accounts, was a lovefest. (Mary McCormack on Howard: "He was sweet. He couldn't have been more giving." Howard on Mary: "So terrific." Executive producer Dan Goldberg on Howard: "A cool guy, a smart guy, not demanding, just cool." Howard on Betty: "She was great." Betty on Howard: "I didn't expect a person who'd come in and shake my hand and be nervous and vulnerable and awkward but warm and focused on making me feel at home." Howard on Len: "Genius." Len on Howard: "He has given his life to being a comedic artist.")

There were questions about whether Stern could act. "The question wasn't whether I could do a radio scene," says Stern, "but whether I could do an acting scene with my wife or with my general managers. Initially, the pace was way off for me. The first day, I was like, 'C'mon, c'mon, c'mon. Just set up the cameras. Try to stay with me.' I had no clue. I got in a funk. Ivan sat me down, and said, 'Listen, you're fucking carrying a $25 million picture. Now get your shit together!' It was intense. But the second day was better. By the third day, it started to click. And eventually I said we should do a sequel, and Len said, 'Ivan and I have discussed it, and here's how we see it.'"

Blum, for one, is a believer. He thinks there could be a whole series of Howard Stern movies, as distinctive in their style and approach as Marx Brothers movies.

"Nothing would please me more than to do a series of Howard Stern movies," says Stern. "I can see it. It would be tremendous to have a full career like that. It was just a bitch to be making a movie while doing the radio show."

Oh yeah, the radio show. The cornerstone of the empire, the rock on which he founded his church. Yet, when a guy is 43 years old and in possession of a good-sized pile, does he look down the road and see himself waking up at three A.M. in order to rag on Baba Booey?

"I don't," admits Stern firmly. "I don't want to do it now. When I was offered my five-year deal with Infinity Broadcasting, Alison and I had a heart-to-heart. I said, 'Radio is something I always wanted to do. But I hate getting up at three A.M., and I hate the daily pressure of having to come up with something funny to say. It's like being in school. But I've worked so long to get a payday, how can I walk away from this?' Of course she agreed. What does she care? She's home doing her nails."

One thing Stern doesn't worry about is whether he can still produce an entertaining show. "Maybe this is a character flaw," he says, "but in my business it works: I am childlike. Intellectually, I'm a moron. I mean, I like *Beverly Hills 90210*. I think it's the best thing on television. And I read comic books. Farting is still funny to me. The radio show is set up to be fresh always. It's about opening up the newspaper. I've always maintained that this show could last for as long as I wanted it to last. But there will come a time when I say, 'Hey, I've done it long enough, I've proved everything there is to prove in radio.'"

Even if Stern one day abandons radio for the movies, don't expect him to go Hollywood. "First," he notes, "I can't stand to visit Los Angeles. The limo guy picks you up at the airport and he starts in—he's writing a script, he's pitching you. It's like a bunch of psychotics. They are all running around announcing what their next projects are going to be. Each woman is more beautiful than the next, and they all think they're ugly and they're all anorexic. It's a sick mentality.

"I find the Hollywood lifestyle—which I can get right here in New York—so apart from what the rest of America is like. You can see how someone becomes a total fucking asshole on these sets and starts ranting and raving just because the fucking hot comb isn't ready."

Stern points to an item in the newspaper about Brad Pitt. "Brad Pitt is whining that his good looks are getting in the way of his getting serious acting roles. That fuck! I'm writing a *Twilight Zone* episode where Brad Pitt gets my fucking face, and I get his, and you see who gets laid. If he had my face, I'd like to see him get an acting career."

Stern is also bugged by Hollywood's reluctance to take risks. "I see the same goddamn movie being made over and over," he says. "Every black female is Whoopi Goldberg. I see a Whoopi Goldberg movie announced—and I think Whoopi is a tremendous talent—and I don't even pay attention to it, because it seems like the last movie.

"Moreover, I'm sick of the guys who have been around for 20 years who haven't done one damn new thing. I don't care if Billy Crystal is in a movie—I've seen it already. I've seen his entire repertoire. And Billy Crystal is also a tremendous talent. But are there no other guys besides Billy Crystal? Robin Williams is brilliant, but there have to be other people. Sharon Stone—I should give a shit about another Sharon Stone movie? Demi Moore—who gives a fuck?" There is one actor, Jim Carrey, whom Stern likes. "I also love Jean-Claude Van Damme and Steven Seagal movies, which I consider a flaw in my personality."

It's the last day of shooting and you're sitting with Len Blum in a makeshift office at the Silvercup Studios in Queens. "In show business, there are types that last," Blum says. "There's Fatty Arbuckle, Jackie Gleason, John Candy—the fat man who's light on his feet. There's the whole series of blonde bombshells. But there's never been anybody like Howard."

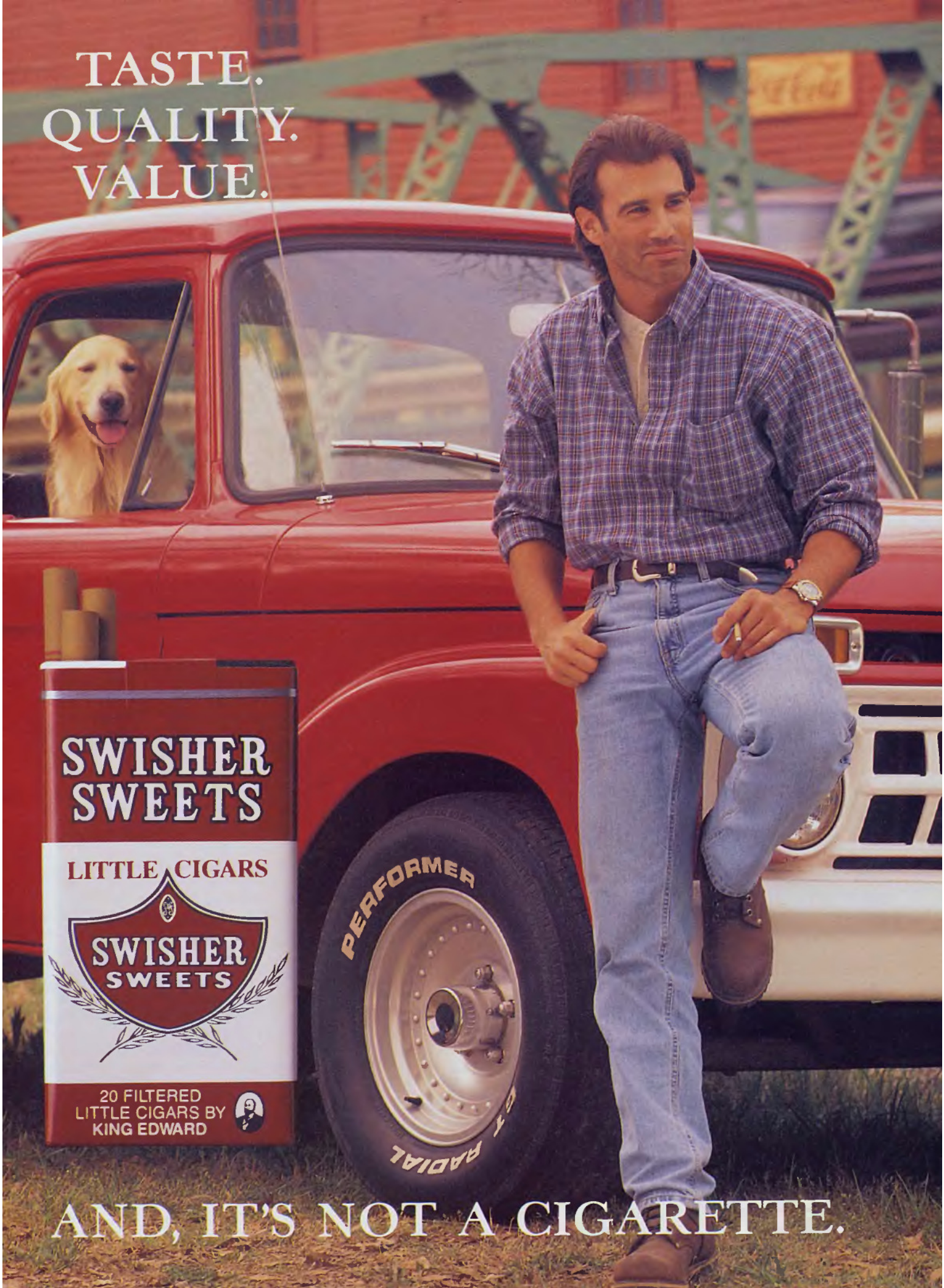
Maybe not exactly, but he may be an original in many of the same ways that Groucho Marx was an original. Both are New York, Jewish, witty, verbal, anarchic, sex-crazy, disdainful of the establishment. Think of proper, put-upon Margaret Dumont and you have an image of the bluenoses so outraged by Stern.

"But Groucho was always Groucho," says Blum. "He was Groucho even with his family. Howard's not Howard with his family. He has this normal life."

"You talk to my wife—it's not so normal," says Stern several weeks later. "Everything we talk about ends up on the radio. She says, 'It's not fair to me, some things should be private.' I say, 'I don't have that ability. I could promise you right now I won't talk about things on the radio, but I know I'd be lying. The material is too good.'"

A subtle transformation occurs. The outgoing, entertaining Stern has gone for a walk. The Stern taking his place is serious. "It's not so normal," he says. "Especially when you see how wonderful she's been to me. You have to wonder what I could be thinking when I say some things. And I don't know what I was thinking. There's a compulsion, as soon as I hear myself say, 'Don't talk about it,' to think, Wait, this is exactly what everyone wants to hear about. And maybe it's an insecurity on my part, because maybe I want my career to be so successful that I'm placing it over someone else's emotions. That's not healthy. That's a sick fucking thing. I recognize it, but I can't stop doing it because then the show would suck.

"In the movie, the issue is resolved because she accepts it. Some women will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RADIAL
AND, IT'S NOT A CIGARETTE.

say she's a sap. Some will understand when she says, 'Look, the guy at home is the guy I love. I'm not married to the guy on the radio, and I guess I have to deal with it.'

"I can tell you it's not a settled issue in Alison's mind. Just yesterday we were arguing. I said, 'I can't believe this, this sounds like the movie.' She said, 'Fuck the movie. We're having a real argument.' She was extremely pissed off at me, because I was on the air criticizing how she dresses. I was also saying her friends don't dress well. And she was driving in her car crying. She said, 'I'm sick of being criticized by you in front of everybody!' I said, 'Alison, I didn't mean any of that.' But maybe I did mean it. She's not buying it. My wife's not stupid—the woman graduated from Columbia. She has a master's, if that's a sign of bright. She's an intelligent woman, and she was saying, 'You're a great guy and everything, but I don't understand why I have to be ridiculed.' I said, 'Alison, we've had this discussion so many times, and I don't think there's a resolution.' That's a real prick thing to say, that it's up to her to resolve it. Then I'll catch myself saying, 'What am I doing? Here's a woman who actually loves me. How many people with any degree of fame have that in their lives? How can I be such a scumbag?' And I go and apologize. But I know it will happen again.

"We actually have a very good marriage. We talk openly and honestly about stuff. There's just this one character flaw, this radio show persona that I have.

"I wonder sometimes—which is the real guy? I think the guy on the air is the real guy. I feel most at home when I'm behind that microphone, when I'm able to say what's on my mind. In our real lives, we have to act all the time. We have to say things to our wives to calm them down, we have to say things to our kids that aren't exactly truthful. I can't walk into a room and say, 'Hey, you fucking idiot!' I'd get killed. But that's what I'm actually thinking. I think the guy off the air is the one who's frustrated, and he's the one who's playacting all the time."

•

Although there was still considerable work to do after filming was completed—looping, writing little bits of stuff to connect edited bits, figuring out the soundtrack—Stern went home from the wrap party and fell into a kind of a postpartum depression.

"Part of it was, 'Could I have done something better?'" he says. "But mostly it was that this thing is suddenly over. You've just seen your whole life go before your eyes. I never spent time thinking about it before. But one day we went to this tiny radio station in the suburbs. It was the first place I worked, and it was the only actual location we used in the movie. We got there, and it was ten times smaller than I remembered."

The studio was in a bedroom on the second floor of a small house. It had a little window in it. "I was making $96 a week," he says, "at a time when most of my friends were making $12,000 a year. I would have died to make $12,000 a year. I remember being in this booth, and I would look out at the trees, and think, I am the world's shittiest disc jockey, I am such a failure.

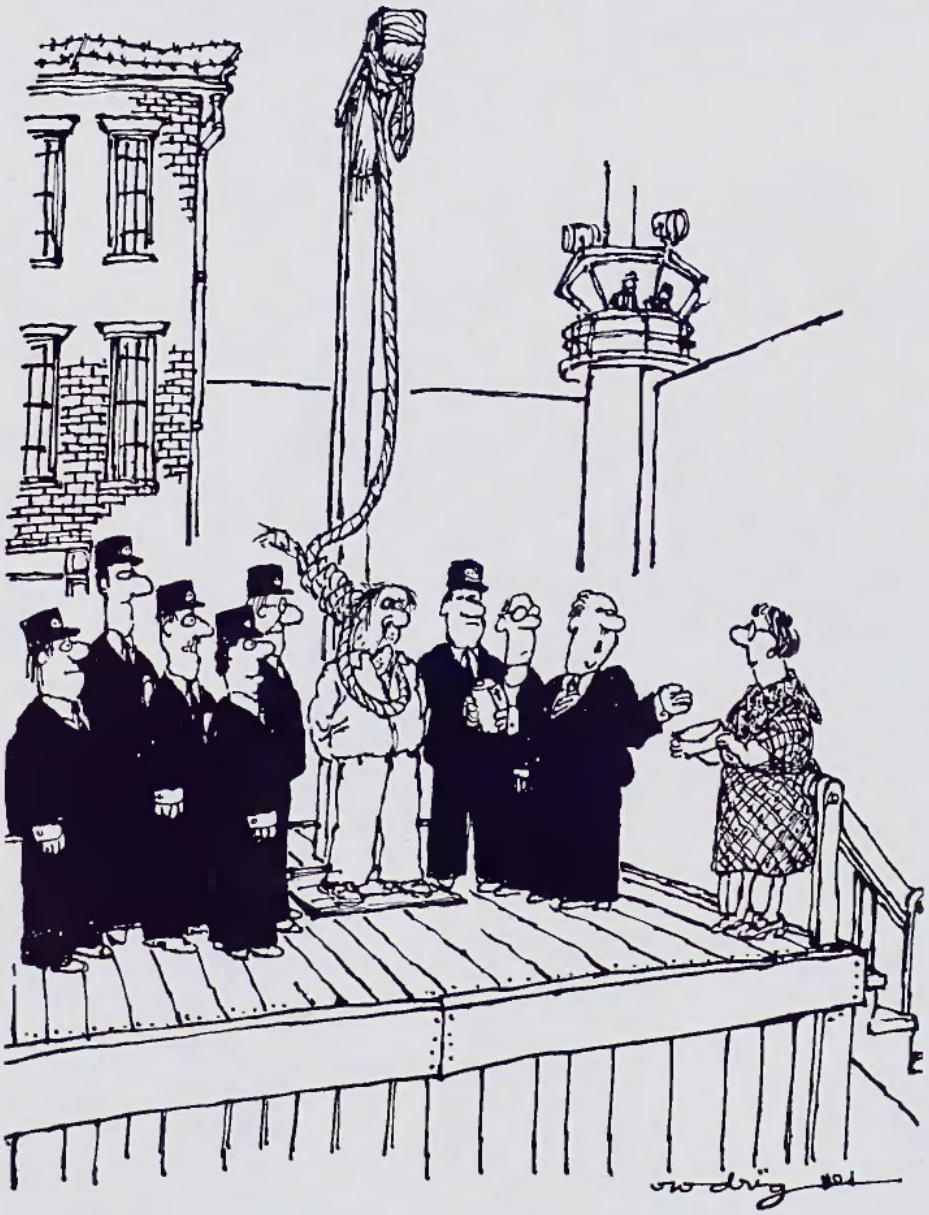
"When we were finished shooting, I went around behind the house. I looked up at the window, and I swear I could see me staring back out. I thought, Oh my God, how lucky I am that I got out of there! I thought, You're incredibly lucky, you've become successful, this incredible woman loves you. Thank God!"

•

"I don't know," he admits with a rueful grin. "I thought by the time I reached the age of 43 I would have matured in some way, but it doesn't seem to have happened. If anything I'm more confused. Maybe that's a midlife crisis. But I'm more confused than ever, and I feel like I know less about the world than ever, and it gets worse, not better. And I'm fucking three times as horny and sexually obsessed."

And then it comes. "Do you find that as you get older," he asks you, "you get hornier?"

In a heartbeat you answer. You don't answer long and you don't answer in detail, and you don't mention your parents or ass wiping, but the question has struck a chord and you respond. In that moment, the voice of the unconscious asked you a question, and you replied.



". . . And now, which officer gets to spring the trap? The envelope, please."

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zero minus ten

(continued from page 128)

She was blindfolded, and her hands were tied behind her back. Bond's heart jumped into his throat.

sticks." The ceremony was over. The entire rite had taken a little over two hours. The recruits joined the ranks of the other members as Li Xu Nan, the Dragon Head, stood and addressed the society.

"We will gather again in three days to perform the final phase of the initiation ceremony—in which your faces shall be cleansed. We welcome our new brothers to the Dragon Wing. We have one more piece of business to conduct tonight. One of our Blue Lanterns has broken her oaths. We must decide her fate." He turned to the Vanguard. "Bring out the traitor."

The Vanguard motioned toward a door. Two officials brought out a girl. She was blindfolded, and her hands were tied behind her back.

Bond's heart jumped into his throat. It was Sunni!

"Our sister here has betrayed the society, not only to a stranger but to a *gweilo*. She has sought refuge with the enemy. She has sought to leave the fraternity. What must we do with her?"

The group shouted, "She must die!"

Li stood for a moment in silence. He walked around Sunni, who was now on her knees. He inspected her as if he were evaluating prized livestock.

"I agree with my younger brothers," he said, "but we shall wait. The traitor may be useful in an enterprise valuable to the society. For the time being, she will be kept in isolation." He nodded to the two guards, who pulled the girl up and led her out of the room.

Li Xu Nan and Scarface stood side by side in front of the Triad and offered the hand signs for their ranks. Scarface said a final prayer and dismissed the group. The members left silently and, after a few minutes, Li, Scarface and the Vanguard were alone. They took off their robes.

Scarface took a metal briefcase from behind the altar and handed it to the Vanguard, who was also the Chan So, or treasurer, of the organization.

Li said, "This month's earnings. Make sure they are properly distributed. The families of our brothers who were killed at the girl's residence must receive special consideration."

The Vanguard bowed. "Yes, Cho Kun." He took the case and left. Scarface extinguished the rest of the lights and walked out of the Lodge with Li.

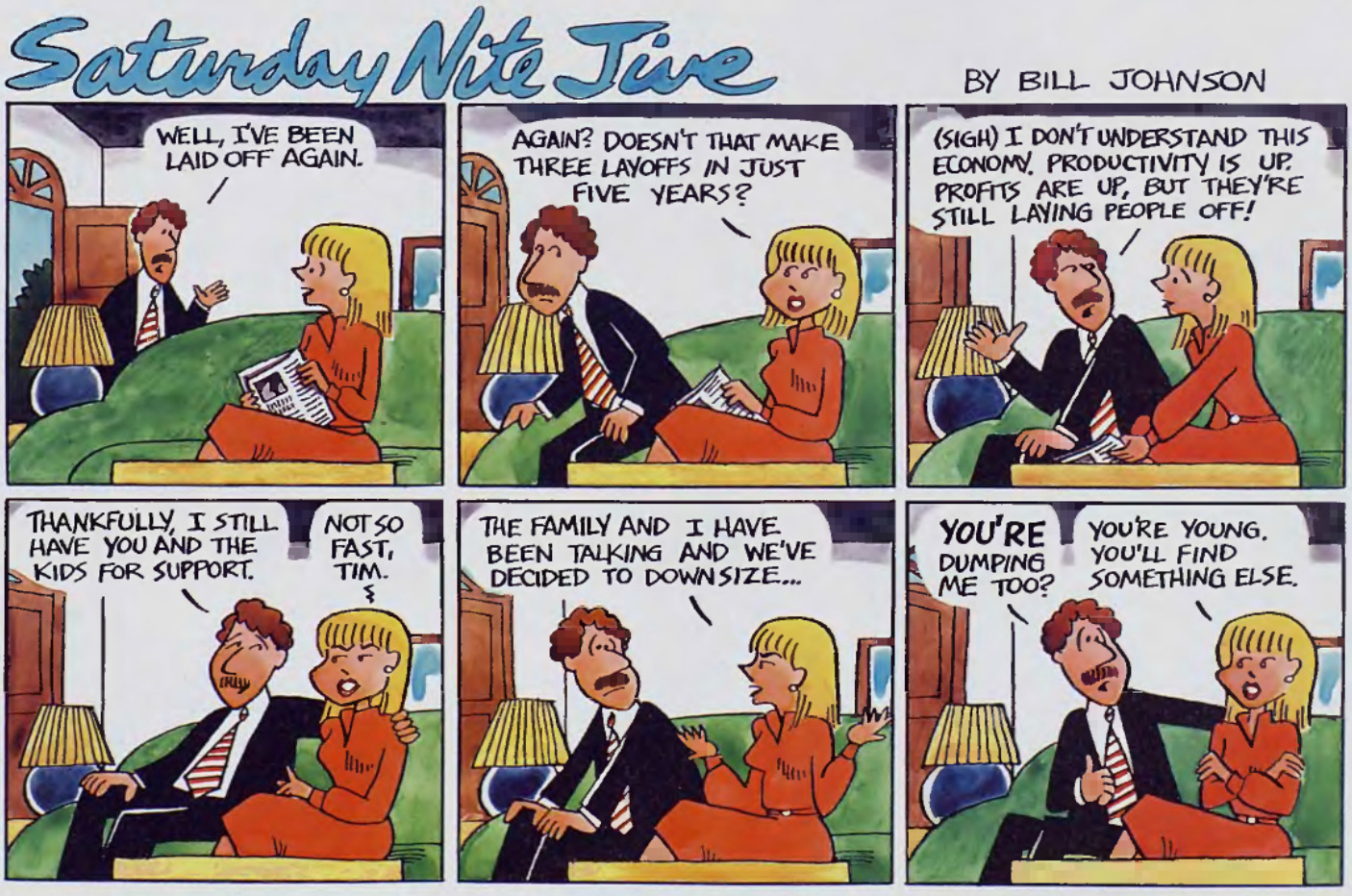
Bond waited a full ten minutes before moving. He had to find Sunni. He crawled forward so that he was directly above where the altar had been. There he found a loose board through which he could drop. He pulled it up, then jumped down to the floor below. He moved toward the door and stepped through it.

He was met by myriads of swords, all pointing at his chest.

•

The speed with which Bond was disarmed was startling. He felt as if he were moving in slow motion and that everything else was happening too fast. The Triads marched him to an adjacent office building that was obviously still in use. He was taken upstairs, down a hall and up another flight of stairs. They passed open offices containing expensive black and white leather furniture.

He was finally led into a large, plush office and left alone. It was decorated like the other rooms but with a distinctive Chinese flavor. Along with the modern furniture, there was a bamboo screen against one wall, painted brightly with a scene of Chinese fishermen snaring a dragon. A small Buddhist altar was in a corner, with an idol of the god Kwan Ti, or Mo, on it. Bond recalled that Mo was the god of policemen and the favored deity of the underworld. Nothing


Saturday Nite Jive
BY BILL JOHNSON
WELL, I'VE BEEN LAID OFF AGAIN.
AGAIN? DOESN'T THAT MAKE THREE LAYOFFS IN JUST FIVE YEARS?
(SIGH) I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS ECONOMY. PRODUCTIVITY IS UP. PROFITS ARE UP, BUT THEY'RE STILL LAYING PEOPLE OFF!
THANKFULLY, I STILL HAVE YOU AND THE KIDS FOR SUPPORT.
NOT SO FAST, TIM.
THE FAMILY AND I HAVE BEEN TALKING AND WE'VE DECIDED TO DOWNSIZE...
YOU'RE DUMPING ME TOO?
YOU'RE YOUNG. YOU'LL FIND SOMETHING ELSE.

else suggested that the office belonged to the Dragon Head of a Triad. It must have been Li Xu Nan's legitimate office.

Before Bond could sit down, Li entered the room and shut the door behind him. They were alone.

"We meet again, Mr. Bond," Li said in Cantonese. "I am sorry it is under unfortunate circumstances."

"You can't hold me, Mr. Li," Bond said. "I'm a British citizen. My newspaper will be trying to find me."

"Oh, dispense with the crap, Mr. Bond," he said. "You are no journalist. I know who you are."

"I work for the *Daily Gleaner*——"

"Please, Mr. Bond! I am no fool!" Li walked to his large oak desk and took a cigarette from a gunmetal case not unlike Bond's own. He lit it without offering one to his captive. "You are James Bond, an agent with the British Secret Service. It was not difficult to ascertain this. Let me make this perfectly clear, Mr. Bond. You are a *gweilo*. We don't like you. You are not welcome here. Our ceremonies are sacred and secret. You are a dead man, Mr. Bond. If I had not stopped them, my brothers would have killed you."

"Why did you stop them, then?"

Li paused a moment, walked to a cupboard and removed a couple of glasses. "Drink, Mr. Bond?"

He wanted to refuse, but a drink would actually do him good. "Bourbon, straight."

Li filled the glasses and handed one to Bond. "Do you remember the other day when you interviewed me? I told you that you were in my debt."

"I remember."

"The time has come for you to repay the debt."

"Why should I?"

"Hear me out, Mr. Bond. You have no choice."

Bond settled onto the couch. "All right, Li, I'll listen."

"Now we come to the task I must ask you to do, Mr. Bond," Li said. "If you perform this task successfully, I will release you from your debt and spare your life."

"I don't know what you want me to do, Li," Bond said, "but I don't work for criminals."

Li nodded. "Why don't you hear me out first?"

Bond sighed. "What is it you want?"

"I want you to go to Guangzhou and pay a visit to General Wong."

"And then what?"

"Steal a document. Wong keeps it in a safe in his office. Bring it back to me. If you have to eliminate the general in the process. . . ." Li shrugged his shoulders.

Bond laughed. "You must be joking, Li! How do you think a *gweilo* like me could get anywhere near this general, much less break into his bloody safe?"

"Hear me out, Mr. Bond. I have a plan." Bond gestured for Li to continue, but he knew the very thought was absurd. "You are skeptical, Mr. Bond, I see that, but listen to me. We have learned that a new lawyer from London will be arriving in Hong Kong later this morning. He has an appointment in Guangzhou tomorrow with General Wong. I propose that you go to Guangzhou in his place. My organization has contacts at the airport. We can do a switch before the man enters immigration. You will be hand-delivered to General Wong by executives of Eurasia Enterprises. You will meet with him privately. He will most certainly show you the document. You will have the perfect, and probably the only, chance to get it. Then my brothers will help you get out of Guangzhou and back to Hong Kong."

"Not on your life, Li."

"I'm afraid you'll have to die, then."

"I've heard worse threats."

Li said, "Very well, I will offer you another incentive—the life of that girl, the traitor. She can leave with you, and I will call off the death warrant on her head."

Bond closed his eyes. The man had played the trump card.

(To be continued in the May 1997 issue.)

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BAD BLOOD AT THE FBI

(continued from page 138)

touched to be reexamined. "Fred," a supervisor counseled him, "you may be right about Rudolph, but if you pursue this matter you will destroy yourself, your career and your family. Is it worth it?"

•

Other targets soon came into Whitehurst's sights. One was David Williams, a senior FBI agent; the other was Roger Martz, chief of the lab's chemistry and toxicology unit.

On the night of February 23, 1993, when Whitehurst arrived on the scene of the World Trade Center bombing, Williams was already struggling to gain command of the garage where the bomb had been detonated. The NYPD, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms and the FBI were all jockeying for control of the evidence, which would be culled from 40 tons of rubble. At one point an outraged FBI agent even discovered an ATF technician ripping FBI labels off packets of evidence and sticking on her own bureau's labels.

Williams' performance at the crime scene was clumsy and sporadic, Whitehurst believed, but this was nothing compared with Martz' lab work, which Whitehurst claimed would lead investigators down a blind alley.

Whitehurst's objections focused on a piece of tire from the garage that looked as if it had smoky traces of the explosion on it. Agents in New Jersey, meanwhile, had raided a suspect's storage locker and confiscated chemicals that might have been used in making bombs.

Whitehurst noted that Martz had reported a strong presence of urea and nitrates—elements commonly found in bombs—on the tire fragment and on swabs taken from the New Jersey storage locker. To laymen—such as FBI street agents, prosecutors and judges—that may be enough of a match for an arrest warrant. To Whitehurst, it meant nothing. A public garage could be contaminated by urine and road salt, both of which contain urea. As for nitrates, everyone's hands are covered with them; so are walls, windows and furniture in a typical office. So Whitehurst lodged a protest—but Martz refused to budge. As a result, Whitehurst enlisted a lab colleague in an exercise: One of them urinated into a beaker, evaporated the liquid, then tested the dried residue with a mass spectrometer (the same type of equipment Martz used to analyze the alleged bomb materials from the garage). The readout: urea and nitrates.

Whitehurst and the colleague presented their findings to an assistant section chief. Martz backed off from his claim, allowing that he may have accidentally contaminated the test material with urea

from his perspiring hands.

Martz refused to discuss the incident for this article.

•

Whitehurst eventually made Martz—like Rudolph before him—the focus of his zeal. He began researching other cases Martz had been involved in.

One was the conviction of Walter Leroy Moody Jr. for the 1989 mail-bombing murder of federal judge Robert Vance in Alabama. Martz, along with senior bomb analyst Tom Thurman, supplied critical testimony in Moody's trial concerning bomb residue found in Judge Vance's kitchen. The men testified that the substance was known as Hercules Red Dot double-base smokeless powder—the same powder used in other bombings for which Moody had been convicted.

Whitehurst researched the case and was floored. "I don't know where they made that up from," he claimed in a letter to the FBI's inspector general, one in a growing file in the inspector's office. "The work of the FBI laboratory in no way, shape or form 'identified' that powder as Hercules Red Dot smokeless powder." Worse, Whitehurst was convinced that neither Martz, who holds a B.S. in biology from the University of Cincinnati, nor Thurman was qualified to discuss the composition of chemicals. "Mr. Thurman has very little, if any, idea what makes an explosive function," Whitehurst argued in a memo. "He has spent his time in the field as an explosives ordnance technician. He is simply a man who blows up explosives.

"Mr. Thurman trained to be a technician in the U.S. Naval Explosive Ordnance Disposal School. He did not train to be a scientist." ("As much as I'd like to get my two cents' worth in," Thurman responded when reached at his FBI office, "I can't.")

In the end, Whitehurst claimed that Moody "may have been guilty as hell, but he didn't get a fair trial."

•

Whitehurst was closely following developments in an alleged plot by Iraqi agents to assassinate George Bush during the former president's postwar trip to Kuwait in April 1993. An unexploded bomb had been discovered in a car near the former president's. Whitehurst had been assigned to the case and was comparing material retrieved from the undetonated bomb with bomb material the CIA traced to Iraq.

He couldn't find a definitive match. "At this time that link cannot be made," Whitehurst wrote in his internal report. "This laboratory therefore has no information to support the hypothesis that Iraqi agents were involved with the assassination attempt."

Whitehurst was understandably taken

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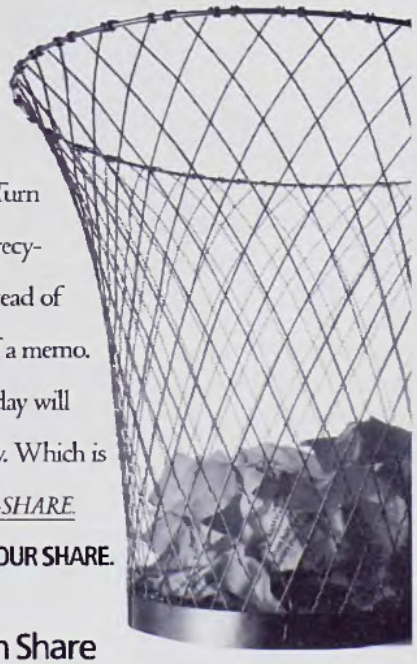

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aback a few days later when he heard President Clinton say there was Iraqi involvement in the plot. Clinton then launched 23 Tomahawk missiles at Baghdad. When then–U.N. Ambassador Madeleine Albright made the administration's case to the United Nations, she spoke of extensive FBI reports.

Whitehurst was furious. "The truth of the matter," he wrote to the inspector general, "is that Unit Chief Chris Ronay or someone reworded and/or purposely misinterpreted my report, despite my strong statements disavowing a relationship between the explosives used in the past by Iraqi agents and those used in the Bush assassination attempt."

Ronay, now retired, says Whitehurst missed the bigger picture: "There were more important things than the explosives—other technologies—involved in this," he says. "A lot of the other intelligence doesn't even take into account the explosives analysis. If Whitehurst thinks that there was no justification for finding the Iraqis guilty, he's wrong."

Ronay won't say what the "more important things" were. The Kuwaitis charged six men in the plot. Two were sentenced to be executed and four were jailed for life.

•

"I'm working on the biggest FBI investigation ever—the investigation of the FBI laboratory," Fred Whitehurst told a friend one day. It was false bravado. The fact was, the FBI was taking him down, piece by psychological piece.

It started after the Psinakis incident, when the bureau sent Whitehurst to a facility in Charlottesville, Virginia for Vietnam veterans suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder. The place was a flea-infested dump, Whitehurst later complained to a lawyer in the FBI's general counsel's office. Some vets were even dealing, he said, and therapy amounted to daylong, zonked-out crying jags.

"I can assure you," he wrote to the attorney, "that even today I can cry about my experiences in Vietnam. The taste of the horror of war will never leave my mouth. But I function just fine. My record proves it. The problem is not what can I do about Vietnam, but how can we continue to ignore the corruption in the FBI?"

After the Charlottesville experience, the FBI ordered Whitehurst to get a psychological evaluation. He saw four therapists, all of whom agreed he suffered from stress. However, one of them, while noting Whitehurst's frayed nerves, reported in November 1993: "He does not show, in my opinion, a full-blown post-traumatic stress disorder." More than passingly familiar with the agent's work situation, the psychologist added:

"It is important to note that Mr. Whitehurst's primary allegiance is to the truth, and, as such, he may not always appear to be working in agreeable fashion with prosecutors or even his colleagues. "This, of course, does not make him oppositional," the psychologist concluded. "Rather, it simply means he is doing his job."

Still, 17 months later, when a huge blast tore off the front of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City, the bomb expert remained benched, relegated to his bare cubbyhole in the FBI's Washington office, studying photocopier ink and paint swatches. With a mixture of envy, disgust and curiosity, he again watched his colleagues spin into action.

As Whitehurst would learn, one piece of evidence in the Oklahoma City bombing case was a knife that police allegedly confiscated from suspect Timothy McVeigh. Martz had supposedly examined the blade and found traces of PETN, a chemical commonly found in bombs. He wrote up his report. Then another lab examiner, Steve Burmeister, conducted his own tests.

Burmeister found traces of nitroglycerin, but no PETN. As he often did, he discussed his findings with Whitehurst and the two men concluded it was impossible to determine if the knife had arrived with PETN or nitroglycerin on it, or if these substances had been picked up from other materials in the FBI lab. The contamination problem had long been a crusade of Whitehurst's.

"We have no idea what Martz could have done wrong with the evidence," Whitehurst reported in an April 27, 1995 memo, this one sent to the Justice Department's inspector general, the FBI general counsel's office and the FBI's Office of Professional Responsibility.

"Did Martz lean on a table possibly contaminated with PETN residue," Whitehurst speculated, "and then transfer the residue to McVeigh's shirt, or to Martz' collection of lab glassware? Did he use any piece of possibly contaminated equipment? We will never know."

Whitehurst also claimed Martz was "now looking like crazy for ammonium nitrate because someone said the bomb was made of ammonium nitrate. He's trying to prove guilt. He's not following the time-honored profession of looking for the answer. Martz doesn't know anything about explosives."

Whitehurst then made a prediction: "When this comes to light in the trial of the fellow McVeigh, it will be extremely problematical for the prosecutor."

McVeigh's attorney, Steve Jones, deposed Whitehurst on behalf of his client. "Based on information Whitehurst stated under oath in his deposition, I anticipate that a subpoena will be issued for him to testify for the defense in Mr. McVeigh's trial," Jones told PLAYBOY, predicting that at least two other lab employees would back up Whitehurst's

"This is a hell of a way to treat a visitor to your planet."

criticisms. "We will make a frontal assault" on the FBI bomb lab, Jones declared. Indeed, prosecutors in the case indicated to reporters that they wouldn't call Roger Martz or David Williams to the witness stand. "But I can call them," Jones was quick to add.

As preparations for the Oklahoma bombing trials accelerated, unflattering stories about Whitehurst showed up in the press. "There is fear that Whitehurst is driven in part by a craving for danger," said an article in *Time* magazine last November that also called him a "rogue agent." Meanwhile, the FBI had opened an investigation of Whitehurst, charging that the agent had leaked classified information to Congress, as well as for this PLAYBOY article.

Furthermore, Whitehurst was denied access to some of his personnel files. In documents filed in court, he described his pursuit of his records from office to office, commenting: "There was no sign-out sheet to indicate where the records were." He was also told he had no authority to know who had those records, or to have access to them himself.

By 1996 Whitehurst had his own lawyer and sued the FBI for violation of the Freedom of Information and Privacy acts. He accused the bureau of "harassment and intimidation" in retaliation for his whistle-blowing. He demanded his bomb-unit job back and a cessation of all investigations of him. Because the FBI prohibited Whitehurst from discussing classified matters—virtually his entire case—with his attorney without first telling his supervisors what he planned to talk about, Whitehurst filed an amended complaint, alleging, among other things, a violation of his right to full and private legal representation. At that point, according to Whitehurst's attorney, the bureau moved to fire him outright.

Frederic Whitehurst remains remarkably confident when he speaks of his current troubles.

"You know," he says, "what we need to do is just go on about our job. If people need to go to jail, that's not my problem. Our job is law enforcement, it's not beating the shit out of one another."

Which doesn't mean Fred Whitehurst has gone soft. "If you find out there's some criminal activity going on within my Department of Justice and you report it to me, then I will go forward and report it—that's my job. And I work a case like you wouldn't believe."

On January 24, 1997 the FBI placed Frederic Whitehurst on administrative leave as an "interim" step pending further investigation. The agency confiscated Whitehurst's badge and gun and barred him from entering any FBI building. The case is far from finished.

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VINCENT BUGLIOSI (continued from page 62)

Even if marijuana eliminated no pain at all but had a placebo effect, who gives a damn?

adult who uses drugs is aware of the danger and doesn't care. We can't arrest our way out of this problem. There is no way we can stop this nation's appetite for drugs, and there's no way we can stop drugs from being brought into this country. The entire armed forces of this country could not interdict cocaine coming into the U.S. What's the real source? It's the minds of the people on top. The coca fields don't have feet of their own, the laboratories don't have hands of their own. There are people at the top of the pyramid, such as the Medellín and Cali cartels, which are responsible for about 85 percent of the cocaine coming into this country. If these people decide they don't want to do it anymore, it's not going to happen anymore. Now, how do we get them to decide they don't want to do it?

PLAYBOY: Good question.

BUGLIOSI: Send expeditionary forces, maybe 2000 DEA or FBI agents, down to Colombia, grab these people by the scruffs of their necks and bring them back here where they can be tried in a separate court system and be given the death penalty. Once one of these drug leaders is executed and his successor reads about it, the drugs are not going to come here. They're going to go to Europe.

PLAYBOY: You make it sound simple, but the drug lords run empires. They have billions of dollars. They surely could mobilize resistance. They could even send assassins to our country to eliminate leaders or drop bombs on Wall Street.

BUGLIOSI: That's just far-fetched. They are not going to take on the U.S. by starting to assassinate our people. How do they possibly think they could survive? These people don't have a nation behind them. They don't have a fleet of ships and airplanes. We're talking about gangsters who are on the run, like Pablo Escobar running from one place to another in his underwear. They're small-time next to a nation.

PLAYBOY: A nation or an army wasn't needed to blow up the federal building in Oklahoma or to bomb the World Trade Center in New York.

BUGLIOSI: I guess we shouldn't go after any country then, under that argument. But they're not going to do that. They want to live. They're not stupid people. These people are rational businesspeople. We have the power to stop them and solve the problem within six months, if we have the spine to do it.

PLAYBOY: You acknowledge that some of your proposals to end money laundering would infringe on personal liberties, but would be necessary because of the severity of the problem. Aren't you crossing a line here?

BUGLIOSI: This is an immense problem. Our children are dying, the war on drugs has been going on for 70 years, it has infected the very fiber of this country. Are you telling me that you'd rather have the problem? I know you're playing devil's advocate, but what you're saying is, "Let's not do it because there's a problem." It's like the Los Angeles County prosecutor's office in the Simpson case: There's a little problem—let's lie down and play dead.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't it be a lot easier just to legalize drugs and deal with them the same way we do alcohol and firearms?

BUGLIOSI: I don't view legalization as a solution to the drug problem. I view it as a solution to drug-related problems. The courts would be cleaned up overnight. You would have 25 times fewer robberies and burglaries. It would substantially reduce violence. On balance it seems that legalization would have more benefits than the present prohibition. However, using drugs is bad, and if you legalize, chances are use would go up.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about the Clinton administration's decision to go after doctors in California and Arizona who prescribe marijuana for patients?

BUGLIOSI: Marijuana use is not even a true crime. It's not inherently wrong. If you didn't have a statute to prohibit it no one would think it would be wrong to smoke a marijuana cigarette. Here you have the people of a state saying it's lawful in a limited situation, where someone is on his or her deathbed and we're trying to alleviate some of the pain—even if marijuana eliminated no pain at all but had a placebo effect, who gives a damn? These people are dying. We give them morphine, which comes from the opium poppy. And you have the ridiculous, hypocritical Clinton administration—and Clinton is better than the Republicans—fighting this. The Republicans—who I thought were all in favor of states' rights—are happy about this. I'm disappointed in President Clinton. It's

"A near-bankruptcy forces a man to redefine his values, Ms. Wallace. I'm going to dump my expensive mistress and commence an in-house affair."

inexcusable for him to say we're going to treat these doctors like criminals.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever tried drugs? Smoked a joint?

BUGLIOSI: No. I've never even smoked a cigarette.

PLAYBOY: Where would you place yourself on the political spectrum?

BUGLIOSI: I'm kind of a moderate. I'm not a conservative and I'm not a law-and-order fanatic. I'm suspicious of people who wear their patriotism on their sleeves. It's usually better left inside.

PLAYBOY: Back in 1972 you decided to run for district attorney of Los Angeles County. Why?

BUGLIOSI: I'll tell you how it happened. Joe Busch, my boss, had a pretty serious drinking problem and was not running the office well. I had no interest in politics. I used to teach one night a week at the Beverly School of Law, and one of my students asked why I didn't run for D.A. Little by little he talked me into it. My state of mind was that I was running to be the head of a law office. I'd increase the conviction rate, I'd have a training program, Ralph Nader was supporting me. Well, it turns out that the D.A.'s office is a political office, you have to raise money, get endorsements. I didn't know anything about this stuff.

PLAYBOY: Bill Boyarsky in the *Los Angeles Times* called it the most vicious campaign he had ever covered. What made it so vicious?

BUGLIOSI: I was going to start investigating corruption in L.A. I was naive and stupid, talking about going after people who were polluting the air and those who were defrauding the consumer, instead of lying low and getting into office and then getting into it. I started talking about what I was going to do and they ganged up on me. It was the entire establishment of Los Angeles County. The newspapers ganged up on me, the corporations, even the union leaders. On my side, I had several police departments supporting me, I had college students, rank-and-file union people. Joe won and I left the office after that.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to run for attorney general two years later?

BUGLIOSI: Why do you want to get into all this stuff? I don't want to get into all this political mess.

PLAYBOY: Had you won, might you have tried for governor? President?

BUGLIOSI: No, I don't care for politics. I can't tell you the number of people who have come to me and said, "Run for county supervisor or mayor." I have no interest at all. Governor doesn't appeal to me. President is a turnoff.

PLAYBOY: What's your take on our current president?

BUGLIOSI: Clinton has been a pretty good, effective president. And he's probably one of the brightest men we've ever had in the Oval Office. I don't view him as a strong leader, however, and his credibility could definitely be better. He's as elusive as mercury.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that Paula Jones should be allowed to press her sexual harassment suit against the president while he's in office?

BUGLIOSI: The most prominent paper in the country is *The New York Times*, and its editorial board is at the top of the pinnacle. Several months ago it said, unbelievably, that the Paula Jones thing should go to trial now, that Clinton isn't above the law. Here you have the most powerful, most important and busiest man on the face of this earth, and you have this incredibly silly lawsuit filed a couple of days before the statute of limitations would have run out, and the editorial board of the *Times* spouts the platitude that no one is above the law. Well, of course, you goddamn simpleminded bunch of idiots, no one is saying that Clinton is above the law. However, you do treat certain people differently under the law. You treat him differently while he's president. You have the will of millions of people under a democratic process who want this man to guide and shepherd the destiny of this country for the next four years. You're going to let someone like Jones come in with a civil lawsuit and potentially tie up the office of the presidency? It could go on for a month! These simpletons at the *Times* apparently don't know the difference between treating someone differently and being above the law. We treat diplomats, minors, elderly people differently under the law. We give many people immunity from prosecution, even though they're guilty as sin, so we can go after other people. Yet the *Times* comes out with this stupid, ignorant, simplistic analysis saying Clinton is not above the law. The precedent—that a civil lawsuit can tie up the presidency—is mind-boggling! What you do in a case like this is you postpone it until his presidency is over. We continually balance interests in our society. Paula Jones' rights as an individual have to yield to the rights of millions of people who elected the president. She could wait three years before filing her lawsuit, but now that Clinton is president she can't wait a day longer to go to trial.

PLAYBOY: President Kennedy's death created a flourishing book industry. How far along are you on your book about his assassination?

BUGLIOSI: Maybe two thirds of the way. It's getting into two volumes, which may affect its marketability. There's a book out just about every week and they're all focused on conspiracy, and my view is that Oswald acted alone.

PLAYBOY: That was also Gerald Posner's view in his widely praised book, *Case Closed*. What's going to make your book different from his?

BUGLIOSI: I agree with all of Posner's conclusions—that Oswald killed Kennedy and acted alone—but I disagree with

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his methodology. There's a credibility problem. When he is confronted with a situation antithetical to the view he's taking, he ignores it or distorts it. I don't do that. I present the opposing side in the way it should be presented and try to knock it down. So my book will have more credibility and much more depth. Right now 85 percent to 90 percent of the American people believe in some conspiracy. I'm hoping after my book to cut that down to 65 percent or 60 percent. Then I will feel that I've achieved something.

PLAYBOY: With your life as a lawyer, writer and commentator, are you a wealthy man?

BUGLIOSI: People think I'm a millionaire, but there are lawyers in this town who've never been in a courtroom who can buy and sell me a thousand times.

PLAYBOY: You mean you don't drive a fancy car or invest in art?

BUGLIOSI: I'm primitive in that sense. My wife's embarrassed that I drive a 1989 Oldsmobile. She doesn't want to be seen in it and I don't blame her. She just got herself an Infiniti, so I usually borrow her car when I go to meetings in Beverly Hills because I don't want people looking down on me. If someone doesn't know me and I show up at a meeting with my car, they think I've fallen on hard times. But there's nothing I want, nothing I need, except maybe a new tennis racket.

PLAYBOY: So there's no hidden art collection in some vault?

BUGLIOSI: Not too many people have less traditional cultural taste than I do. Things such as opera, ballet, sculpture, paintings depress me. If you offered me a week at the Louvre or a week in a room with the daily newspaper I'd read the paper. I personally have no appreciation of art. Art is motionless, it's not representative of life. Life is motion and energy, so when I look at sculpture or paintings it's depressing. I also question the value of art. People pay not for the painting but for the name of the artist. What could be more artificial than the value of a product being primarily determined not by its quality but by the identity of the producer? Van Gogh's *Sunflowers* went for $40 million. It upsets me when I see nonsense like that. You could have someone do a virtually identical, maybe even better painting, and it's not worth anything.

PLAYBOY: An artist usually acquires a name because of the quality of his or her work. Sometimes it takes generations to achieve. Van Gogh sold only one painting in his lifetime.

BUGLIOSI: Well, I'm out of my depth here. The only areas of traditional culture that don't depress me are books and music. My favorite music is the Latin American standards that came out of Mexico and Cuba between the Twenties and Forties.

PLAYBOY: Besides books and music, you must also enjoy sports, for you attended the University of Miami on a partial tennis scholarship. How good were you at tennis?

BUGLIOSI: I got to the finals in the Miami Invitational once against Gardnar Mulloy, who, four years earlier, had been number one in the country. After that he won the Wimbledon doubles. Tennis was an enormous challenge to me growing up in Hibbing, Minnesota. Not many people played there, but there was a wall and I used to hit a ball against it all day. I never had a lesson and had the same grip for both my backhand and forehand. I won the Minnesota state high school tennis championship. Then I became the Northwest junior champion.

PLAYBOY: What was your childhood in Hibbing like?

BUGLIOSI: I had a simple childhood. I played basketball, football, baseball. Every Friday night I went to the cowboy movies. Wild Bill Elliott, the Durango Kid and the Boston Blackie serials were my favorites. I found jobs mowing lawns, working as a caddie, setting pins in the bowling alley, picking up garbage behind markets, painting the lines on the main street. My mother was at home cooking, my father worked in the iron-ore mines, then he had a grocery store, then he became a conductor on the railroad. My mother was the most feminine woman I've ever known and my father was the most masculine man. It was cute to observe the two of them. She was a dove, he was a lion. But he was the boss, he ran the home.

PLAYBOY: Is that the way it is with you and your wife, Gail?

BUGLIOSI: I'm in charge, yes.

PLAYBOY: Who makes the important decisions in your family?

BUGLIOSI: I do. We're getting into an area here where I'm sure to get attacked, but it seems to me that someone has to be the boss. It's childish for someone not to be the boss—like two kids in a sandpile saying, "I got my way this time, now it's your turn." Marriage, the family, it's an organization, a unit. And like any other unit, someone has to be in charge.

PLAYBOY: Women are going to love reading this.

BUGLIOSI: But this is not looking down upon a woman at all. If people don't agree that the man should be in charge then the question is, do they want the woman to be in charge? I'd like to see a feasible arrangement where you have two people and neither one's in charge. How do you succeed in anything in life if you have no one in charge and everyone is going off in different directions?

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in equality in a marriage?

BUGLIOSI: I believe in complete equality between men and women in every area except marriage. In marriage the woman has to take the subordinate role not because man is superior but because

"Call them something else. No one will pay much attention to ten suggestions."

every unit has to have a leader, and the man is the more natural leader.

PLAYBOY: So you see a woman as having a specific role to play in a marriage?

BUGLIOSI: Unless it's not economically possible, I believe a woman's role is in the home. I don't view that as a subordinate role, as feminists do. Someone has to stay at home, take care of the children, cook for the family, and it's far more natural for the woman to fill this role. I don't know why feminists think that working in the highly competitive and treacherous business world is somehow superior to being at home. But hey, if that's what they want and the husband doesn't mind, that's fine. I just don't think that in the last analysis they're doing themselves any favors.

PLAYBOY: Do you do any cooking?

BUGLIOSI: No. Coffee is about all I can do. I can make toast.

PLAYBOY: Does your wife like to go out more than you?

BUGLIOSI: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you find yourself going out more because of that?

BUGLIOSI: Yes.

PLAYBOY: When you go to a movie, who selects the film?

BUGLIOSI: Normally, I will defer to her because movies are more important to her than they are to me.

PLAYBOY: If she wants to go out and you don't, then what?

BUGLIOSI: She goes out with girlfriends.

PLAYBOY: What about your environment—who has furnished and decorated your house?

BUGLIOSI: Oh, she has. There are people in and out of this house—I don't even know who they are. She takes care of all that stuff.

PLAYBOY: Who pays the bills?

BUGLIOSI: She has the checkbook, and she pays all the bills. She takes care of everything.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet Gail?

BUGLIOSI: She was only 16 and I was 20 and working as an assistant to the tennis pro for the city of Miami. I strung rackets and worked at the tennis shop and she was a young gal who came over there. We got married a year later. She deserves a Congressional Medal of Honor for living with me.

PLAYBOY: You've been married for more than 40 years. Have you noticed things about yourself that have changed?

BUGLIOSI: I'm 62 and I'm seeing some things for the first time. Eight years ago I was looking in the mirror and I saw my eyelashes, which I had never noticed before. To me, eyelashes are supposed to curl up and mine were these short, amorphous, rather hideous-looking hairs protruding straight down from the ends of my eyelids. I was amazed that they didn't inhibit my vision. Then, a few months ago I was about to go on national television and the makeup person was putting colored stuff on my face. She said, "I'll give you a mouth." What was she talking about? I looked in the mirror and for the first time I noticed this slit-like fissure that's been masquerading as a mouth for years and years. I used to have a mouth. But apparently when you get older your lips do a disappearing act and there's a thin seam across your face. I didn't know it until she said this.

PLAYBOY: If you could have anything you wanted, besides a mouth, what would it be?

BUGLIOSI: I just want to be left alone. That's what I want more than anything else. I've been so busy I don't have time to eat during the day. I've had to postpone dental and medical appointments. I haven't gotten back to Johnny Carson, who wanted to have dinner, play tennis. I had to turn down speaking at an Italian American event that President Clinton was attending. I'm working on multiple deadlines. I'm in negotiation with various networks—CBS, Showtime, Fox. I keep saying to myself, It's got to slow down. I'm still waiting to go back to my youth when my greatest moments were moments of solitude and I could hear my footsteps.

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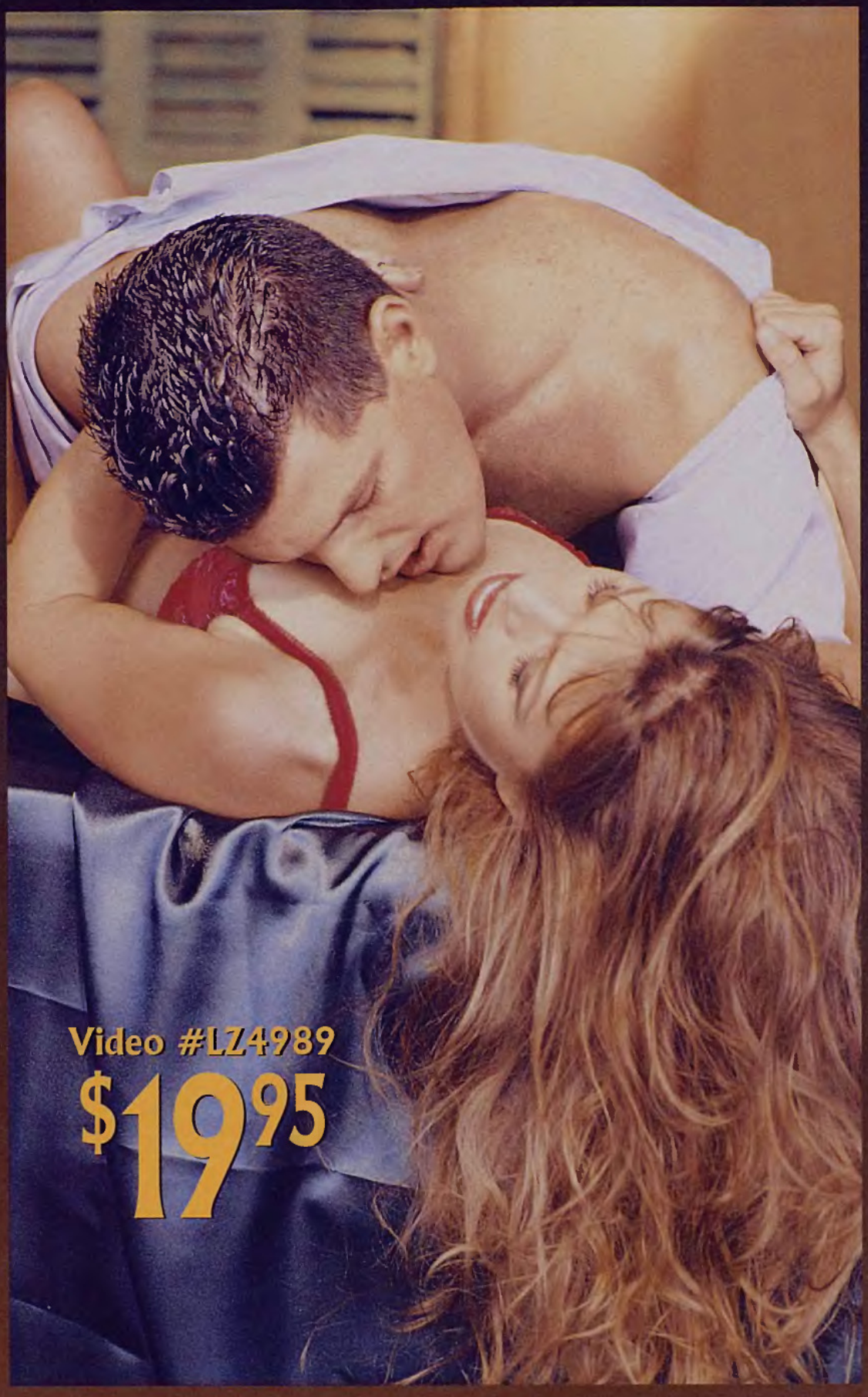

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PLAYMATE NEWS

Surf's up: Who made Playboy's swimsuit lineup? From left to right, Tina Backrath, Carrie Yazel, Ava Fabian, Carrie Westcott, Barbara Moore, Jessica Lee and Lisa Marie Scott show off some of the sexiest new beach outfits in our swimsuit line.

OPERATION PLAYMATE UPDATE

"I never felt so appreciated in my life," reminisced Jo Collins about her trip to Vietnam during the war. Collins has been visiting vets in Oklahoma and in Chicago with Playmates Patti Reynolds, Suzi Schott and Jami Ferrell. Playmates Karin Taylor, Alicia Rickter, Bonnie Marino, Christina Smith, Victoria Fuller, Veronica Gamba and Lisa Marie Scott visited veterans' hospitals in California. At a Chicago party held at the National Vietnam Veterans Art Museum, Collins presented the museum a scrapbook of her trip 30 years ago. Miss December 1964 said, "I will always remember what I saw." Operation Playmate will visit vets throughout the year.

PLAYMATE POP QUIZ: CENTERFOLD 101

Which Playmate is Elliot's girlfriend in the movie *E.T.*?
Erika Eleniak, July 1989

Which Playmate wrote her own pictorial copy?
Vicki McCarty, September 1979

Which Playmate was born on Christmas?
Missy Cleveland, April 1979

Which Playmate posed in clown makeup?
Terri Lynn Doss, July 1988

Lourdes Estores

Which Playmate was the 19th of 20 children in her family?
Lourdes Estores, June 1982

Which two Playmates are cousins?
Elaine Morton, June 1970
Karen Morton, July 1978

PLAYMATES IN THE SWIM

PLAYBOY hosted a beach party last December at the Mansion, and guess who showed up? A great-looking chorus line of Playmates modeling new Playboy swimwear. Playboy Enterprises, in conjunction with the Virtual Apparel Group, has created a line of beachwear for men and women. The women's line includes one- and two-piece suits and coordinated cover-ups. The men's suits come in both boxers and briefs. Many of the suits carry the Rabbit Head logo. The collection is available at retail stores nationwide. By developing this swimwear line, Playboy continues to look for new ways to appeal to both male and female customers. Unfortunately, guys, the suits don't come with your own personal Playmate.

MARILYN COLE:
"I still get fan mail. A lot of women write for an autographed picture for their husbands, saying it will make the guy's year. It makes me feel good."

GILLIAN GOES DIGITAL

Gillian Bonner, Miss April 1996, has brains as well as looks. She founded a multimedia software company, Black Dragon Productions, and cast herself as Riana Rouge, the title character in a CD-ROM adventure game. She is working on Riana Rouge II, in which her character embarks on a more spiritual journey. Her association with PLAYBOY has helped her to attract more than 1 million visitors each month to her Web site (www.blackdragon.com), which she uses to market her multimedia products. Riana Rouge II, distributed by Konami of America, lets players use an "emotivator" to control its heroine's behavior. Bonner hopes that the new game will appeal to both sexes—strictly on an emotional level, of course.

PLAYMATE NEWS

CENTERFOLD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

As a result of Glamourcon and promoting *The Playmate Book*, many Playmates have been back in touch with one another and with PLAYBOY. Patti Reynolds and Nancy Harwood have organized the Centerfold Alumni Association, a support group for Playmates. The association plans to help the women hone their leadership skills, participate in charitable causes, serve as role models for future centerfolds and stay in touch with the world of Playboy Enterprises. We'll keep you updated on the association's activities. Until then, catch them on the Web at http://www.centerfold-aa.org.

Reynolds, Horwood

JO COLLINS:
"I was only 19 when I went to Vietnam. It was the most mind-boggling experience I've ever had. Before I arrived, everything had been painted with the Rabbit Head. They were such young kids, and I was a happy diversion."

FAN MAIL

I just received my copy of Victoria Valentino's *Centerfold Sweethearts*, a newsletter that Miss September 1963 publishes to help fans keep up with some of their favorite Playmates. This issue includes a triumphant photo of December 1982 Playmate Charlotte Kemp crossing the finish line at a Boston Marathon, a two-page story about March 1957 Playmate Sandra Edwards and a lovely tribute to Gail Stanton. But the coup de grâce is definitely the centerfold feature of Victoria's newsletter, in which a fan appears. This must be the first Fan of the Month.

Dan Stiffler
dstiffler@main.rmwc.edu

I recently read an article about a neighborhood in Manhattan. It's north of Little Italy. One of the new art galleries in the neighborhood was running an exhibit called Stag Party, featuring artifacts and memorabilia from the heyday of the Playboy Clubs. There were Playboy matchbooks and lighters, swizzle sticks and shot glasses, ties and cuff links. Unfortunately, the exhibit closed, but maybe it will pop up elsewhere.

Quentin LaFond
Topicality@worldnet.att.net

QUOTE UNQUOTE

"I never thought about being in PLAYBOY until one night in Santa Fe. I was out to dinner with my mother when I was approached by a photographer who was shooting for *Playboy Germany*. He asked me if I wanted to pose and I said no. My mom said, 'Echo, you've got to—it's a great opportunity.' It was, and it has opened a lot of doors. It has been a great experience."—ECHO JOHNSON, Miss January 1993

"In the old days in Hollywood, turning 40 for a woman was the kiss of death. Now, thank God, there are women such as Jessica Lange, Susan Sarandon and Farrah Fawcett who are making it cause for celebration. Beauty makes people suspect that you don't have brains. I don't care how beautiful you are, because if you don't feel beautiful inside, you won't have any self-confidence. You have to work on your spiritual side. In older actresses and models who are successful, you can see that it works."—LILLIAN MÜLLER, Miss August 1975; PMOY 1976

CAROL ZUDLER MALLISON

PLAYMATES' TOP TEN TURNOFFS

1. egotistical or arrogant people
2. liars
3. jealousy
4. rude or pushy people
5. getting up early
6. smoky rooms
7. pollution
8. traffic
9. waiting
10. judgmental people

Number of Playmates since 1960 who listed no turnoffs: 26

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

LE ROY NEIMAN

Playboy's 1997 Winter Ski Fest Weekends began in January in Telluride, Colorado and conclude in April in Stowe, Vermont. Catch participating Playmates in the drifts. . . . **Heidi Mark** has signed to do an HBO movie, *Weapons of Mass Distraction*. . . . **Bettie Page** is being represented by the Curtis Management Group, which also represents the estates of **Marilyn Monroe** and **James Dean**. . . . **Shauna Sand's** recurring role on *Renegade* is as Lake Bradshaw, a personal trainer. . . . **Cyndi Wood's** collaborator on her CD, *Sacrifice*, is **Kevin Jones**, former keyboard player for **Ozzy Osbourne**. . . . **Marianne Gaba**, Miss September 1959, had her Playmate pictures shot by **Lawrence Schiller**, author of the **O.J. Simpson** book *American Tragedy*. . . . When Playmate of the Year 1982 **Shannon Tweed** appeared on *Rolonda* last fall, we caught her and the show's host trying out the new Playboy by Don Diego cigars. Tweed confided that she was rejected three times before getting her centerfold. "I did it for male admiration," she said. . . . **Bonnie Large** has written a book of passionate romantic poetry. You can order a copy by writing to her fan club address: P.O. Box 3827, Beverly Hills, California 90212. . . . In 1986 **Rebekka Armstrong** became a Playmate. In 1989 she tested positive for HIV. Armstrong has put a new face on AIDS and has been talking to high school students about the risks of unprotected sex. Says Armstrong, "I'm still a Playmate and I'm really glad. PLAYBOY gave me a voice, and I'm using it to fight AIDS." . . . **Anna-Marie Goddard** was in Croatia in January 1997 to celebrate the launch of *Playboy Croatia*. . . . Although **Jenny McCarthy** has split from her boyfriend, **Ray Manzella**, he still manages her business affairs. . . . **Danelle Folta** modeled for an *Inside Sports* swimsuit issue.

Rolondo and Tweed

Bettie Page

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"I was never the girl next door." So proclaims Bettie Page, one of Playboy's first centerfolds. The raven-haired Page is best known for her provocative bondage and fetish photos that shocked fifties America.

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PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

BALI'S SILVER HIGH

When silver designer John Hardy set out 20 years ago on a trip around the world, he never got past Bali. The island's beauty and traditions inspired him to settle and to begin training local artisans to craft raw silver into masculine jewelry and accessories. Today, the John Hardy Collection numbers more than 1000 different objects, ranging from a money clip and a gentleman's flask to a cigar ashtray and a corkscrew (all shown below). (You may remember Hardy's cigar tube and lighter from last December's *Christmas Gift Guide*.) Created almost entirely by one talented artist, each piece in the collection is masculine yet delicate, with its burnished silver patina and a variety of intricate details. The result? A powerful look and feel.

The John Hardy Collection of Balinese silver jewelry and accessories includes his Kuno-Jawan–pattern cigar ashtray, which is 6½" in diameter and includes a stogie rest ($610). At far right is a small flask that's perfect for your jacket and holds about four ounces of your favorite liquor ($495). The wine pull ($685), which comes with a palmwood base (not shown) and handle, is positioned next to Hardy's Pintusapi-pattern money clip ($190). At center: A silver carved-chain ID bracelet ($415) encircles some premium double corona Playboy Cigars by Don Diego.

JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

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Aloha From Tammy Ann

Hawaii's TAMMY ANN STRICKLAND is the host of *Hit TV* and stars in *Choices* at the movies.

Goldie and Demi Do See-Through; We Say "Yes!"

Both GOLDIE HAWN (left) and DEMI MOORE (above) have recent Woody Allen movie credits. Hawn sings in *Everyone Says I Love You* and Moore doesn't in *Deconstructing Harry*. They have it. They flaunt it. We're glad.

© RANDALL TANAKA

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC

Drink in Liquid Soul

Chicago's best-kept secret is out: LIQUID SOUL, the ten-piece acid jazz group, has a self-titled debut CD on Ark 21 Records. Get Liquid. Get funky.

© DOUGLAS STIEGLEITER

Sabra Is Beached

Before SABRA POWELL appeared in Richard Gere's *Rhapsody in August*, she was a member of the University of Hawaii Rainbow Dancers. She has performed at a Pro Bowl and a Lakers game. We'll certainly dance to that.

From Top to Bottom

Starlet CHERYL DILLARD has been modeling in California. You can see her in the *Hot Body International* video and in the Cal Exotic catalog. Cheryl is auditioning for movies, but she already has a role with us.

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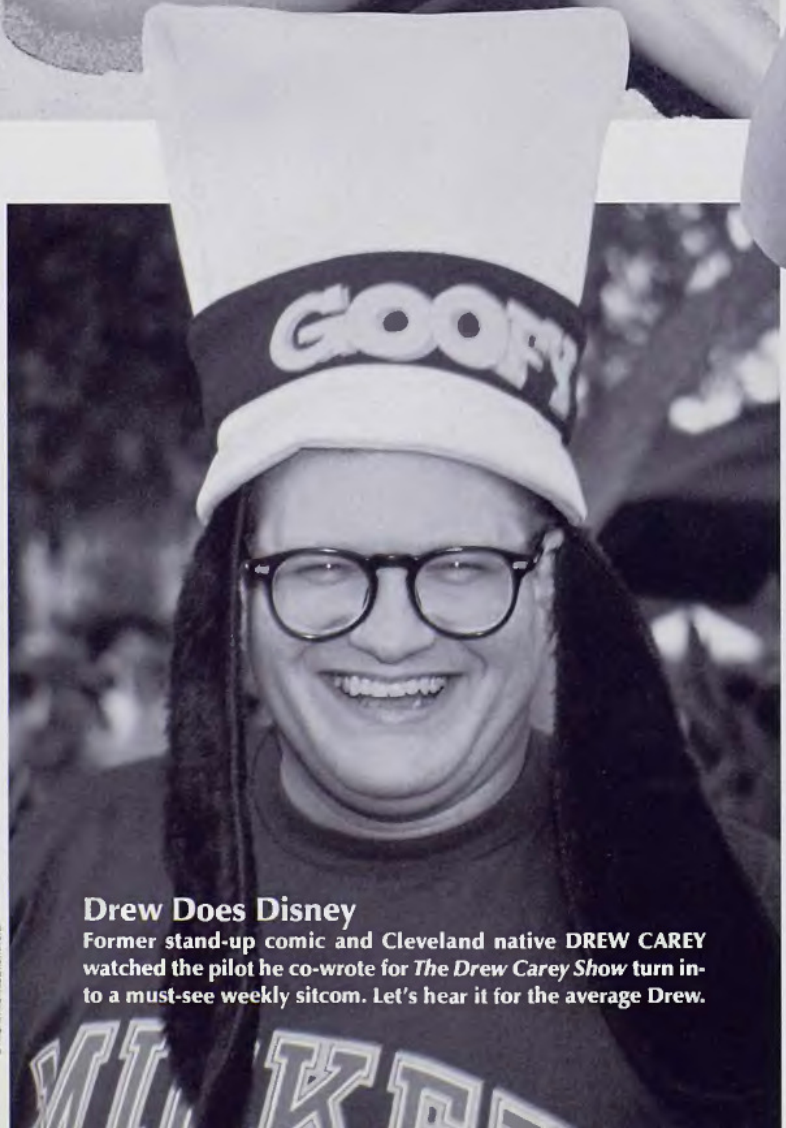

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Drew Does Disney

Former stand-up comic and Cleveland native DREW CAREY watched the pilot he co-wrote for *The Drew Carey Show* turn into a must-see weekly sitcom. Let's hear it for the average Drew.

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

Pin-up magazines such as *High Heel*, *Beauty Parade*, *Eyeful* and *Flirt* are no longer on newsstands, but the illustrations that appeared in them are still being enjoyed. *The Great American Pin-Up*, a 380-page coffee-table book by Charles Martignette and Louis Meisel, is a collection of cheesecake by more than 70 artists, including Alberto Vargas and Gil Elvgren. The German-printed book features more than 900 illustrations from the Thirties through the Sixties and includes text on the history of pin-ups. It is published by Taschen and costs $45 Stateside, $55 shipped overseas. Call 800-732-5149.

WHAT'S COOKING OVERSEAS

Traveling abroad these days is as easy as opening a cookbook. In *Patricia Wells at Home in Provence*, the author invites you to her farmhouse in southern France to try more than 175 recipes. Price: $40. In *Picasso, Bon Vivant*, images of the artist's paintings are juxtaposed with the recipes and pictures of the types of food he enjoyed as he traveled through Paris, Spain and the Midi in the early to mid-1900s. Price: $35. Check your bookstore.

JOE DAROFILLO

ABBE SUNKETT

UNCLE JOHN'S SANDALS

From that big stage in the sky, Jerry Garcia wants his fans to just keep on truckin'. And what better way to do so than in these Dead Tread sandals, part of the officially licensed Grateful Dead merchandise line. The footwear is said to be made with "the same long-lasting quality and care as the music itself," and the soles are embossed with a skeletal foot and the band's logo, designed to make an imprint in soft terrain. The sandal shown here, in bamboo-colored leather, also comes in brown. Tall, fur-lined boots, slipper-like "scuffs" and canvas sandals are available too, along with other styles. Prices range from about $50 for the canvas sandals to about $170 for the boots. To order call 800-897-DEAD.

JUST BEAT IT

"It tickles the rhythm taste buds." That's how John Hayden describes *Jamtown*, a game kit he created with inspiration from the music of native cultures. Players form a live band by keeping simple beats on primitive percussion instruments, such as a goat-hide drum and a shaker made from three seedpods on a stick. A kit includes rhythm cards and instructions. Price: $44.95 for five instruments, $62.95 for eight. Call 888-JAMTOWN.

JOHN SCHNELLER

ROAD READING

Mobilia, the only monthly magazine dedicated to automobile collectibles, is a slick color journal with about 100 pages and a readership nearing 60,000. Why so successful? According to its editor, Tom Funk, *Mobilia* captures the essence of the hobby by focusing on "car love and nostalgia as well as the joy of stuff." With profiles on serious collectors and more, *Mobilia* is as fun to read as it is informative—even if you're not a car buff. Price: $19 for 12 issues. Call 800-967-8068.

STEVE BOSWICK

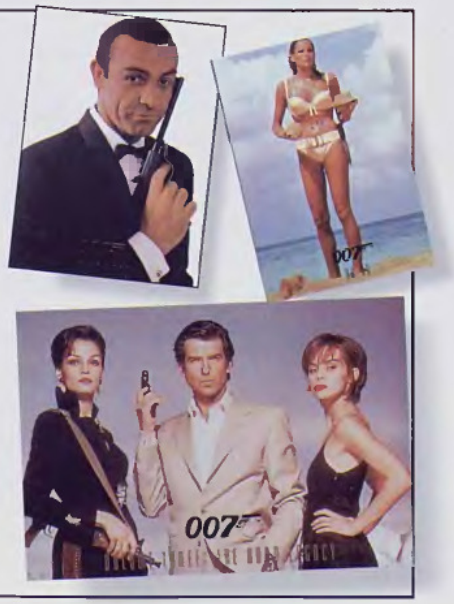
CALEF BROWN

IT'S SWING TIME

To paraphrase Cab Calloway, golf don't mean a thing if you ain't got that swing. Which is why we recommend *The L.A.W.s of Golf*, a set of instructional videos that divides players into three types: leverage (medium sized, average build), arc (tall, thin chested, maximum flexibility) and width (thick torso, minimum flexibility). The tapes help you determine which type you are, then show you your optimum swing. Price: $60. Call 800-GOLF-TYP.

007TH HEAVEN

We've always thought of James Bond as the ideal PLAYBOY man—sophisticated, slick and adventurous, and he always gets the girl. *James Bond Connoisseur's Collection* are trading cards that highlight all things Bond, from Connery to Brosnan. Each card features photos on the front and back as well as anecdotes about the movies and characters. There are three volumes: *The Sixties*, *The Seventies* and *The James Bond Legacy*. A pack of seven cards costs $2. From Inkworks; call 919-873-1316 to order.



TOY STORIES

Remember when a day of fun meant coloring with Crayolas, fighting wars with G.I. Joe and copying the newspaper's comics with Silly Putty? David Hoffman does. His book *Kid Stuff* is a colorful roundup of more than 40 classic playthings, including Play-Doh, Legos and Hot Wheels. Besides providing each toy's history, Hoffman includes little-known facts, such as that Lincoln Logs were invented by Frank Lloyd Wright's son. Price: $15.95. To order, call Chronicle Books at 800-722-6657.

HOOK THE STARS

You don't have to be a movie buff to play *Starcrossed*, but it sure helps. The object is to connect random actors (through the movies they've appeared in) and random movies (through the stars who have appeared in them) using as few links as possible. For example, Jamie Lee Curtis and Kevin Costner are linked by two movies: She was in *A Fish Called Wanda* with Kevin Klein, who was in *Silverado* with Costner. Price: $40, at game and specialty stores, or call 888-FILMBUF.

DAN CLYNE

NEXT MONTH

BASEBALL PREVIEW

VENUS AND MARS

FOUR SISTERS, OH BROTHER!

SUPERMODELS

007—OUR MAN JAMES BOND IS THRUST INTO SOUTHERN CHINA UNDER A FALSE IDENTITY TO STEAL A DOCUMENT FROM THE FORMIDABLE GENERAL WONG. WILL HE GET OUT ALIVE? WILL HONG KONG SURVIVE? THE CONCLUSION OF OUR BOND DOUBLEHEADER BY **RAYMOND BENSON**

SUPERMODELS—THE CATWALK HAS NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD. HERE'S OUR TRIBUTE TO **CINDY** AND **CLAUDIA** AND **ELLE** AND **TYRA.** YOU KNOW THE NAMES, BUT NOBODY SHOWS OFF THEIR STUFF LIKE PLAYBOY

JOHN GRAY IN ORBIT—THE BEST-SELLING AUTHOR OF *MEN ARE FROM MARS, WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS* HAS SOME WILD SEX ADVICE. AN ARTICLE YOU WON'T STOP TALKING ABOUT—BY **DAVID SHEFF**

DONALD TRUMP IS FLYING HIGH—AGAIN—THE SELF-PROCLAIMED "POOREST GUY IN THE WORLD" HAS STORMED BACK, WITH FLAMBOYANT CLAIMS AND THE WEALTH TO BACK THEM UP. AN OUTRAGEOUS PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **MARK BOWDEN**

SPRING TREATS—WHAT WOULD THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY BE WITHOUT OUR WITTY, UNCANNY BASEBALL PREVIEW? GET ALL THE DIAMOND DISH FROM SPORTS AUTHORITY **KEVIN COOK**. PLUS, OUR MUST-SEE **FASHION FORECAST:** THIS SPRING IT'S THE MANLY SQUEEZE FROM **HOLLIS WAYNE**

MUSIC POLL RESULTS—YOU WENT MAD FOR **ALANIS,** SMACKED **KISS** WITH BEST CONCERT AND HAD **NO DOUBT** ABOUT YOUR FAVORITE ROCK GROUP. TUNE IN FOR THE REST OF THE WINNERS IN OUR JAZZ & ROCK POLL

THE MORRELL SISTERS—THIS SORORITY LEFT US SPEECHLESS AT FIRST, BUT WE FINALLY THOUGHT OF WHAT TO SAY: THANK YOU, MA AND PA MORRELL! SEE WHAT THE FUN'S ABOUT IN A PICTORIAL TOUR DE FORCE

SAUL BELLOW MAY BE THE BEST LIVING AMERICAN NOVELIST. THE MAN WHO WROTE *HERZOG* AND *HENDERSON THE RAIN KING* TALKS ABOUT HIS NOBEL PRIZE, THE POWER OF THE WRITTEN WORD AND WHY HE HATES BEING LABELED A JEWISH WRITER. ALL IN A HISTORIC PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

PLUS: A TITILLATING LOOK AT ANOTHER FABULOUS **CYNDI** (THIS TIME HER LAST NAME IS **WOOD**), THE DISH ON DIGITAL BROADCASTING SYSTEMS, A STEAMY INTRODUCTION TO PLAYMATE **LYNN THOMAS** AND 20 QUESTIONS WITH TV'S KILLER KIWI, **LUCY LAWLESS**

Larry Bowdish, Publishing Executive, 37; Of Massive Hard Drive Failure

By SIMON BOWDEN

He was the envy of the textbook publishing crowd. The bad boy of the scholastic set. Witty, urbane, and outspoken, Larry Bowdish lit up a sleepy industry with his meteoric rise to the top, but the ride ended suddenly late last night, when he suffered a devastating system collapse during final manuscript edits.

Mr. Bowdish's sudden demise came as a shock to friends, who recalled a man known for his boundless energy and enthusiasm.

"One minute you've got the world by the tail and the next...you've been erased."

"Naturally, we're all a little stunned," said Information Services Director David B. Cohen, "after all, we do encourage employees to save their work every chance they get." Said another colleague, "It's so unfair. I mean, one minute you've got the world by the tail and the next, you've been erased."

Officials have since traced the system collapse, reconstructing Bowdish's last hours and desperate attempts at retrieval. It now appears Mr. Bowdish was downloading from corporate archives onto his workstation, and periodically dumping onto floppy disks. "People can use floppies as backups, but there's an obviously limited capacity. Besides, Bowdish was making changes straight onto the disks without keeping track of his changes. So, searching for lost data becomes a moot point," explained Cohen.

Larry Bowdish

Mr. Bowdish, who had no known history of hard drive failure, leaves no surviving software. In lieu of flowers, the family kindly requests all leads and reasonable job offers be forwarded to the home address.

Nancy Conaty, 34, Accidentally Trashed by Four-year-old Son

By SIMON BOWDEN

Mrs. Nancy Conaty was sole proprietor of an executive search firm run out of the home. The end came in a tragic family accident late Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Conaty had apparently walked into the kitchen to check on a pot roast when son Joey dragged her unsaved document into the trash, then pounded unknown commands on the keyboard.

The computer was rushed to a neighborhood computer store where specialists struggled frantically for several hours to retrieve the lost work. Their attempts were in vain, as the damage was much too widespread. "Had this occurred with a safe backup in place, no big deal," the store manager shrugged. "But there's very little we can do in a case like this."

Mysterious DOS Virus Claims Famous Accountant

By SIMON BOWDEN

Stephen Cunningham, known affectionately in accounting circles as the Bulldog of Due Diligence, was found not at his desk yesterday morning.

His untimely exit from Simon Co. coincided with the discovery of corrupted files on the largest merger and acquisition project in the history of the firm. It wasn't known whether the data disappearance alone caused Cunningham's sudden departure. However sources revealed that the ex-Senior Vice President's lengthy battle with a mysterious DOS virus was well documented within the firm.

"The Tech Support guys were down here all the time," said long-time assistant Jane Deery. "Steve was always getting these weird system bombs, it was bizarre. But he had an amazing memory and was usually able to re-create whatever was lost."

Stephen Cunningham

Since the information was so important, it's a mystery why the departed didn't back up his hard drive.

Ms. Deery added Mr. Cunningham declined a traditional going away party, wishing instead to "just get on with things."

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